WEEK ENDING JUNE 22, 1929

5c

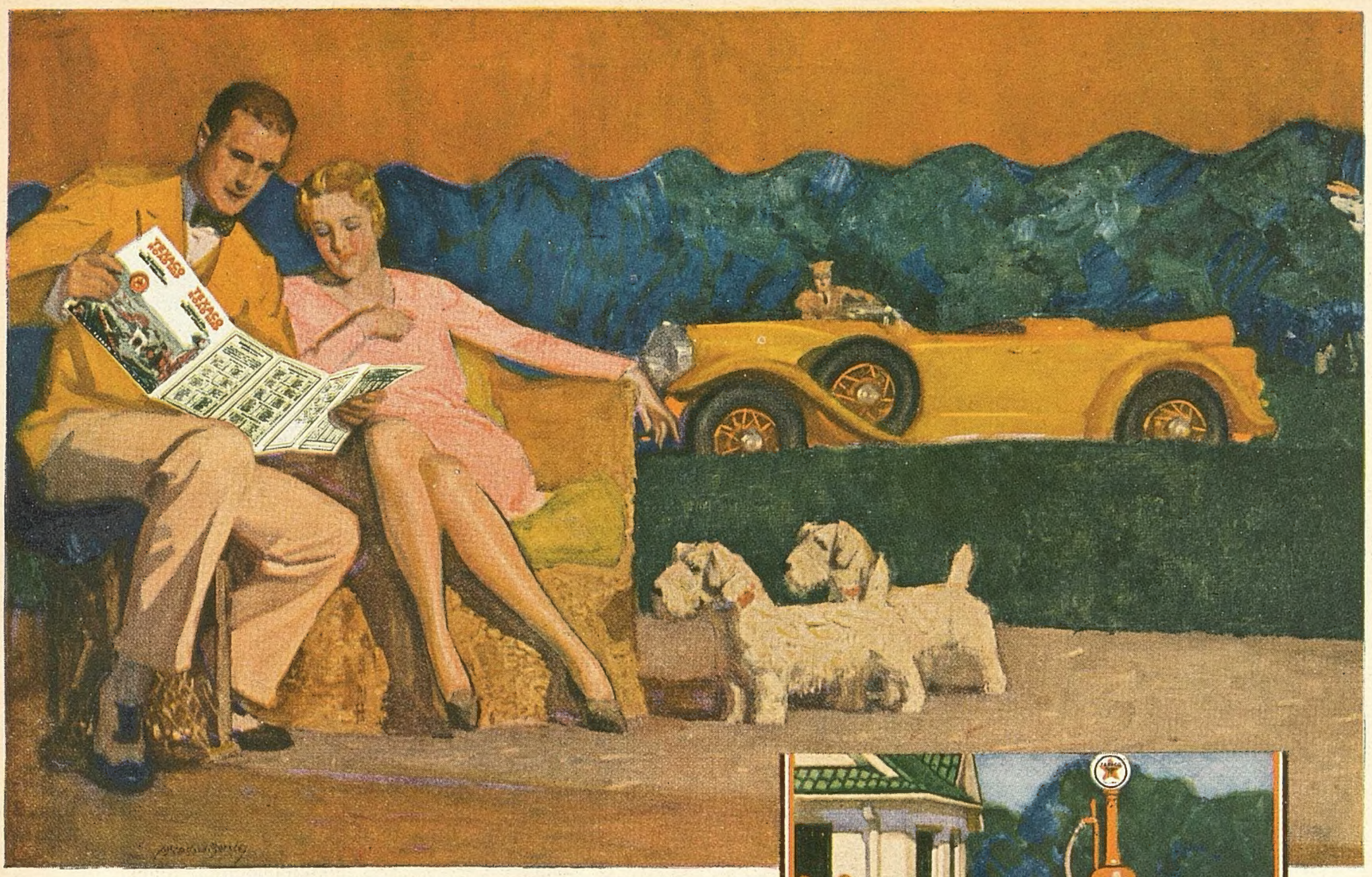
Liberty

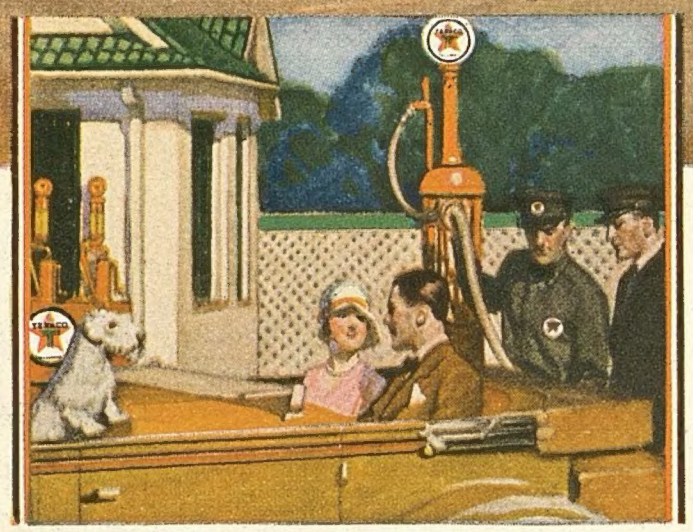
A Weekly for Everybody

OVER 2,000,000 NET PAID CIRCULATION

Beginning

SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD *by* **J. P. McEVOY**





SPREAD out your road map. Indicate with pencil the tour you wish to take. Wherever it leads—cross country to the Atlantic, to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico—you will find convenient Texaco Service Stations along your route. ¶ *No need to switch to unknown brands. For the Texaco Red Star with the Green T is recognized by motorists in forty-eight states as the* only *nationally known "stop sign" for both motor oil and gasoline.* ¶ *Veteran drivers have found by experience that full-bodied Texaco Golden Motor Oil and the* new *and* better *Texaco Gasoline are always the same wherever you buy them—always reliable.*

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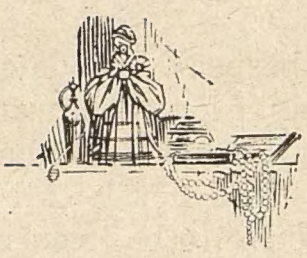
Ask your Texaco dealer for the Texaco Road Map of the State you are in. Tour with Texaco—use the Texaco Maps, the new *and* better *Texaco Gasoline and Texaco Golden Motor Oil.*

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

Unfortunately the most vital problem of the young wife

. . . is the very one hardest to discuss with ANYBODY



WHAT young wife does not experience misgivings when confronted with the problem of feminine hygiene? It is something which must be faced alone. And naturally there are disturbing doubts—and even fears—as to the correctness of her knowledge concerning this vital matter.

The simple fact is that countless women suffer because their information is *not* correct. Nor is this to be wondered at, for only in recent years has personal hygiene been reduced to a safe, scientifically approved routine.

Now every woman can know the truth

The greater health, the broader activities, the freer life of women of today are rooted in a new, enlightened standard of cleanliness. Physicians freely recommend feminine hygiene as a wholesome routine. But always there is the warning: Shun those poisonous antiseptics—bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid.

All too well do physicians understand the deadly risks which attend the use of such preparations: The irritation of delicate internal membranes; the harsh effect upon a highly sensitive nerve structure; the development, in many cases, of permanently injured areas of scar-tissue. Is it any wonder that many women have feared the very thought of personal hygiene when told of these grave dangers!

Zonite has created a new hygienic standard

There is no occasion for fear if the *whole truth* is known. Today a new hygienic standard has come about, practically the direct result of an amazing antiseptic discovery. This new antiseptic is *Zonite*, and you will find it in any drug store throughout the country.

Purchase a bottle of Zonite. Note its properties as stated on the package. Germ-killing! Non-caustic! Absolutely non-poisonous! Then consider that Zonite is actually *far more powerful* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body.

In bottles 30¢, 60¢, $1 — *Both in U.S.A. and Canada*

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By all means read our new booklet on Zonite and its place in feminine hygiene. Frankly written. Accurate in its information. A trustworthy guide for any woman. Use the coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, sunburn or tender feet. Also as a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form. Large tubes, 50c.

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☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name _____
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JUNE 22, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 24

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

THE SPOKEN LANGUAGE

Probably at no time in history have spoken and written language been so nearly alike for so many people as now, in America.

In the old days in France, Brittany, Champagne, and Gascogne had each its own dialect. In Shakespeare's time Cornwall, Yorkshire, Devon, and the rest had each its own variety of language.

The differences were so great that a northern Englishman, a northern Frenchman, or a northern German of the uneducated classes had a hard time understanding his compatriots of the south.

In China, we are told, a Chinaman from Chi-li cannot at all understand a Chinaman from Kwang-tung—and in China the spoken language is entirely different from the written, which is mastered only by scholars.

Never before, among the inhabitants of a large country, have people at one end talked as much like people at the other end. We all know about the southern drawl, the Iowa "r," and the Massachusetts "a," but nowhere is there any difficulty in understanding the speech of a fellow-American.

For some time the spread of reading, due to the school system, has tended to make speech conform to the written language.

Recently two new factors have entered into the matter. First came the radio, then the talkies.

Both are standardizing our language still further, and both are improving it. Radio announcers speak better English than the average, and most of the actors in the talkies, many of them from England, speak it beautifully.

Many of us who have been imitating the Hollywood kings and queens in our choice of clothes will now imitate them and the radio announcers in our choice of words and accent, which is a grand thing.

Nevertheless there are some colloquialisms in our language which seem embedded there. Some decided differences between the spoken and the written phrase seem to have a valid existence.

Among these are our old favorites, "ain't I?", "it don't," and "it's me."

We maintain that "ain't I?" is a perfectly proper and logical contraction of "am I not?" or "am not I?" Thus: AM I NOT I?

We maintain also that "it don't" is a perfectly proper contraction for "it does not."

Why not IT DOES NOT instead of IT DOES NOT? It is shorter and simpler.

The third consideration we should like to give oral English as we find it, is the locution "it's me." For this we cannot argue logically or literally. We know that "it's I" has been given the preference by those who go in for being correct. But anyone knows that to say "it is I" in reply to a question is priggish.

For "ain't I?" we bespeak serious and special consideration. It meets a long-felt want, for the simple reason that English has never had a recognized contraction for "am not." All the other simpler parts of the verb "to be" contract neatly and easily with "not." Why should "am" be left out in the cold?

Of course Englishmen, in their novels, are quoted as saying "aren't I?"—which is ungrammatical and ridiculous, and, if we may be pardoned for saying so, very English.

"Ain't I?", "it don't," and "it's me" are O. K. These phrases ought not to be banished by the radio announcers and by the Clive Brookses and Ronald Colmans of Hollywood.

And another thing:

In a recent editorial about farms and farm relief we permitted ourselves the observation that although our acreage in oats is no less our horses are less than they used to be.

This evoked a reproof from Mr. Arthur Brisbane, a very sapient and famous writer of editorials. He said we should have said our horses are fewer. Our only comment on Mr. Brisbane's comment is he is right. Our acreage in oats is not less but our horses are fewer.

Our table of contents is in a new place this week. You will find it at the bottom of the first page of the opening story.

Next week we shall try it on the same page, but without an illustration for the story. After that we shall put it back, experimentally, where it used to be—at the bottom of the regular editorial page.

Please note these various arrangements and tell us which of them you like best.

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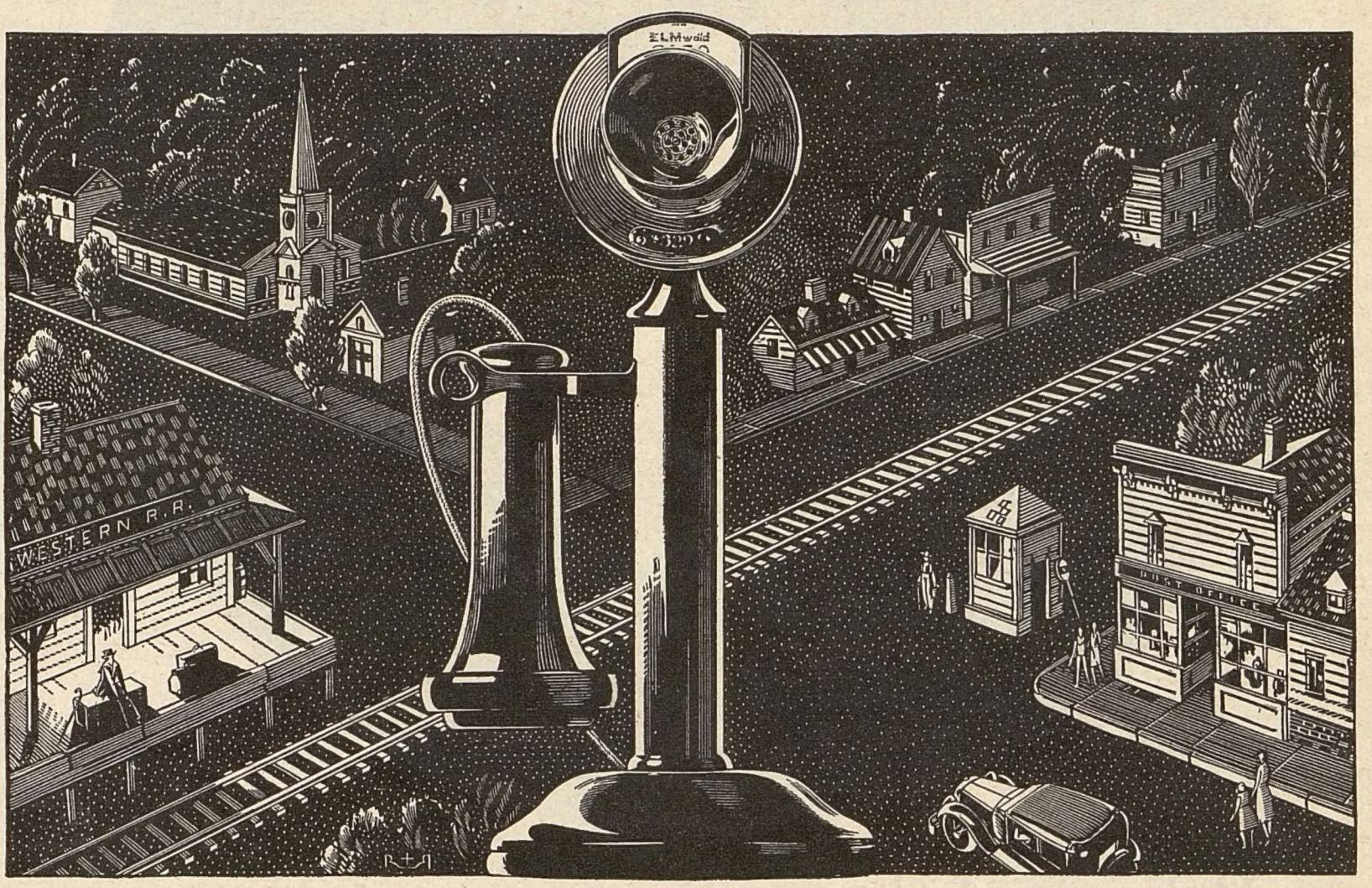
Stranded in a Small town . . . He kept both Engagements by Telephone



A PLANT superintendent of a large tire company was on a business trip in Canada. He missed his connection and was stranded in a town with one train a day. Two important engagements loomed ahead—one in Toronto, the other in New York. He thought of the telephone. He called the two cities. He completed his business so satisfactorily in both places that neither of the trips was necessary.

The telephone is always ready to put important things through. A man in St. Louis was too busy to go to Memphis and back. He made the round trip by telephone. It resulted in $1400 worth of business.

A Seattle lumber company received a carload order on condition that it could be shipped in five days. Special items had to be cut. A telephone call to Portland, costing $1.15, found a mill that could do the work. The car was shipped in time.

A Minnesota commission house invested $43.60 in nine Long Distance calls to five cities and sold 60 carloads—$24,840 worth—of potatoes.

What delay, worry or expense could you save today? Is there a misunderstanding to be adjusted, an important sale or purchase hanging fire? Calls are cheap.

Typical station to station day rates: Chicago to South Bend, 60c. Peoria to St. Louis, 90c. Cleveland to Philadelphia, $1.60. Pittsburgh to St. Louis, $2.35. Boston to Chicago, $3.25.

Out of town calling is quick and calling by number takes even less time. Bell Telephone Service. *Quick. Inexpensive. Universal.*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Why It Takes a Penetrating Foam to Clean Teeth *Completely*

The difference between Colgate's and ordinary toothpastes lies in the unique, active foam released by Colgate's, the instant it is brushed on the teeth.

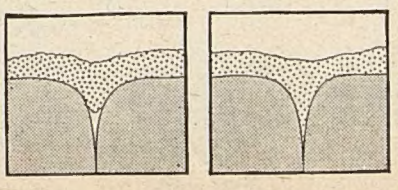
For this sparkling foam not only carries a polishing agent that makes teeth sparkle brilliantly . . . *it does more!* It possesses a remarkable property called low "surface-tension" which enables it to go down to the very bottom* of all the tiny crevices and fissures in teeth and gums. There, it softens and dislodges the food particles and impurities which cause decay . . . and *washes* them away in a foaming, detergent wave of cleanliness.

The reason why Colgate's acts in this way is because it contains the greatest cleansing agent known to man. This cleansing agent makes the famous Colgate foam whose action is described above and it is the presence of this particular ingredient which makes Colgate's a better cleanser; a more economical cleanser . . . different in action and in results from ordinary, sluggish toothpastes which merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Colgate's active foam sweeps into every tiny crevice, washing out decaying impurities which ordinary brushing can't reach.

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1617 595 Fifth Ave., New York. In Canada address, Colgate Toronto 8, Ontario. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

FREE

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Address _____

Show Girl *in* Hollywood

Beginning

A New DIXIE DUGAN *Series*

Pictures by
J. H. STRIEBEL

By

J. P. McEVOY

who wrote for Liberty last year the lively piece called Show Girl, which has since become, in America, a best seller (book), a movie, a musical show (soon to be produced), and a talkie (in preparation), and has emerged in similar guises in various European countries. He here sets forth certain further adventures of his heroine, Dixie Dugan. McEvoy is a native of New York City who grew up in the Middle West, worked on Chicago newspapers, and has turned his hand to a variety of literary pursuits, ranging from the devising of birthday greeting cards to the writing of plays.

Brooklyn, N. Y.
May 15.

Miss Nita Dugan,
Hotel Scribe,
Rue Scribe,
Paris.

DEAR NITA:

Still wading around in Frenchmen and Three Star? Et comment, sez you, and who wants to know? The baby, sez I, Dixie Dugan, late Star of Get Your Girl. I've heard of you, sez you, but not recently. Where've you been? On Broadway, sez I. Where on Broadway, sez you. Up and down, sez I—up and down, between Forty-eighth and Forty-second, looking for a job. Well, pull up your chair and take down your hair, and tell us all about it. You can weep here, and here, but not here—it's velvet. Jake, sez I, and it's like this:

The show was one of those nine-day wonders, but after that they stopped wondering and we took it up where they left off, but Jimmy hung on saying, they'll come, and they did, but not to us. After we had been running—" running," I'm leffing—four or five weeks, staying away from our show was the rage, and all the time they were telling Jimmy, hang on, it's always like this just before Thanksgiving, and after Thanksgiving, hang on, it's always like this just before Christmas, and after Christmas, hang on, it's always like this just before Easter, but long before that Jimmy was hung.

So they backed up the van and moved us up to the Whoosis Theater, where all good shows go to die and only people go to see them who wouldn't pay more than fifty cents to see the twelve apostles in a six-day bike race.

And after that, old girl, we went on the road, and the road ain't what it used to be and never was. And if they

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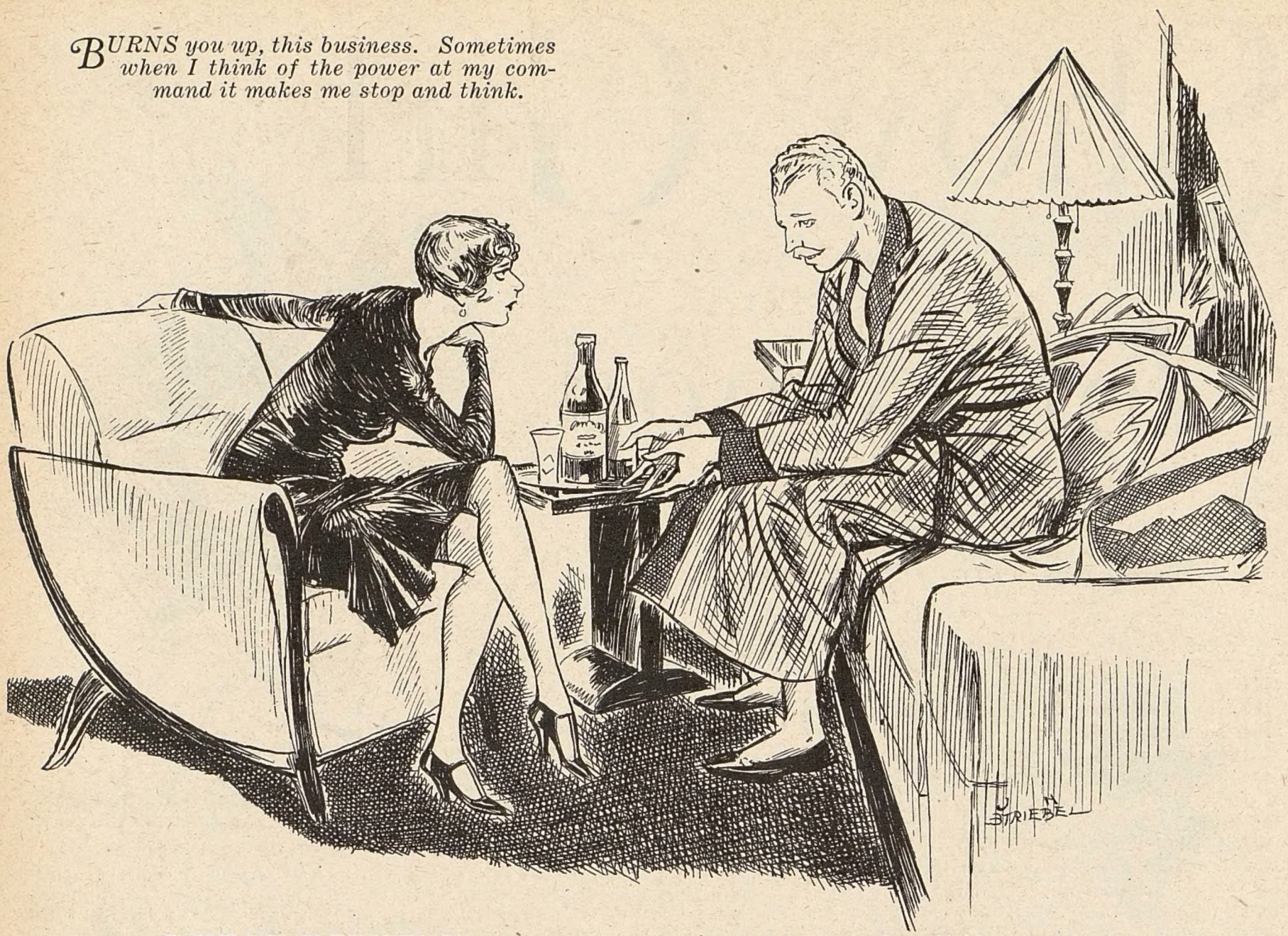
BURNS you up, this business. Sometimes when I think of the power at my command it makes me stop and think.



[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page seven]

tell you it's the movies that did it, how about those million Chevrolet Coupes that you never see parked on the pavements? Ah, well, boys will be boys and girls will be girls, and if you want it different you can go into a Shubert chorus. Where am I?

Oh, yes, we went on the road and the first place they booked Jimmy was a theater in Toronto where the balcony was condemned. That was only the kick-off. They do say a virgin producer has a chance to stay that way in New York, but once they get him out on the road he always comes back with a brazen laugh and a set of triplets. It wasn't long before they had Jimmy frozen out and then the new gang celebrated by cutting salaries to the bone, on the theory, I suppose, that the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat. The farther we went out into the open the closer they got, until I figured if they ever got us out to the coast they'd be throwing fish to us on Seal Rock. So one week I didn't send out the laundry and me and my shadow—and you couldn't have told us apart—crawled into an upper berth in Kansas City and made choo-choo back to New York.

And here I am, as Jonah said to the whale. Have been trying for months now to get my feet in some trough, but all I get is the run-around—that "nothing today, my dear, but keep in touch with us, you never know what is liable to turn up." I know what's going to turn up—my toes.

Poor Jimmy is really socked—he's lost everything he made and everything he could beg, borrow, or steal. He'd like to go back to the Evening Tab but he's afraid the boys will razz him to death. Besides, the show bug has bit him and once that happens the swelling never goes down. So Jimmy is writing another show for me and if it gets on and over we're going to take the first ten dollars that comes into the box office and get married on it. I'm for taking the first two, but Jimmy says we ought to have a reserve.

All we have now is our health, and two young people of assorted sexes with a lot of health and not enough money to get married are liable to get into a lot of trouble. Wouldn't that be fun? Wishing you the same, DIXIE.

NA387 38 DL—HOLLYWOOD CALIF 1109A MAY 17
JIMMY DOYLE
CARE EVENING TAB NEW YORK CITY

THE SQUAWKING PICTURES NEED FRESH YOUNG STORIES THAT WILL SCREAM WELL STOP YOU ARE WASTING YOUR SWEETNESS ON THE DESERT AIR STOP WOULDNT YOU LIKE TO COME TO HOLLYWOOD THE MECCA OF THE LITERARY WORLD AND MECCA WHOOPEE KIRK

SB423 18 NEW YORK N Y 403P MAY 17
KIRK KING
COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION HOLLYWOOD CALIF

MUCH TO HIS SURPRISE THE LITTLE GIRL SAID YES SIR AND THEN HE DIDNT KNOW WHAT TO DO JIMMY

NC476 47 DL—HOLLYWOOD CALIF 956A MAY 18
JIMMY DOYLE
CARE EVENING TAB NEW YORK CITY

IN HOLLYWOOD INTERROGATION POINT DONT BE SILLY STOP GO TO AMBASSADOR HOTEL AND SEE FRITZ BUELOW COLOSSAL DIRECTOR TELL HIM YOU WROTE THE BOOK OF GENESIS AND BLACK BEAUTY AND ALL THE SOUND EFFECTS FOR HER SACRIFICE STOP ASK A THOUSAND BUCKS A WEEK TAKE FIVE HUNDRED KIRK

SA486 14 NEW YORK N Y 1130A MAY 19
KIRK KING
COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION HOLLYWOOD CALIF

KIDDING ASIDE CANT YOU GIVE ME A REAL TIP BEFORE I GO SEE BUELOW JIMMY

NA502 36 DL—HOLLYWOOD CALIF 1033A MAY 20
JIMMY DOYLE
CARE EVENING TAB NEW YORK CITY N Y

THE SCOTCH OUT HERE HAS BEEN CUT UNTIL

THERES VERY LITTLE SUSPENSE AND NO LOVE INTEREST IN IT SO THE ONLY LITERARY ADVICE I CAN GIVE YOU IS THAT WHEN YOU COME OUT BRING YOUR OWN

KIRK

May 17.

To Miss Betty Byrne,
Motion Picture Editor,
N. Y. Evening Tab.

From Publicity Dept.
Colossal Film Corp.

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE.

Fritz Buelow, the great director who made that sensational epic Sinners in Love and that equally thrilling masterpiece Lovers in Sin, is paying his first visit to New York in three years. He is not coming here to play, however, but to shoot the Coney Island sequences for his newest epic Sinning Lovers, which is the present title for the picture previously announced as Loving Sinners.

It is the film adaptation of that famous poem The Charge of the Light Brigade. Mr. Buelow and his technical staff have reserved a floor at the Ambassador Hotel.

. . . . .

BETTER get up, Fritz. That dame'll be here any minute now.

Who cares?

It's the interviewer for the Evening Tab—Betty Byrne.

Who sent for her?

I did—you gotta get some publicity while you're here. Whatcha got a manager for?

I don't know. What day is it?

Monday.

What became of Sunday? Anybody working today?

Kelly is shooting that skirt-blowing sequence in the Fun House over in Coney Island.

What, again?

Well, he figured out a new Ufa angle shot for it. Sez it'll be a wow with sound.

Mix me another. Any skirt is a wow with Kelly—sound or no sound. I hope I never see another.

The little one wasn't so bad. Hot, what?

They're all hot. A cold one would be a novelty.

When did she leave?

How do I know? I was in conference.

The ginger ale's all gone.

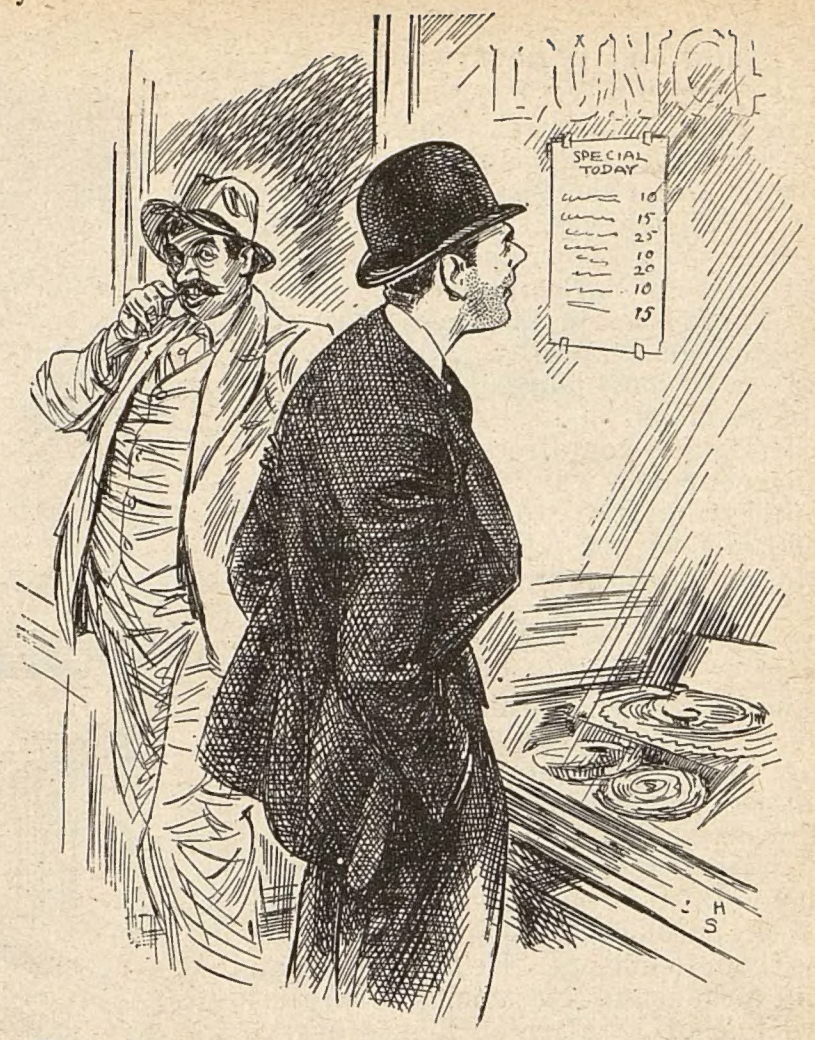
I'll take it straight. What's this Byrne baby like? Never heard of her!

Young.

Good!

About so high; built like this; blonde.

HIS name is Fritz Buelow. There was a blurb in the Tab the other night about him.



Poor Jimmy is really socked—he's lost everything he could beg, borrow, or steal.

You needn't stay. Where's my robe and slippers? She wants to talk to you about sound pictures. And send some ginger ale up on your way out.

. . . . .

I'M so sorry I'm late, Mr. Buelow, but I couldn't get away from the office until after six.

You're Miss Wilkins?

Betty Byrne—from the Evening Tab. I had a story about you the other day.

I never read the papers. In fact, when I'm working on a picture I never read anything. All my energy is concentrated on my work. Burns you up, this business.

It must.

Creating characters, pumping energy, vitality, inspiration into a lot of mannequins and marionettes. Building cities, moving armies, making wars and plagues and famines and earthquakes.

It must be wonderful!

You know, sometimes when I think of the power at my command it makes me stop and think. Last summer I took a thousand people out into Death Valley and kept them there four months. It was one hundred and twenty in the shade and no shade. Fourteen died, twenty-seven went mad—all extras—and one hundred and twenty mules. It was magnificent.

What picture was that?

Her First Night. Hasn't been released yet. It's being synchronized. . . . Will you join me?

Well, just a tiny little bit. There, wait a minute; that's too much. . . . Lots of ginger ale—heaps of it. . . . Tell me about your new picture, Mr. Buelow.

It's an Epic of Sacrifice. Based on that famous poem, The Charge of the Light Brigade. It opens with a long shot of the Cavalry Charge, then a close-up of the thundering hoofs going right over the camera—you can imagine what that will be with sound! And then lap dissolve into all kinds of animals going into the Ark.

That's where the story really begins. The water rises higher and higher; it submerges the whole world and then turns red. Blood! The tide of war. The Four Horsemen appear in the sky—pestilence, famine, death. The bloody tide rolls back—devastated France. Close-up of a machine gun spitting death. An endless belt of cartridges going round and round.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page nine]

Fade in a ferris wheel. Coney Island. The war is over. Pleasure-mad crowds forget the great sacrifice. That's where we are now. Oh, yes, there is a Babylon sequence. You know, ancient Babylon! And then New York, the modern Babylon! There's a big message there for the young generation. . . . Here, let me give you some more.

Not so much. . . . Aren't you terrible! I guess you directors are used to having your own way.

That's what the world thinks. The world's all wrong. It's lonely on the heights. The sparrows play in the streets, but the eagle soars alone. Soars and broods — lonely — lonely — alone.

I know *(softly)*. I think I can understand.

Yes, women understand, for they, too, are alone and lonely.

How do you know?

A great director must know people. He holds them in the hollow of his hand and looks through them—into them. He turns them inside out. He devours them. Out of a thousand lives comes Life; that knowledge of Life which makes everything he does live. He must break a thousand lives in his bare hands to know how that one life will quiver before the camera, so that a million eyes will dim with tears and a million throats will choke and a million hearts will stand still. . . . You don't look very comfortable over there. Why don't you come over here and sit by me?

. . . . . .

Nine o'clock.

. . . . You're so—so gentle and yet so strong. . . . Honestly, I never felt before I could confide like this in anyone.

Ten o'clock.

. . . . Here, you didn't finish yours. . . . And you've been on your own ever since? You poor little sweet. . . . There . . . just relax . . . poor darling. . . . Don't! . . . Mr. Buelow . . . Fritz! . . . No. . . . Fritzie darling. . . .

Eleven o'clock.

. . . . You don't have to say that. You don't have to say you love me . . . I don't care. I feel happier tonight than I've felt since I was a little girl. You DO understand, don't you?

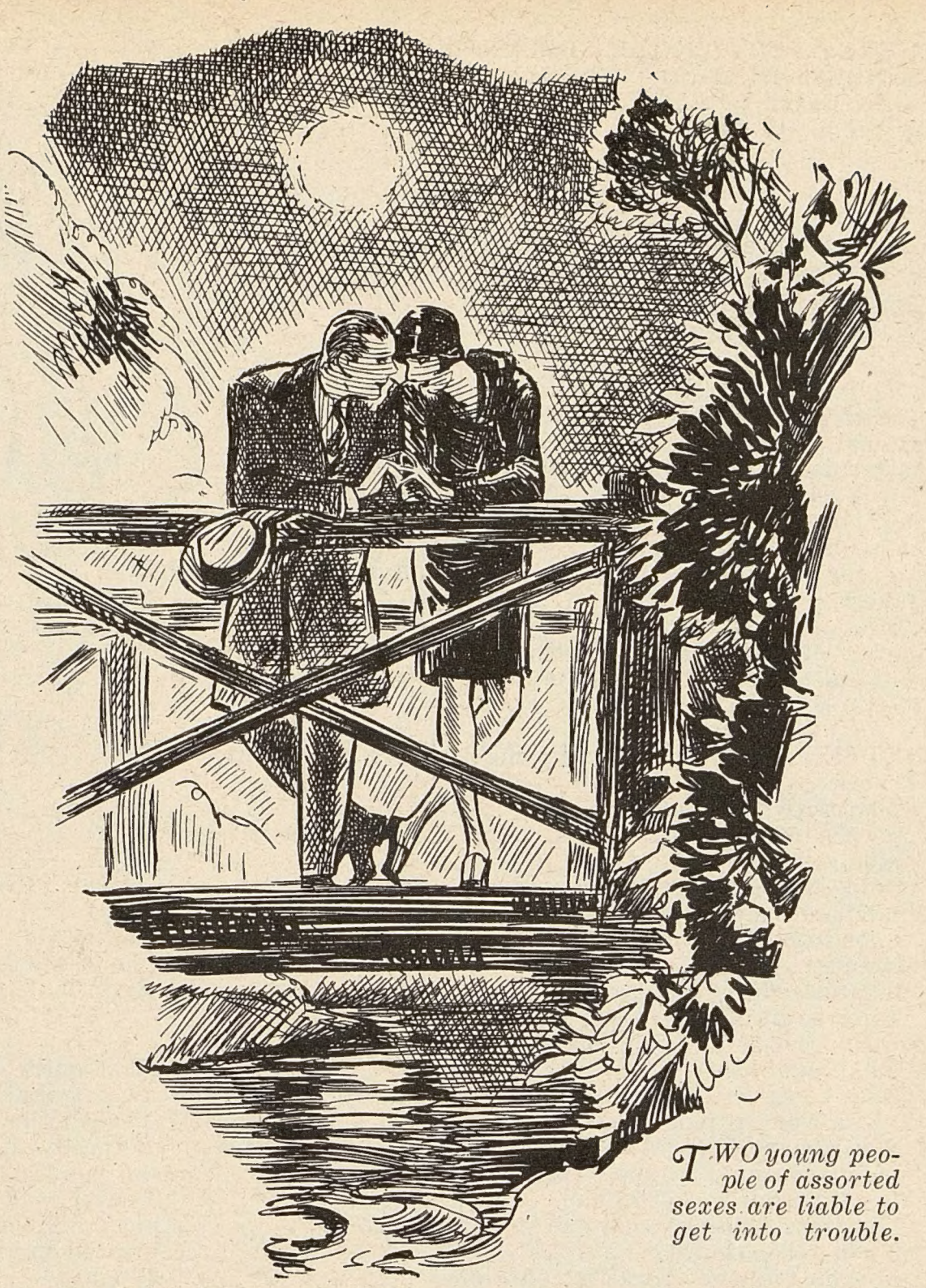
Midnight.

. . . . and you'll call me tomorrow, sure?

Sure. . . . There, now, run along. I'm going to turn in early. Got a big day tomorrow. We do the gag faction in the House of a Thousand Mirrors. It's allegorical; showing things are not what they seem. The girl sees her lover multiplied a thousand times in the mirrors. She tries to reach him and crashes into his images. Bruised and despairing, she tries to escape. She cannot. Subtitle, Ah, Love, Love. . . . What is the Substance? What is the Shadow? A great gag, what? . . .

. . . . . .

That Miracle man who made Lovers in Sin.



TWO young people of assorted sexes are liable to get into trouble.

(From the Evening Tab, May 20)

GREAT ARTISTS ARE LONELY,
SAYS FAMOUS DIRECTOR

By Betty Byrne

Oh, girls, guess who I saw last night—no, not Jack Gilbert, though he's ducky too. Come, come, you're not ver' bright this morning. Don't you know who's in town, girls—stopping at the Ambassador in a suite as big as Madison Square Garden? Oh, you'll be green with jealousy when I tell you that I talked to him ver' ver' long and we had the most thrilling things to say to each other.

Now that you're all akimbo and agog, I'll tell you. It was Fritz Buelow. You know, that Miracle man who made Lovers in Sin, the picture which made us all laugh and cry, and Sinners in Love, which wrenched our hearts and yet made us smile happily through our tears. Well, he's back in town after more than three years' absence. He's working now on the most gorgeous epic in his career. He was telling me all about it last night and I'm sure he won't care if I let you in on an eeentsie-weentsie bit of it.

It has a big theme—Sacrifice—and there's a big message under it. He's shooting part of it now in the Fun House and the Mirror House in Coney Island, showing the part where life is an illusion and the only things that matter are big, deep things like sacrifice and love. Doesn't it sound gorgeous, girls?

And here's a juicy little tip for some lucky girl. Mr. Buelow is planning a great jazz-mad sequence with singing and dancing—in sound—and he's looking for a real jazz-mad type. Here's what he said to me last night in his very words, "I'm looking for a real jazz-mad type." So you see, girls, that's just what he wants. Well, he ought to find what he's looking for in New York, don't you think so, girls?

Oh, yes, Mr. Buelow is big and burly—with those strong shoulders which thrill us girls. He has blue eyes and light curly hair, and yet his long sensitive hands betray the artist and the dreamer. "It's lonely on the heights," sighed Mr. Buelow. "The sparrows twitter in the streets, but the solitary eagle soars in the empyrean alone—lonely—and broods in majestic silence." Isn't that just too thrilling, girls?

Toodle-oo. I'll be seeing you.

Fan Fare

Brown Eyes: I don't know whether Rin-tin-tin has had any pups or not, but I certainly will find out for you if I can.

Just a Fan: Aren't you sweet to say so, but after all one should do one's best, one should, shouldn't one?

Billy: Certainly Clara Bow always wears bloomers on the set. Go to your room.

SE 235 29 DL-NEW YORK NY 950 A MAY 26
KIRK KING
COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION HOLLYWOOD CALIF

YOUR BUELOW BIRD HAS MORE SECRETARIES THAN PAUL WHITEMAN HAS CHINS STOP HAVE TRIED EVERY WAY OF REACHING HIM FOR A WEEK. SHORT OF TUNNELING STOP WHAT HAVE YOU JIMMY

MAY 26
N A 5325 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 2P
JIMMY DOYLE
CARE EVENING TAB
NEW YORK CITY N Y

TRY PUTTING ON A SKIRT
KIRK

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 5.

Miss Nita Dugan,
Hotel Scribe,
Rue Scribe,
Paris.

Dear Sis:

Guess what I've been doing the last two weeks and none of your dirty low French insinuations either. That stops you dead, does it? Well, I've been riding herd on a movie director—a big megaphone and puttee man from the West. His name is Fritz Buelow and he made Sinners in Love and Lovers in Sin and who givesadam? I do and I'll tell you why. There was a blurb in the Tab the other night about him, that he was hot for a jazz-mad baby that could make yip yip and faw down in a new squeakie and I sez to myself Fritzie I'm just what your osteopath ordered to stop that pain in your head and I owe it not only to you but Will Hays and the industry to come through and quick and pretty.

So I high-heeled right over to the Ambassador and asked old Poker Face at the desk to tell Fritz the good news. Buelow, says he, there's nobody here by that name, and I says well I saw it in the paper he was stopping here and Icycle says what paper and I sez the Evening Tab and crossed myself quick and he says we take the Times here and I says come, come, it's a short life at best so why not be pals along the way and if you don't like that you can take your high hat and I only wish it were a pineapple and Buelow *is* here and I bet your father was an acrobat and Dixie Dugan is the name and send it up pronto.

All of which didn't get me here to there with old Broad A so I picked it up and took it away. And around the block. Around and around. Thinking to myself how am I gonna get to this bozo. Then I get a big hunch. Jimmy, I sez, he used to be on a paper and these birds are pelicans for publicity so I rang Jimmy, and give him the works and he laughs so loud he sounds like two Texas Guinans gone hay wire.

How will *you* get in to see him, sez Jimmy. Tell me how I get in, first. I've been tailing him for weeks with night letters of introduction and they won't even let me off at his floor. And why do you want to see him anyway?

AND I told him I was off the legit for a while and had a big letch for the movies now that the apple knockers could hear me as well as see me and he says well even if Buelow and I were as close as call and settle I wouldn't help you meet him because he's one of those guys that's on the make for every dame on the lot and I says do tell, ain't mother nature the old devil and he says and what's more if I hear any more about you trying to see this guy I'll sock you right on your pretty nose. So I says there you go making love to me again over the phone, but that won't stop me from trying to see Mr. Buelow whom I consider a genius and if you can't wangle it I'll certainly find somebody who can because I know that me and the screen are going to be just like that and then I hung up maddizell and went into another big huddle with myself.

And then whatcha think. The old subconscious went put-put and the old brain backfired or something for a perfectly elegant idear snuck out. Whoops, says I, why didn't I think of that before and I dashed to the nearest telegraph office and sent Buelow a wire saying:

"Sending special staff writer Miss Dugan to interview you for full page Sunday feature story will telephone for appointment — Pan-American Newspaper Syndicate."

Well, when I called up the next day a secretary said Mr. Buelow was extremely busy, but he would grant me an interview the following evening at 9 o'clock in his apartment and would I be prompt as Mr. Buelow was a very important and busy man and if I wasn't exactly on time and so on and so on and I said I was going to be busy, too, as I had to squeeze Mr. Buelow in between Lindbergh at 8:30 and the Marx Brothers at 9:20 but I'd do my best.

And, baby, that tomorrow is today and tonight's the night. Nine o'clock is the zero hour. Block that kick, block that kick. Hoooooooooooooold 'em, Vassar.

Dixie.

And I says Dixie Dugan is the name and send it up pronto.

And Buelow isn't all! A song writer enters the plot next week. From here on, things move fast for Dixie. "Life," she reports, "is getting full of that old meaning for me." And the tale has only just begun. Stay with it.

The GHOSTS of Tsarskoe-Selo

A Look at the Czar's Last Home, as He Left It

By

E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, C. B. E.

MR. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT is a famous British soldier and war correspondent. He started his campaigning career in the Graeco-Turkish war when he was seventeen years old, and has seen service in South Africa, Siberia, Morocco, Tripoli, and the Balkans, and (during the World War) at the Dardanelles and at Joffre's headquarters in France. For two years he was a Member of Parliament. The initials after his name mean that he is a Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

THE saddest pilgrimage the visitor to Russia can make is that from Leningrad to Tsarskoe-Selo Bourg, the little village of the Czar, now called Dietskoie-Selo Bourg.

The train meanders along, stopping at every station, and conveys you there in about half an hour. You gaze from the window of your carriage at the uprooted rails of the Czar's private line, which the Bolshevists have ruthlessly destroyed, pulling up the rails and tearing down the embankment. Only a few steel uprights remain of his private station.

You drive from the station in a miserable sleigh over roads deep in snow. You arrive at the gates of the Palais Catherine (Ekaterinski Dvoretz) built in the 1740s by the architect Rastrelli for the Empress Elizabeth I, daughter of Peter the Great. It is an enormous building, 300 meters long and two stories high, of the Italian school of that period, and resembles the Winter Palace in Leningrad, built by the same artist.

It takes you hours to wander through the endless reception rooms, bedrooms, suites, and passages. Every room is gilded and painted, but in different styles, with the exception of the Amber Room, presented by Frederick the Great, and a Silver Room, which looks somewhat out of place, built by the Emperor Alexander I. The general effect is one of gaudy, almost barbaric, splendor. There is only one bath tucked away, especially installed for a visit of President Loubet of France. The furniture, pictures, and china are all in place. An army of women are kept employed keeping the palace clean, and you are only allowed to enter after putting sandals over your boots.

To wander through these deserted halls, tenanted only by memories of the past, produces an indescribable feeling of depression. You feel that the emperors and empresses, the princes, the grand dukes, and courtiers have all lived in vain; that all this splendor has been wasted on thin air; that the life of those times was unreal; that the present is equally unreal; and that Russia has never known a normal epoch.

Members of the women's battalion of the Red Guard p

Your guide is a true communist. She explains everything with remarkable knowledge and perspicuity, but without the slightest trace of feeling or enthusiasm. She seems to regard the disasters which have overwhelmed the Romanoffs as a natural retribution.

From this monument to the follies and extravagances of the eighteenth century, you pass out on to the pure white snow. You pass through the grounds of the palace, cross the highroad, and then enter the gates of the Alexander Palace (Alexandrovski Dvoretz), the last home of the Romanoffs, from which Nicholas II and his family departed for Tomsk and Ekaterinburg. It was constructed between 1785 and 1790 by order of Catherine II for her beloved grandson Alexander, afterward Alexander I, from 1800 to 1825 emperor of Russia—the son of the mad Emperor Paul, who was assassinated, some say, at Alexander's instigation. The architect was Quarenghi.

IT can hardly be called a palace; it is really a fairly large, white, two-winged English country house standing in a modest and unattractive park. The house has little seclusion or privacy and is overlooked by all the surrounding dwellings. The entrance to the park is no more than 300 yards from the palace. At the time of year when the ground is covered with snow and a bleak wind howls through the leafless trees, an atmosphere of indescribable melancholy and tragedy hangs over the house and grounds of the Alexander Palace. The park is deserted except for a few old retainers, survivors of the imperial régime, who are busy sawing up logs for the winter fires. In the park are the stumps of many trees which the Czar himself cut down, when a prisoner, while

© Herbert photo

ipers in the boudoir of the Czarina.

waiting for the order which was to start him and the last of his line on their final journey.

You pass from the main entrance into a small porter's lodge where sits the guardian. You show your special permit to visit the palace, and he summons a guide. A woman of about thirty appears; her face is hard and lined—her soul seems to have frozen within her; and she has that curious expressionless look which you find in so many communist women. In the outer hall you don your sandals once again, for the Bolshevists, having wiped out the Romanoff family, are scrupulous in the care they take of their property.

You pass through another little hall in which are a series of busts of the children of Nicholas I, and then you enter the main series of reception rooms. At one end is a miniature chapel where the Empress was wont to pray. On the walls are hung portraits of dead czars and czarinas and of princes of the royal blood and their wives. Catherine the Great gazes down reproachfully and with an air of mingled disdain and derision. There is a small replica of the picture of Queen Victoria as she appeared upon "taking the oath of allegiance to maintain the Protestant faith." The rooms open into one another; at each entrance stand models of footmen with bowed heads, in scarlet and gold liveries with white breeches, as worn by the household of the Czar. Their faces are merely shapeless masses of wax, which gives them the horrible appearance of corpses decaying after death, for it is not permitted to depict the features of a lackey under the present régime. They stand there, relics of the past mocking at the present.

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The fallen Czar shoveling snow at Tsarskoe-Selo while a prisoner.

The center room has a large circular window with glass doors giving on the park. Through these windows a straight path takes you to the end of the park close to the main entrance. Round the walls are hung life-size portraits of the czars. You pause. Then the soulless, monotonous voice of your guide is heard: "Through that window Catherine II passed, carrying the young prince, afterwards Alexander I, when making him a present of the palace, in the year 1790."

You are silent for a moment of historic reflection; then your guide drones on: "Through that window the imperial family passed at dawn on July 31, 1917, on their way to Tomsk." You expect "and to Ekaterinburg" to follow, but the words are not uttered. The imperial Calvary always stops at Tomsk, when it is mentioned by the Bolshevists. Then she adds, "In this hall they sat on their baggage at five A. M., awaiting the order to leave."

WHAT a picture rises before the mind's eye! The sudden summons which arrived late the night before; the hasty packing of the baggage; the excitement among the children; and then the descent to the hall at this early hour of the Czar, the Czarina, the four grand duchesses, and of that poor hæmophile, the Czarevitch, carried by the faithful sailor. The shivering, panic-stricken retainers and the Red Guards with fixed bayonets surround the piles of baggage, packed as if for an excursion to the seaside.

The family talk in whispers among themselves; a grand duchess reminds her sister of some forgotten treasure upstairs. You can picture the girls running back for the last time to the rooms of their childhood years, which they will never see again, to snatch a favorite doll or a cherished snapshot from some half-empty cupboard.

Then comes a sharp order. A procession is formed. Headed by the Czar, the family pass out into the cold morning air. The Red Guards close in; at the bottom of the park they pause, and all gaze back for the last time on the house they have loved so well. Not one of the outcasts will ever see it again.

At the far end of these reception halls is a small room, and through the open door you see what resembles from a distance a number of victims of the Inquisition waiting to be conveyed to an auto-da-fé in their strange garb of execution. Then you discover they are models, each bedecked in a white cover. Your guide pulls off one of the covers, and a magnificent gold and white court dress is exposed to view. "These," she says, "are the Empress Feodorovna's court dresses; they are all modeled in the same fashion but of different materials."

On one side of this room is what the guide describes as "an American glide." It is shaped like a toboggan run and the children were wont to slide from the top to the floor. Underneath it are two toy motor cars. The guide explains, "The Czarevitch played with them for the last time while waiting to leave, and they have not been taken up to the nursery since." In another corner of this

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GHOSTS OF TSARSKOE-SELO
Continued from page thirteen]

room is a genuine miniature motor car which he drove about the grounds.

You want to linger, but your guide hastens you on. You pass through a door and turn to the left into a corridor narrow and ill lit. "We are now about to enter the private apartments of the Emperor and Empress. These on the right belonged to the Czarina, and those on the left, to the Czar," the guide explains.

The door is opened and you find yourself in the Empress' music room. There are two pianos, side by side, and the music is lying on them just as it was abandoned. On the table are many books and bric-a-brac. The room looks as if it had been occupied but yesterday. On the left-hand wall there hangs an enormous battle picture by Détaille, entitled Cavalry Returning from a Charge, a scene from the Franco-Prussian War, which looks out of place in this room.

On the wall facing the windows is a beautiful portrait of the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna by Kaulbach, painted in 1898. She is gazing across the room at a portrait of Marie Antoinette, painted by Flameng. The effect is as if the Czarina were meditating on the French queen's fate. You hasten out. It is too melancholy to stop with these two tragic figures gazing with curiosity at one another.

You then enter the Empress' private boudoir. The furniture is very plain—a few easy chairs, sofas, and tables. There are no valuable antiques, but just what you would expect to find in a simple person's country house. On the tables are her favorite books, bric-a-brac, and innumerable photographs and snapshots. Dozens are of her children, taken from babyhood up to the hour they left for Tomsk. Here you can read in pictures the whole story of a happy domestic life and a miserable dynastic existence. A painting of the Czarevitch hangs on the wall, and another of the Czar when a young man.

On the right of the door, as you enter, are some wooden steps leading up to a gallery which looks very out of place in a boudoir. You appear surprised, and your guide hastens to explain: "Up there is a door which leads to a passage across the corridor outside to the Emperor's apartments. He could thus join the Empress without anyone seeing him leave his room. You see, the Emperor had no bedroom in his own apartment, and every night he crossed the bridge across the outer corridor and joined the Empress." You leave the Empress' boudoir feeling that any moment she may return and catch you examining her most cherished possessions.

YOU pass into a smaller boudoir used as a writing room. It is a mass of snapshots. Every friend and relative must be represented here. On a tiny round table is a photograph bigger than all the others. It is of the Emperor and Empress and their five children. It was the last ever taken of them, taken the day before their departure for Tomsk. On the Empress' writing table are a few sheets of note paper; on one of them are written some memoranda; the ink, pens, and pencils are all there. In this room are two telephones. "One of them," our guide explains, "had direct communication with the Winter Palace at Leningrad; the other, direct communication with the Emperor's headquarters when he was at the front."

Then you pass on into the Empress' bedroom. You imagine you have entered a chapel. The walls are hidden by a mass of sacred ikons—carvings of Christ, the Virgin, and the saints, crucifixes and holy pictures. There is not a square inch of space which has not been utilized for some holy relic. The room is not large; the furniture is all white and very simple, such as you find in children's nurseries. Two very narrow beds stand side by side facing the windows. They are also white and have lace pillow cases and pink coverlets. The sheets, blankets, pillows, lace, and coverlets remain just as they were left when the imperial couple received their hasty summons to depart, except that the beds have been made up.

On the left side of the room stands an ordinary washstand such as you see in servants' rooms, with two basins and two jugs. "Surely," I remarked, "the Empress used something better than that." "No," replied our guide, "she always used that."

There are two small wooden partitions built out into the room on either side of the beds, further contracting the little space available. The one on the left contains a prie-dieu before which the Empress was wont to pray at nights; the other is a concealed toilet. Where else in the world can you find such a strange combination so singularly placed? On a table at the foot of the beds are scattered knickknacks and snapshots. The room seems to have been vacated but yesterday.

Underwood & Underwood photo

The Alexander Palace, summer home of the Czar, at Tsarskoe-Selo.

ON leaving the Empress' room you enter a small antechamber lined with cupboards which contain the Empress' wardrobe and the many uniforms of the regiments of which she was colonel. Beyond the antechamber is her maid's room, left intact, containing a small plain iron bedstead. Beyond this there is a small corridor containing further cupboards full of the Empress' clothes.

Then you pass out of a door, cross the main corridor, and enter the Emperor's apartments. The first is a small smoking room with leather-upholstered English armchairs and sofas. There are a few hunting trophies, a few books, some stands of arms, and a few paintings. On a small table stands a charming portrait of the Czarevitch in water colors and on the wall there hangs a portrait of the Empress taken when she was a young girl. The room has little to distinguish it and resembles the smoking room of a modest country squire.

There is one object of interest. It is a plain paper calendar standing on a table. It has been torn off up to July 31 (old style)—the day on which the imperial family left for Tomsk.

Beyond is a small study where the Emperor was wont to work. On his desk are pens, ink, and paper and a few books of reference, just as he left them. Alongside is another table at which the ministers summoned from Leningrad were wont to sit. In front of the Emperor's desk are a small table and leather chair. Here the Czarevitch was seated when the Emperor was engaged in business, and took his first lessons in statecraft.

You can picture the scene: the Emperor dictating his futile orders, and the young boy listening listlessly to endless discussions of the army, the navy, the Duma, and the revolutionary manifestations, and all the time longing to get back to his sisters and his toys. You pass on; there is little to detain you here. The room is symbolical. It was here that a good father devoted to his family, weak by nature, but determined to play the petty tyrant, endeavored to govern a nation of one hundred and forty millions.

You pass into the Emperor's bathroom. You climb three steps to a raised platform on which there is a sofa facing a huge fireplace. Behind the sofa is a blue and white porcelain swimming bath about fourteen feet long, eight broad, and very deep. The towels are still hanging on the pegs. Beyond is a tiny improvised chapel and in one corner of it a table at which the Emperor's valet sat. There is also a collection of canes.

You then enter the Emperor's study. It is a typical English room with English furniture. The first object which meets the eye is the billiard table on which are spread the maps used by the Emperor during the war. There is the Emperor's desk and a large round table for

his ministers. In this room so many fateful decisions were taken! Your guide remarks in her cold, hard voice, "It was at this desk that the Emperor dissolved the Duma." She stops in front of a portrait of the Empress. It is that of an attractive young woman in a country frock and is contained in a very plain black wooden frame, much knocked about. "This," she says, "was the Emperor's favorite picture of the Empress. He took it with him when they left for Tomsk. Now they have brought it back here." Who knows? This portrait in the battered frame may have gone very much further than Tomsk.

A flight of steps leads from the study across the corridor to the Empress' apartments. The tour of the royal apartments is at an end.

You pass once again into the outer corridor and at its end mount two flights of stone steps to the children's quarters. A door is open on your left and another in front of you. In the latter room are a desk, a student's chair, and a blackboard. Here the Czarevitch was taught by his different tutors. Through the open door to your right a pathetic sight meets the eye. The room is packed with abandoned dolls. They were all carefully arranged by the grand duchesses before they left on miniature chairs and sofas, and a fine baby lies back in its cradle with a merry smile on its face and its staring eyes wide open.

Two great dolls with large lustrous brown eyes and beautiful brown hair sit on a garden seat with their arms outstretched toward the door. They have an appealing, inquiring look in their eyes. For eleven years they have thus sat waiting for the return of their playmates, and they look as if they had not yet given up all hope. They stare at every newcomer in wonderment.

Then you enter the children's dining room. The table is laid for six: the four children and the governesses. The cups and saucers, the plates, knives, and forks are all laid for that breakfast which was never served on that fatal morning of July 31. An empty claret bottle stands in the center. But the guests will never come.

Photos © Underwood & Underwood

The Czar and his family and their servants gardened at Tsarskoe-Selo while interned there. In the upper picture he appears at the right of the center, in a light-colored tunic. Below, the Czarina embroiders as she looks on from her wheel chair.

YOU pass in succession through the bedrooms of the four grand duchesses. All are plainly furnished with simple white furniture, but the beds are missing. "They were taken to Tomsk," says your guide, "and have not been returned." They have been replaced with simple iron ones. On the dressing tables there are scattered, in all the disorder of a hurried departure, a hundred small articles which there was no time to pack: toilet requisites, gold boxes, jewel cases, scissors, manicure sets, combs, and brushes.

Innumerable photographs of their brother and sisters adorn each of the grand duchesses' rooms. There is a large room turned into a bathroom and lined with cupboards for the girls' clothes. A large white foot tub ready for use hangs over a chair by the abandoned bath.

Outside, the corridor is lined with huge trunks and hampers partly packed. Each contains an enormous mass of clothes of different periods from earliest childhood up to the revolution. Apparently it was intended to take some of these trunks to Tomsk, but at the last moment they were left behind.

Then you enter the Czarevitch's bedroom, which is very small, and alongside which is the room where his faithful sailor, who was murdered with the imperial family, always slept. Then there is a small chamber lined with glass cases in which are displayed all the uniforms the child wore, for he was colonel of a dozen regiments. The uniforms of the grand duchesses are also on view.

THE rooms open one into the other, each telling of a different phase in the life and education of the future Emperor, whose reign was not to be. There is the room where the doctor on duty always slept, and another where the French tutor lived, and a larger one with a cinema screen. "Here," says your guide, "the Czarevitch used to entertain all his domestics with cinema shows which he gave himself."

The next room resembles a torture chamber, for it contains every kind of surgical instrument and complete incasements for the legs, arms, and body, made of canvas and leather. They are the proofs of the terrible malady from which he suffered, and of the urgent steps which had frequently to be taken to keep him alive.

At the end of the corridor is a fair-sized room which is packed with every conceivable kind of toy. Engines, motor cars, mechanical toys, boxes of bricks, dolls—everything calculated to delight the heart of a child. A huge yellow Teddy bear stands on guard near the door. "That," says your cicerone, "is the last present ever sent to the Czarevitch by the Kaiser."

You gaze for some time, spellbound by this children's fairyland. Then you pass out. The tragic pilgrimage is at an end. Once again in the hall, the attendant hands you a visitors' book and says. "Please sign your name and write a few words of comment on your visit." As you cannot write what you really feel you merely sign.

You hasten to leave this melancholy spot, and pass out into the fresh air of the park. It is almost dark as you reach the gates. The palace is shrouded in gloom; not a light is visible. Looking back, you can almost see through the falling flakes of snow the ghosts of the grim procession leaving the central window and passing down the path to Ekaterinburg and death.

How strange is the Bolshevist psychology! They take great pride in showing the home of the last Czar. Yet I know nothing more calculated to give a pleasing picture of domestic bliss than the Alexander Palace. The petty tyrant has already vanished into the dim pages of history. Only the memory of a devoted father surrounded by his happy family remains at Tsarskoe-Selo.

THE END

One NIGHT at Susie's

A Story of the Price of Love

By

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

Pictures by DAN CONTENT

The real story was that Hayes lay de

SHE went by the wholly inadequate name of Susie, and she ran a flop house for ex-convicts on Olive Street in a certain middle western city. Susie's place was a sort of halfway station on the road back from hell. The hood who had done his stretch at Jefferson City or Joliet or Little Rock or McAlester usually heard about Susie before they handed him his stir suit and his five dollars and good advice from the warden.

"If you make it to Susie's, buddy," a cellmate would say, "you're halfway to where you want to go, wherever that is. Susie ain't a bit particular. She'll give you three squares and a flop, and if she's feeling good she'll stake you."

To Susie's . . . on the rods . . . in box cars . . . hitch-hiking . . . sometimes to Susie's by express invitation, thus: "Hey, buddy, Susie says to come by her flop. She's got word from your girl." Or perhaps in a letter scribbled on cheap paper: "So husband dear I will meat you at Susy's she sure is a fine lady and promusses to help."

It was a scrofulous painted brick house in a run-down neighborhood. A cowbell hung on the rusty wrought-iron gate. Detectives in that district had a gentleman's agreement with Susie to come through this gate when they called. Susie's other visitors used the back gate and wore a path across cinders, tin cans, and rubbish to the side door. The three-storied house smelled strongly of cabbage and onions, but these odors did not quite conceal the prison stench Susie's guests brought with them.

In Susie's dingy downstairs hall there was a telephone, busy night and day . . . "Hullo . . . that you, Joe? Yeah. Just got in. 'M at Susie's. How's the mob? . . . Hunh? Oh, yeah. Sure. . . . Naw, I done that standing on my ear. Sure. At Bud's, eh? 'Sright, Joe. I'll be there."

"Hello, is Mr. Levingill in? Tell him it's the man Susie spoke to him about . . . Oh . . . uh . . . hello? Is this Mr. Levingill? Susie said you have a job maybe I could fill. Yessir. Oh, no, I got paroled. Good behavior. Yessir, I sure do. I realize my mistake, Mr. Levingill, and . . . oh . . . all right, I'll do that. Thanks. I'll be there first thing in the morning."

"Sa-ay, that you, Cannon? Listen . . . this is Sam. Yeah . . . sprung this aft. Caught th' fast train down. And listen . . . Cannon? I want some women. See? Not one. Jese, I been doin' a four spot. Bring four broads . . . a fat one . . . a thin one . . . a red-haired one, and . . ."

"I guess you don't know who this is, do you, Allie? Naw . . . not Fred. This is Terence. Remember me? Yeah, I guess you do all right . . . Yeah, I'll bet . . . Well, listen here, you dirty little double-crossing tart—I'm outa stir now and I'll wise you up . . . I knowed all about you an' that dick . . . yeah . . ."

That was the flavor of Susie's. But the flavor of Susie herself is harder to get on paper.

pstairs room with Winifred standing, dazed, beside the body when Rollins reached the scene.

She sat one night not long ago in her formal, old-fashioned parlor under the roaring gas jets. She weighed four hundred pounds and was five feet four inches tall. Susie had dressed herself in a black broadcloth skirt, a white waist, and a black fascinator. Her feet were shod in enormous bulging buttoned shoes with every button fastened. The torture she was enduring from them and from the belt of the skirt and the collar of the waist seemed a foolish sacrifice. But Susie had her pride.

THE wrinkled tops of her shoes showed you where her ankles used to be and the belt defined the waist she once possessed and the collar, albeit vaguely, separated her neck from her chins. She had thin curly reddish-gray hair parted in the middle. Its effect was mannish, and seated there in a homemade morris chair she looked like a faintly caricatured Buddha. Her oddly girlish face appeared to have been stuck somewhat illogically at one end of the mass of flesh which was Susie, like a Hallowe'en false face pinned on a snow lady. She had large baby-blue eyes, a pudgy daub of a nose, and a mouth which resembled inept sculpture on a pumpkin.

Nobody knew Susie's history. There were fables. Some said Susie had been a fat woman in a side show. Others whispered that Susie's husband was doing it all in a western penitentiary for murder. There was the story that Susie had run a bawdy house in New Orleans. She always said, when questioned about her past: "What folks done yesterday is the Lord's business, the Lord's business," snapping out the words in her absurd shrill voice. As to why Susie ran a flop house for ex-cons, only

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this: "It's right interesting work, now, and I got to be doing something." Susie had been a prisoner herself these many years, jailed behind stout layers of fat. Maybe that offers a clue.

Tonight was to be a very special night at Susie's. She had locked herself in the parlor immediately after the evening hand-out. She had tied a pink ribbon on the fascinator. On the hideous mission table which served Susie for a desk she had spread numerous letters, newspaper clippings, and photographs. A marked calendar stood near her fat elbow as she pawed the memorabilia. A calendar marked: Nov. 10 (Steve from Michigan City) . . . Nov. 24 (Willy Hunnelly—Leavenworth) . . . Nov. 30 (Joe Shumway—Chester) . . . Dec. 5 (Woodson Rollins—Jeff City).

Dec. 5 (Woodson Rollins—Jeff City). About this notation Susie had drawn a wabbly line with an indelible pencil. There were old clippings on the table and some recent ones. Susie glanced at a headline: ROLLINS GETS 10 YEARS FOR HAYES KILLING. That was one of the old clippings. And the newest clipping was headed: WINNIE MAHAN SCORES IN NEW PLAY —Actress-playwright Gives Great Performance in Own Vehicle.

The letters filled in the story. One from Woodson Rollins saying, "I'm to meet Winnie at your house the night of the fifth, dear Susie, and what a meeting to dream about!" One from New York saying, "Will meet Woodson at your place as arranged," and signed "Winifred Mahan."

Susie, reading them over once more, sighed wheezily. A ten spot is a long stretch. Winnie . . . Woodson . . . after all these years.

A rap at the oaken door of the parlor. With an agony of effort Susie pulled herself out of the morris chair and unlocked the door.

"Susie, this is Art Judd. He just come in from Stillwater. He's broke and wants a job."

"Like hell he does! Young man! You sniff coke, don't you? No use of your lying. I can tell."

"Aw, Jese, Susie, have a heart. He's got to get a job so's he can buy enough snow to taper off on. If he don't the dicks'll catch him with the shakes and run him in."

"Serves him right. I ain't got a bit of use for hopheads, George, not a bit of use. Young man, you might as well beat it. I can't do nothing . . . wait a minute . . . listen. I'll tell you what . . . you stick around here three weeks and taper off where I can see you doing it, and I'll get you a job."

"Thanks, Miss Susie, I'll sure do that. I got on the stuff on account of ulcers in my stomick, but—"

Susie shut the door. Waddling back to her chair she said: "H'mph. He'll probably be mooching snifter money on Sixth Street in two days."

WHAT had the big-house done to Woodson? How much had the girl changed? These meetings usually—

A ring on Susie's private telephone. It had an extension handle on the receiver so Susie could put the receiver to her ear.

"Well?"

"Four of the boys to see you, Miss Susie."

"H'mph. What for? You know I'm busy tonight, George."

"They say it's deep down biz."

"All right. Send them in. But tell them they'll have to make it snappy."

The boys came in presently. They didn't shuffle. They didn't smell of the big-house. They were smooth-shaven and perfumed, being members in good standing of the Egan mob. They took off hats and caps in deference to Susie's parlor.

"Well, Chippie, what's on your mind?" Susie greeted the leader. Then, sharply, "Put your rods on the table."

Grinning, they laid four heavy automatics on Susie's crocheted table cover. It was a ritual rigidly enforced by Susie. Dicks and gunmen alike had to park their artillery with Susie when they called. Susie's was a house of peace.

Chippie said: "Here's a grand for the noble work, Susie." He laid the bills beside the pistols.

"Thanks, boys," said Susie, and her usually placid blue eyes glittered shrewdly. "But what's the favor I got to do?"

They grinned and worked their hands into their pockets and looked at one another.

"Well . . ." said Chippie in some embarrassment, "there ain't any strings on the donation, Susie. But we're in sort of a jam and you could help us out."

"My ankles is too weak for me to go to court, myself, boys, but I might be able to dig up some witnesses. Is it an alibi you need this time?"

"Naw," said Chippie. "Well, I'll tell you. We got to knock off a dick."

"What's his name?"

"You know him, Susie."

"Name him or we can't begin to do business, Chippie."

"Well . . . it's Plaster Houlihan."

"What's he done?"

THEY broke into forthright language as to Plaster Houlihan's misdeeds. Susie stopped the tirade with a snort.

"Who did you say he framed, Chippie?"

"Little Charlie."

"Bum rap?"

"Worse. Houlihan planted a gun on him when he was drunk. Got three stools to lie Little Charlie into a seven spot for a stick-up he never done."

"That's straight, Susie."

"Little Charlie wasn't nowheres near."

"A seven spot, Susie, and he's got the con bad already. He won't last two years in stir. He'll do hard time. That jute mill up to Jeff City is poison."

Susie yawned prodigiously.

"Why tell your troubles to me, boys? If Houlihan is ripe for a croakin' go right ahead, and I'll send flowers."

They consulted one another again with significant glances but no words. Chippie cleared his throat.

"It's this way, Susie. Houlihan's a smart dick. He don't take no chances. We got to get him on the spot where he can't put up a gun fight. We got to capture him an' take him for a nice quiet ride in the country. See?"

"Not yet."

The gunmen looked at the automatics on Susie's table.

"Listen, Susie. We got a hunch Houlihan's coming out here tonight."

"You're crazy. What'd Houlihan want to come out here for?"

Chippie scowled wisely.

"They sprung Woodson Rollins at Jeff City today. We figure Houlihan'll want to find him."

Susie blew her nose loudly into a dainty silk handkerchief.

"Rollins ain't coming here," she snapped.

"All right. All right. Have it your own way, Susie. We jest figured Houlihan would come out on the chance of finding where Rollins is."

"Houlihan ain't got nothing on that poor boy. He'd better leave—"

"Listen, Susie! You're strong for Rollins, ain't you? Well, Houlihan was heard to tell it around the Seventh District that he was gonna look Rollins up as soon as he was sprung."

"You're lyin', Chippie."

"No, I ain't neither, Susie. That's why we want you to help us. Houlihan will come out here to powwow with you. He'll put his gat on the table like he always does. Then, you grab his gun an' give us the tip-off, see? We rush the room an'—"

Susie pulled herself to her feet with a mighty heave.

"If I thought . . . no . . . I hate Houlihan's guts the same as anybody, but he ain't done nothing to rate a croakin' yet. At least as far as I'm concerned. What you boys

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"Meet me at the soda fountain"

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

MUCH depends upon a good start. That's why women meet so often at a cool and cheerful soda fountain to begin shopping and marketing—to pause to join friends and be refreshed with an ice-cold Coca-Cola. This pause that refreshes puts all on good terms with themselves and with the world. There's a cheery top-of-the-morning feeling in a glass of ice-cold Coca-Cola. A tingling, delicious taste. A cool after-sense of refreshment. A perfect blend of many flavors, it has a flavor all its own.

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Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD

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Then, when cool waters beckon, cast aside your robe and enjoy the full pleasure of swimming in a Jantzen. Tightly knitted from the strongest, long-fibred wool, a Jantzen fits you perfectly, permits such freedom for swimming that you scarcely know its on you! Smart, too, in appearance, with its trim, youthful lines.

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Send me free *'Jantzen Color Harmony Guide'* showing Jantzen colors best suited to my type; also suggestions for creating a colorful beach ensemble.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

do on your own is nobody's business. But count me out."

"Listen, Susie, I bet he's gonna frame Rollins back into stir on some crooked deal."

"No he ain't. That boy's clear."

"But listen, Susie—"

"No. You boys beat it. The party's over. Beat it."

"Aw, Susie, don't be dumb. That dick was ripe for a croakin' years ago."

"Beat it, I say. Here"—she pushed the automatics across the table—"take your guns and blow."

At the door Chippie made one last appeal.

"Listen, Susie . . . if Houlihan does come out here and he smells bad, you'll give us a ring, won't you?"

A pause while Susie's breath sounded across the room like the working of a huge bellows.

"Where'll you be?" she asked, finally.

The gunmen grinned triumphantly and nudged one another.

Chippie said: "Around the corner at Tony's. All evenin', Susie."

When they had gone Susie locked the door again and moved with her peculiar sagging walk back to the morris chair, the clippings, the letters, and the photographs.

If Houlihan—

It wasn't thirty minutes later when Houlihan came. He flat-footed through the wrought-iron gate, ringing the cowbell. Old George, who was Susie's general factotum, let him in the creaking front door. Keeping his hat on he slouched into Susie's parlor.

"Well, I'll tell you. We got to knock off a dick."

HOULIHAN was half of Susie's weight, but somehow grosser. He had the morals of a procurer, the manners of a truck driver, cruder sensibilities than a footpad, and was lower than the lowest gangster. He was a crooked dick. His red shanty-Irish face wore a mask of geniality—but crooks alone with him in a sweat-room at headquarters soon learned how much brutality he could cover with a smile.

"'Lo, Susie. How's the old tub of guts this evening?"

"All right, Houlihan. Gun on the table or no talkie."

"All right, Susie. All right. Don't get sore. You look sweet to me, kid. Sure you do."

He slid his service revolver across to Susie.

"Now . . . what do you want?"

"Who . . . me? Nothin', sweetheart. Nothin' a-tall."

He sat down and took a chew of tobacco.

"Well, get to the point, Houlihan. I'm busy this evening. Want to talk to any of the boys in the flop?"

"Nope. Just a sociable little visit, Susie."

"I ain't sociable with dicks."

"No? You're hurtin' my feelin's, Susie darlin'."

"If you ain't got any biz to buzz about, supposin' you run along. I told you I was busy."

"Oh, I ain't in no hurry, Susie." He looked about for a place to spit, caught a glare from Susie, picked up an ash tray and put it on the floor, spat into that, not very accurately. Rubbed the stain into the rug with his foot.

"Why don't you stay in your own district, Houlihan?"

"Can't I call on my friends once in a while? . . . Sa-ay, Susie . . . heard anything from Woodson Rollins lately?"

"Ain't heard from him in years. Not since he went to the big-house."

"No? I thought he was a special pet of yours . . . well, I got some good news for you, Susie. He was sprung today."

"That so? Well, they're all sprung sooner or later, ain't they?"

Houlihan grunted.

"That's what makes my job so tough. I put the bastards away and then they get out and I got all my work to do over again."

Susie's eyes said nothing.

"Got anything on Rollins?"

The detective laughed.

"Only a good joke. I been keeping it for quite a while. Soon as I see him I'll tell him."

"Joke?"

HOULIHAN'S hard eyes had a steady stare. "Remember that little tart Rollins took the rap for in the Hayes killing?"

"I never knowed that he took the rap for anybody, Houlihan."

"Like hell you didn't. Quit stalling, Susie. You knowed all about it."

"Have it your own way, Houlihan."

"Sure you don't know where Rollins is heading for since he left Jeff City?"

"No."

Houlihan laughed again.

"Oh, I'll get word to him some way all right," he said. "This joke's too good to keep. Rollins takes the rap for that little tart—a ten spot—and while he's doin' time she's sleeping with theayter men. Don't that beat hell?"

"Liar!"

Susie exploded in a volcanic eruption of spleen, shrilling out obscene and profane sentences.

Houlihan heard her through, grinning. When her breath gave out, he said:

"Thought you'd forgot all about Woodson Rollins and Winnie Mahan, Susie."

"See here, Houlihan, you got any proof that Winnie Mahan ever cheated on Rollins?"

"Plenty," he tapped his pocket. "I told that little tart once I'd nail her hide to the wall if it took me the rest of my life. Well, I've got it."

Susie hunched over against the table; her three chins quivered as she snapped her teeth in a chattering rage.

"Sure you ain't lying, Houlihan?"

"Think I'd try to convince Rollins of how his gal has played him for a sucker if I didn't have the goods? I ain't dumb."

After a silence:

"Houlihan . . . they're both coming here tonight."

"Both? That's swell. I had a hunch Rollins would make for your place right off. But the gal . . . sa-ay,

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[ONE NIGHT AT SUSIE'S
Continued from page twenty-one]

what a nerve. She coming here to love up Rollins?"

"She's wrote to him every week since he went to stir. She's acted like she was still crazy about him."

"It's the bunk, Susie, the bunk. You don't want her to put that over on Rollins, do you?"

"That ain't neither here nor there. What's your game, Houlihan?"

Houlihan spat tobacco.

"Listen, Susie, I got nothing against Rollins. Honest I ain't. But I got a bone to pick with that little Mahan tart. She tried to get my job after the Hayes case. She knowed that I knowed she bumped off Hayes herself and let Rollins take the rap. She'd went to that roadhouse with Hayes forty minutes before Rollins got there. I told her eight years ago she was playin' Rollins for a sap and some day I'd prove it. That's cold turkey."

"Rollins is a guy in a million. You don't know what all he done for Winnie Mahan."

"Sure I do, Susie, sure I do," said the dick virtuously. "That's why I say it ain't right to let her get away with it. That's why I'm gonna wise Rollins up."

Slowly: "He ought to be wised up."

"Now you're talkin', Susie. Now you're talkin' sense. I knowed you'd get right. Now, listen here, Susie . . . I wanta walk in on this little love feast tonight. See? I wanta fix the show-down right here. I worked hard to dig up this dope and I want the satisfaction of handin' it to that little tart right off'n the griddle. Get me?"

"It'll make Rollins pretty sore, won't it?"

"Aw, he'll get over it. He'll thank me for it. Sure he will."

Susie looked down at her vast bosom, as if considering deeply. Her eyes were bland.

"They ain't coming till late, Houlihan."

"That's okay. I can come back any time. When are they due?"

"Ten-thirty."

"Let's see—it's seven now. I'll go over to the station and kill some time. Be back about ten-fifteen."

He got up to go.

"Wait a minute . . . Rollins won't be heeled and you got to agree that your gun is gonna be on the table. I don't want no shooting scrape here and no lousy dick yarn about shooting a guy who resisted arrest. See?"

"I always put it on the table, don't I? Never mind about that, Susie. You've always played square with me. I'm trustin' you to see that Rollins ain't heeled. He may be a mite hot under the collar at first and . . . get me?"

"If Rollins has a gun it'll be on the table, too. That's one rule I'm gonna stick to as long as I run this dump. There ain't been no shooting here and there ain't gonna be none."

"Atta gal, Susie." He picked up his revolver and slipped it into his hip holster. "See you about ten-fifteen. Hey?"

"About ten-fifteen, Houlihan."

SUSIE spent the next twenty minutes looking over Winifred's letters, and snapshots of Winifred and Rollins taken in the days when she was a chorus girl and he a hoofer. Eight years ago or thereabouts. Rollins had got time off for good behavior. Winifred a slender sprite of a girl, wearing a blonde bob in the day when bobbed hair was daring. Winifred laughing at the camera at an amusement park. Rollins . . . tall, dark-haired, dressed shabbily . . . very serious. Not looking at the camera at all but at Winifred. Looking at Winifred in every picture while she posed. Susie sniffed as she clumsily sorted the snapshots with her fat hands.

Their story was not as the yellowed newspaper clippings had it. Winifred had gone to a roadhouse with a stage-door johnny named Hayes. According to the papers, Rollins had jealously followed them, picked a quarrel with Hayes, and shot him during the fight. Second degree murder. Ten years. The real story was that Hayes lay dead in an upstairs room with Winifred standing, dazed, beside the body when Rollins reached the scene.

And how did Susie know all this? And why had Susie followed this affair so closely? Had anyone inquired, Susie would have told them, "Well, I declare now, I don't know. I just don't know. But it's right interesting now, isn't it?"

At eight-fifteen George knocked on the parlor door.

"Lady to see you, Miss Susie. Says you was expectin' her."

"Send her in."

Susie did not rise when the girl entered. One of her chins had disappeared in the Gargantuan grimness of Susie's mood.

"Oh, Susie, how are you, my dear? Don't get up. There . . . Oh, Susie, will you let me hug you? . . . Just one squeeze. I'm so happy! Has he come? Is he here, Susie?"

IN the torrent of hugs and questions Susie cocked an eye at Winifred. ("H'mph . . . looks right neat. Not so tired as last year. Got her hair long. Fattening up a mite. She'll look like an angel to him.")

"Have a chair," said Susie.

"Oh, yes, but I'm so excited I won't be able to sit still. I think it was dear of you, Susie, to explain to him why I couldn't make it to Jeff City. But I just *did* catch the Pennsy out of New York . . . *Such* a trip, Susie. I counted the ties. Clickety-click all night long. Are you sure he's coming? Did you hear from him today? When will he be in?"

"Nine o'clock—about," said Susie.

The girl threw back her fur coat and smiled doubtfully at Susie. Then, as she saw no relaxation on Susie's face, she inquired: "What's the matter, Susie? Has anything happened? You look so stern, Susie! Are you mad because I didn't answer your last letter? We were in rehearsal and I was so rushed. There, now . . . Susie dear . . . smile."

"Winnie," said Susie, "I heard something about you tonight."

"About me? Why . . . what do you mean, Susie?" Susie sat very straight and stern.

"I heard you've been cheating on Woodson."

"Cheating?"

"Yes, cheating. I heard you'd been sleeping with theayter men."

"Why, Susie! Who could have told you . . . that?"

"It's true then, is it?"

"Who told you that?"

"Houlihan. Remember him?"

"He lied, Susie. He lied about me. Surely you didn't believe *him*. He's hated me ever since he wanted me to live with him after Woodson went to prison, and I complained to the inspector that he wouldn't leave me alone."

"You sure he lied, Winnie?"

"Oh, Susie, surely you don't—"

Inexorably: "Houlihan says he's got the goods, Winnie."

"He's lying about me, I tell you! He's lying. He never forgave Woodson for knocking him down in the courtroom when he tried to drag my name into the trial. Now he wants to make trouble between Woodson and me. He's had it in for both of us."

"Houlihan is a smart dick. He don't start things he can't finish."

"He's a liar, Susie, a liar. A horrible, filthy liar." She became tearful. "Oh, don't sit there and stare at me as if you doubted my word."

"Houlihan says he's going to show his proof to Woodson."

"He wouldn't dare."

"Oh, yes, he would, Winnie. Houlihan has got plenty guts."

"Woodson would laugh at him. Woodson knows what a low beast he is."

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THE PROMISE OF BUICK'S FUTURE VIES WITH THE RICHNESS OF BUICK'S PAST

A golden record of achievement lies back of the builders of Buick and Marquette automobiles. And before them lies the promise of still greater accomplishment.

They have built truly fine motor cars, year after year, for a quarter of a century. They have never once marred the Buick record by making an unsound or unreliable car. They have held everlastingly true to their pledge: "When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

The results of this record, in terms of public demand for Buick products, are the admiration of the motor world.

Not only do more than twice as many people purchase Buicks as any other automobile priced above $1200 . . . not only do Buick owners alone purchase more Buicks than the total production of any other individual car in its field . . . but buyers of moderate-price automobiles are rapidly according the new Marquette a like measure of preference.

The builders of Buick and Marquette are more than proud . . . more than appreciative . . . of this favor. They are mindful of the obligation it imposes. They know that from those to whom much is given, much is expected.

They look about them and see giant plants—superb equipment—almost unlimited resources—all made possible by public good will. They look into their own minds and find a sincere determination to repay this good will with still greater achievements.

And, with the facilities they have at their disposal, it is inevitable that they should succeed . . . that the promise of Buick's future should vie with the richness of Buick's past.

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

"Woodson might have to believe the truth, Winnie."

"It's not the truth, I tell you. It's not the truth. If Houlihan makes trouble between me and Woodson I'll kill him. I'll kill him, do you hear?"

"That would be a swell way out, wouldn't it? You plugging a dick."

"So help me, God, I will, Susie. If Houlihan so much as hints at anything to that poor boy I'll—"

A heavy hand smote the mission table, jarring the glass shades on the chandelier above Susie's head. Susie's voice had deepened.

"Winnie, some of this is true. You ain't kept yourself for the guy you belong to. No use of lying. That ain't gonna help. You better tell me just what Houlihan's got on you—an' tell me quick."

"But, I tell you, I *have* been true to Woodson. I *have* been true to him. Spiritually, I've—"

"Quit stalling, Winnie. Houlihan will trot out his proof soon enough. He's coming here tonight to tell Woodson."

"Susie! Oh . . . no . . . no . . ."

The girl sprang up and ran around the table to Susie's chair. She flung herself down on her knees and clawed at the black fascinator with frantic hands.

"Oh, Susie, you've got to stop him. You've got to stop him. If he tells Woodson . . . promise me you'll stop him. Promise me you'll stop him and I'll make a full confession to you. And when I'm finished—if you think Woodson should know—then, I'll tell him myself and let him kill me. Isn't that a fair bargain, Susie? Isn't it?"

Susie shoved her roughly away.

"You lousy little tart," she snarled. "After all that boy done for you. It's you who should of done this time instead of him. Besides taking the rap for you and goin' through his stretch, he's made you in the theayter. He wrote your vaudeville pieces for you an' he wrote the play you're in now an' he steered you straight up the ladder. Everything you are *he* made. If it hadn't been for him you'd be just getting out of the pen yourself instead of bein' a famous actrous with fur coats and diamonds. And you couldn't even play square, you little ——."

The words brought the girl to her feet, white-faced and tragic-eyed.

"I'm not that, Susie. I'm not. You've got to believe me. In the first place I didn't want him to serve my sentence for me. I wanted to tell the jury the truth, that I killed Hayes rather than—you know. But Woodson said I was a chorus girl, and no jury would believe a chorus girl had any honor to defend. He said he could stand a sentence much better than I, and that if I insisted on confessing he'd commit some crime himself so he could go to prison, too."

"WHEN boys fall in love they're just damn fools," Susie commented. "But go on—speak your little piece."

"It's not so—that I wanted him to take the blame for me. After I came to my senses I told the police I did it. But Woodson already had confessed and he told them I was lying in an effort to save him. When they took Woodson away I wanted to die. There didn't seem to be anything left. But he had big plans for me. He always was so ambitious, you know, Susie—sort of dreamy and looking far ahead. He thought I had the ability to be a good actress some day. Before all this happened we used to sit and talk of how Woodson would write things some day and I would act in them.

"The first time I saw him at the prison he told me to buck up. You know how he is, Susie, always trying to find something to smile at. He said, then, 'I always wanted to write, but I never had time for it in the chorus. But I'll have plenty of time here, Winnie.' We had to talk through a screen the first few times and I couldn't kiss him good-by. We put our mouths close to the screen and got over the idea of a kiss, though.

"You know how it was, Susie. He wrote those vaudeville sketches—I don't know how he could write funny things in a prison cell—and sent them to me, sometimes a page at a time. I wanted to put his name on them, but he said it would get out that he was a convict and he didn't want notoriety. I wanted to use a fictitious name, but he said to use my own—that I was just the same as himself and my career was all that mattered.

"He argued that I'd get ahead faster if I was credited with writing the skits I acted in. He used to say, 'For these years I don't exist. I'm just a number. You must live them for me, Winnie.' You've heard him talk. You know how he used to argue, Susie."

A gigantic sniff from Susie.

"All that didn't include no theayter men."

"NOW, let me tell you about that, Susie. Don't judge me until you've heard my side of it. After his vaudeville sketches had got me a place in revues, Woodson started to write a play. He worked on it for five years, writing and rewriting. He used to write in the dark after lights out in his cell with his hands sore and stiff from work in the shoe factory and so tired he used to bump his head against the wall to stay awake. Every week I'd get a few pages of the play, scribbled horribly, but I'd have them typed, and when I'd collected a full act I'd mail it to him for revision.

"You know what hell he went through to write that play, Susie. You must know. It meant a lot to him. I used to think sometimes, from his letters, that it meant more to him than I did, but I learned that the play and I were bound together in his plans. When I'd be on tour and could jump over to Jeff City as soon as the show closed, we'd talk about his play. We were only allowed ten minutes to talk. I'd memorized the lines of the lead and I'd recite some for him.

"He'd sit there in the visitors' room and say, 'Oh, Winnie, you'll be great in that scene,' and 'Winnie, you'll panic 'em with that speech.' And he'd tell me how much I'd improved and how beautiful I was and ask me when I could find a producer for the play. You believe me, don't you, Susie? You know I'm telling the truth, don't you?"

"So far . . . maybe," said Susie, glancing at the cuckoo clock above the mantel. "But get to the main idea, Winnie. He'll be here pretty soon."

The girl's voice was shaky when she continued:

"You've never tried to find a producer for a play, Susie, so maybe you won't understand what a job it is. The Ungilded Cage was a great play, but of the artistic sort with expensive sets and a big cast. No manager could see it as a commercial proposition. And after I'd tumbled out of bed early in the morning to tramp Broadway until matinee time, and haunted managers' offices, I'd get a letter from Woodson with pathetic little sentences like 'Well, I guess my play isn't any good after all,' or 'Any nibbles after the great American opus, Winnie?' It got me, Susie. Don't you see how letters from prison could get you?"

"Why didn't you put your own money into it?"

Fiercely: "It wasn't my money. It was his. Every cent I had over the money for living expenses I put in the bank for him. He was earning it, not I. There wasn't enough by half to give his play the sort of production it needed and to keep it going until the public caught on. I *couldn't* gamble what little he had to do things halfway and then have a flop. Maybe you don't see that, Susie, but—"

"Well, you found a producer okay, didn't you?"

Her chin came up defiantly.

"Yes, I found a producer, Susie," she said. "But not on the play's merits. On *my* merits. Understand?"

Susie pawed at the pink ribbon on her fascinator.

"That was a damn fool stunt," she observed, but very mildly. "He wouldn't have wanted his play produced at that price."

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

New Zealander *takes the stump* for his favorite pipe-tobacco

Shades of Sherlock Holmes! Mr. McDonald gives us a clue for tracking down lovers of Edgeworth!

THERE are certain sure-fire clues on the books of Scotland Yard—an Irishman is marked by his brogue; a French chef by his cooking; a Swiss by his yodel.

And now from far-off New Zealand comes Mr. McDonald who has discovered the telltale clue for tracking down the ardent Edgeworthite. Apparently, he says, once a smoker tries Edgeworth he becomes a crusader to its cause.

A shrewd observation, Mr. McDonald—but then pipe-smokers have a happy faculty of seeing clearly through any proposition.

Pipe-smokers as a rule are calm, thinking men. They are the kind of men that win cases in law courts, that perform delicate surgical operations successfully, that think straight in Board meetings. Somehow with a briar between your teeth you simply can't be hurried into nervous jumpy decisions.

Try this *FREE* offer

How long is it since you've had *your* pipe out? Weeks? Months? Perhaps it's because you've lacked proper fodder. If so, let us send you *free of charge*, a trial package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed smoking tobacco, so that you can try it in your pipe. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 40 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Ashburton, New Zealand
December 8, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Dear Sirs:

I read with interest in a recent copy of the Saturday Evening Post a letter from an appreciative Australian smoker of Edgeworth Tobacco.

I can assure you however that Australia has by no means a monopoly of Edgeworth enthusiasts. I am one of them myself, and New Zealand appears to possess quite a large number of them. Quite recently a spirited correspondence engaged the columns of one of our leading newspapers, the controversial subject being "who has smoked Edgeworth longest?" In fact, a stranger to New Zealand at the time might have assumed that the bulk of our population was composed of octogenarian smokers of Edgeworth.

I have noticed that those who smoke this fine tobacco of yours appear to possess a vice (or is it a virtue?) in common. That is that they are continually inducing, or attempting to induce, other smokers to get the Edgeworth habit.

Good luck to your fine tobacco. I am

Yours faithfully,

(*Signed*) H. C. McDonald

(All Edgeworth endorsements are genuine—unpaid and unsolicited.)

Two forms—same blend —both for your pipe 15¢

Ready-Rubbed is sold in many handy sizes. Also "Plug Slice" Edgeworth comes packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their tobacco in the palm of the hand.

"Now I have found beauty in Tires"

James Montgomery Flagg

"Beauty in everything has always been my creed, and now I have found beauty in tires—the Miller De Luxe Balloons. They complete the fine appearance of my car from the artistic viewpoint. Of course they give the long mileage and freedom from trouble that I have long wanted, but now these two essentials are combined with beauty—thus my enthusiasm for the Miller De Luxe Balloons."

(Signed) James Montgomery Flagg

The new Miller De Luxe 6-ply Balloon pictured here is a new super-type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

IN the De Luxe Balloon—Miller has skilfully combined eye-appeal and invincible strength. Both qualities are essential.

Miller De Luxe Balloons are good to look at. Their substantial size . . . their massive, beautiful tread . . . blend perfectly with the advanced style trend in today's motor cars. They are a mark of distinction on *any* car.

But beauty is as beauty does. Without their inherent fine quality . . . their giant strength . . . Miller De Luxe Balloons could never have won, in the short span of a year, perhaps the most distinguished patronage any tire ever enjoyed.

This is the tire of super-quality. The tire of 50% heavier tread—and 60% greater carcass strength. You ought never to puncture it from ordinary causes. Thousands of users have found that Miller De Luxe Balloons give them about twice the mileage of ordinary balloons. A distinguished tire for distinguished service. A beautiful tire—that brings security of travel such as you have never experienced.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N. Y. AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

MILLER

TIRES - TUBES - ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS - DRUG SUNDRIES
BATHING WEAR - SHUGLOV FOOT-GEAR - RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS - MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

"I set the price, Susie, not him. He wasn't ever to know. And I say it was a cheap price compared to eight years he has spent in prison for me. I'd do it again, you hear? I'd do it again. And if Houlihan tells him—I'll—where is Houlihan? Where is he? I'm going to see him before Woodson gets here."

She picked up her coat, and looked around the room. Susie was silent.

"Susie?"

"Yeh?"

"Have you a gun you could lend me?"

Susie pried herself out of the morris chair. She waddled across the floor to Winifred and jerked the coat out of her hands. She gave the girl a shove into a chair. Winifred began to sob. Susie stood like some fabulous deity of the outer darkness looking down at her.

"How did Houlihan find this out?"

"I — I — his wife had detectives gathering evidence for a divorce suit. They got — affidavits and pictures—but the case was hu-hu-hushed up. Houlihan must have got some of the evidence afterwards."

"H'mph." Susie's scorn was vast. "All blondes is dumbheads and the prettier they are the dumber. You sure picked a swell way to reward your boy friend, now, didn't you?"

"I'd do it again for him, Susie—I'd do it again."

Susie shook her head.

"No brains, no brains. S'posing Woodson finds this out? There'll be a dead theatrical manager somewhere and another stretch in stir for Woodson—maybe the rope."

The girl stiffened in the chair.

"Susie! Give me a gun. Oh, please, Susie dear. I'll go right now and—"

THERE was a knock at the door.

"Dry your eyes," snapped Susie, "and do what I tell you." She walked to the door and opened it.

"Susie! Is she here?"

"Yep, she's here, bawling her eyes out because she's so happy," said Susie.

A tall, dark-eyed chap, showing a pallor which might have been mistaken for the mark of a recent illness, stepped into the room.

"Winnie!"

"Woodson. Oh, Woodson . . . dear . . . dear."

Susie listened to some very incoherent talk for several minutes. Between sentences addressed to Winifred the man babbled sentences of thanks-giving in Susie's general direction.

"Hey now, hey now," quoth Susie finally, "I thank you for all them kind words, boy, and I'm sure glad to see you outa stir. I hate to be inhospitable, but you two has got to beat it right away. I'm expectin' a caller right soon, and I got to get ready for a little party I'm throwin' later on. You can write me all about it when you get back to New York."

"But, Susie, aren't we going to celebrate?"

The girl shot a panic-stricken glance at Susie.

"And—and—what about—Hou—"

Susie laughed with earthquake heartiness.

"I'll attend to that little matter we was talkin' about, Winnie. I'm awful sorry to be rushin' you folks off this way, I sure am. But, Lord, with this party on and all—"

ROLLINS rubbed his hand across his eyes, laughed unsteadily.

"All right, Susie," he said. "We'll go right this minute. We—we want to be together tonight . . . I mean . . . after the wedding . . . and . . ."

Winifred still stared at Susie.

"You two run along and find a preacher. I'm sorry I can't stand up with you, but my ankles is terrible weak."

As Rollins with his arm about Winifred moved toward the door, stammering awkward platitudes, Susie said, "If I was you, Winnie, I'd get him on a train right after the wedding. He ain't in no condition to be out on the streets."

The girl broke away from Rollins and threw her arms partway around Susie.

"Oh, Susie," she said. "Susie . . . thank you!"

Susie shooed them out.

When their taxicab had gone, Susie sighed a sigh which stirred the window curtains. She moved back to the telephone. Grimacing, she reached for the receiver.

"Hullo—this Tony's place? . . . Say, is Chippie Dunn there? Tell him Susie wants to talk to him. Hullo, that you, Chippie? . . . Well, I changed my mind. . . . Yep . . . I got it all set. . . . He's due here at ten-fifteen. George'll let you an' the boys in the side door . . . when you hear me blow my nose, that'll be the tip-off . . . and, Chippie . . . if you find any papers or pictures or anything in his pockets, burn 'em . . . see? Yep. Burn 'em. . . . Okay . . . at ten-fifteen, Chippie."

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Kept

by

Viña Delmar

The Story of a Girl Without the Law

IF YOU ARE RUN DOWN, FAGGED OUT, CONSTIPATED AND IN FACT . . .

ONLY HALF THERE

EAT YEAST IN THIS MODERN FORM

Eat yeast for your health's sake. It's good for you. It's a marvelous tonic and conditioner. But eat it in a form that you like, such as Yeast Foam Tablets. No water, no starch, no other ingredients—just yeast. Delicious little tablets that are easy to swallow, although most people like them so well that they chew them like candy.

Eat this yeast for constipation, indigestion, skin disorders, "nerves," run-down condition. Only 5 cents for the little glassine envelope (6 tablets) or 50 cents for the 10-day bottle. At drug stores. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. This yeast is standard for research work in leading universities. Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ON THE AIR

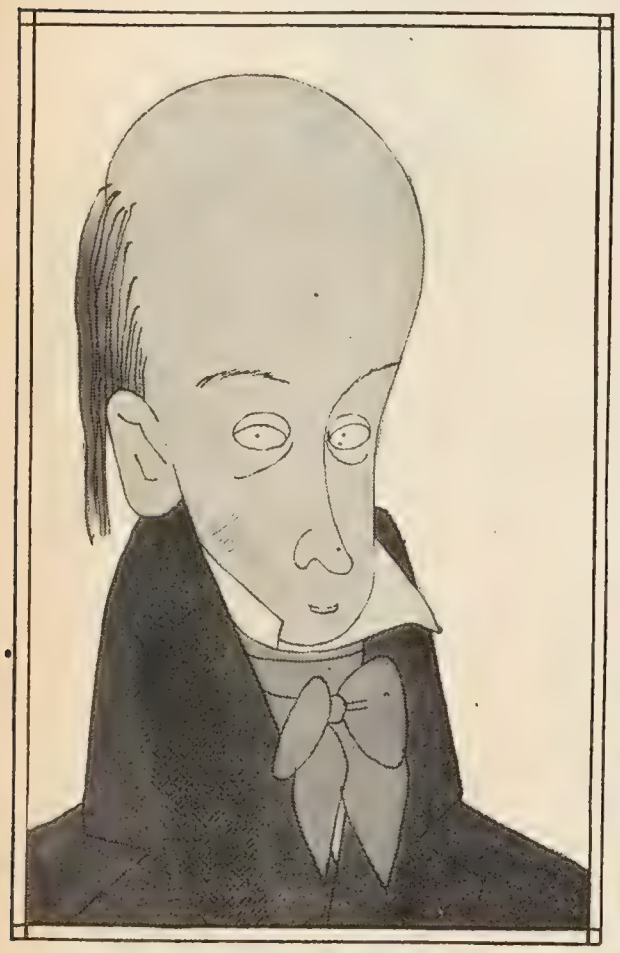
Every Wednesday 7:00 P.M. Central Daylight Saving Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers," through N. B. C. Blue Network. Also Milwaukee, Duluth, Minneapolis. Tune in!

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

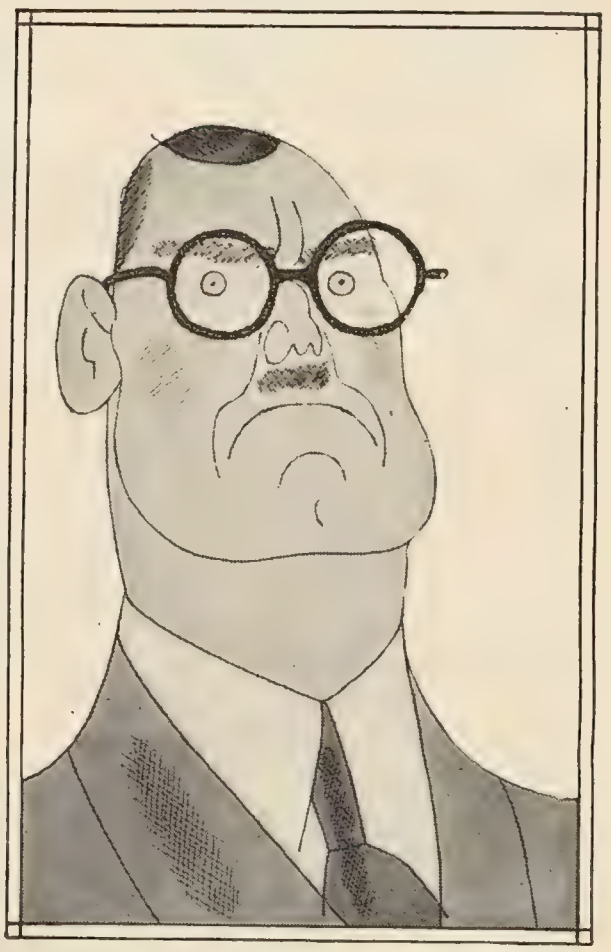
By RALPH BARTON

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF A GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRY

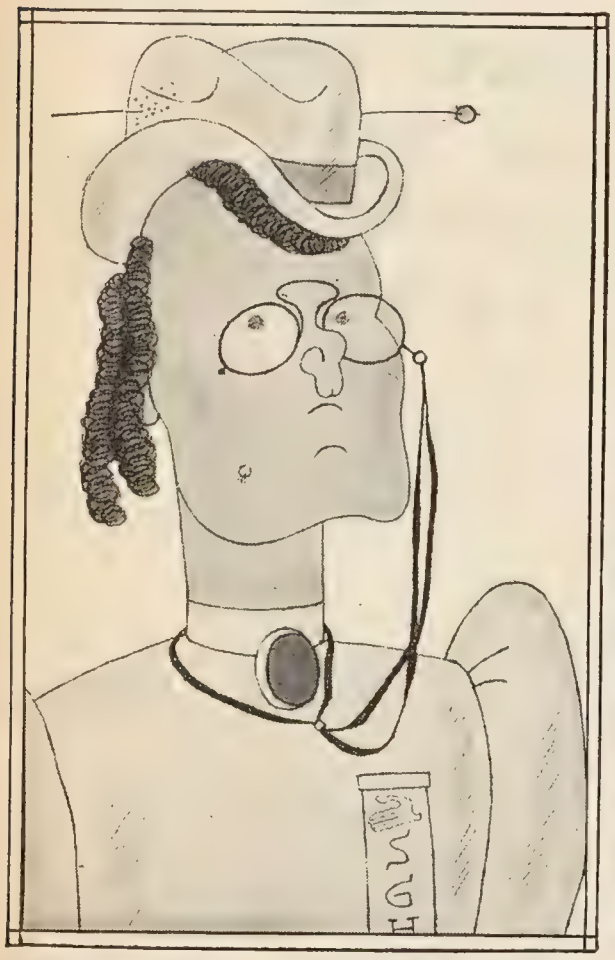


EZRA WIMBLEBUTTON (1842-1903), inventor of the roller-skate. Mr. Wimblebutton sold his great idea for $3.15, but was later awarded a handsome gold watch by the manufacturers on his sixtieth birthday.

ADAM DUFFLE (1836-1923), founder of the Duffle Roller-Skate Company. Mr. Duffle manufactured roller-skates with his own hands in a barn in Muncie, Ind., from 1865 till the opening of the factory in 1879.

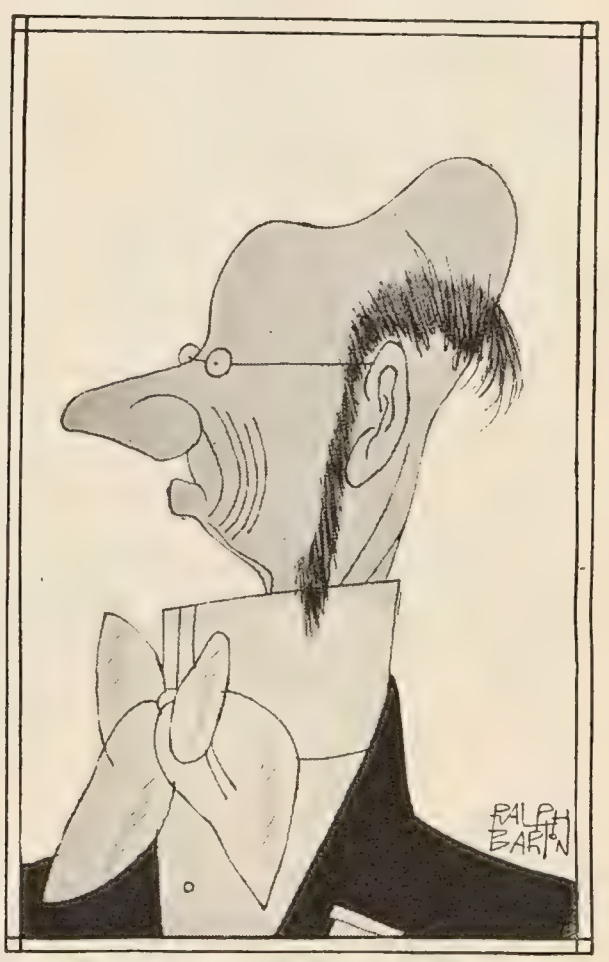


REGINALD DUFFLE (1866-1929), son of the originator of the "Lotz-o-Phun" skate. He is responsible for the great roller-skating craze of 1888-1889 and was investigated under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law of 1890.



MRS. MARY APPLEBERRY PHUTT, chairwoman of the Sisters of the Guiding Hand, who first pointed out, in 1889, the evils of roller-skating in a paper entitled Youth, the Roller-Skate, and the Horrors of Promiscuity.

PETER J. ROTTERDAM, the billionaire Ice-Skate King, who, in various donations spread out over a period of forty years, from 1888 to 1928, has contributed $26,800,000 to the working funds of the Anti-Roller-Skate League.



THE REV. DR. RUFUS CLAUDE KLUTTER, national secretary of the Anti-Roller-Skate League, with offices in the Capitol Building, Washington, who orders the Snodgrass Act of 1929 making roller-skating an offense punishable by death.

INTERNATIONAL

They know their Internationals

A typical group of mechanics at one of the International branches. This is just a handful of the many hundreds on the job all over the country.

You can bank on this

Count on this fact as an absolutely sure thing for any International Truck you will ever own — *sure service* goes with it.

In the 172 Company-owned branches maintained by International Harvester all over the country is an army of men who know their Internationals as well as the factory that makes them. All these mechanics render factory-standard service on factory-standard methods.

Furthermore, there's a large stock of factory-standard parts always on hand in every one of these branches, ready for any emergency that may ever occur at any time.

And there's every machine and facility in all these shops to do your work in the shortest time and with the greatest economy. No guessing, no tinkering.

We'd like you to visit any International Branch and look it over, and know the good service we will give your truck to make sure it will give good service to you.

The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¾-ton; the 1-ton Six-Speed Special; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton sizes; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 2½-ton to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches; and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and Serviced by 172 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada.

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

When a Champion Needs a Friend

How Mary Garden and Elsie Janis Helped Me Win

By

WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2d

Bill has often played before the royal box at Wimbledon.

International photo

Bill Tilden whips across a forehand drive.

FOR almost a decade I have been fortunate enough to be an international figure in amateur sport. I have played in England, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Australia, New Zealand, and several South Sea islands. Over these ten years I have had the privilege to meet and count among my friends many men and women of the worlds of art, drama, music, motion picture, literature, as well as of science, business, and government. I am proud to say that I have met many of the great personalities of the world.

In my little sidelights on them, I start with the one who to me is the greatest artist of all time, the most unique and interesting personality in the world, the most human and brilliant person I have ever met—Mary Garden.

I first met her in 1910 on the closing night of the opera season in Philadelphia. She was singing Louise. I was just past Willie Baxter—I mean seventeen. Gosh, what a thrill it was!

From then to the present minute, I have been lucky enough to count Mary Garden among my real friends, and when I say this, I am telling a fact of which I am deservedly proud. What a remarkable woman Miss Garden is!—not only in her unequaled artistry, which is undisputed, but in herself. I have heard those who know her only by hearsay, or from having heard her in her operatic rôles, say that they knew she was "high-hat, conceited, vulgar, coarse," etc., etc. I have yet to meet anyone who has met Miss Garden in person or has worked with her who will agree with them.

All who know her love and admire her, and she never forgets a friend. Years may pass between the times we meet, but when we do, Mary Garden is still just as cordial, just as sincere in her welcome, and just as much a friend as when we last met.

THERE is a streak of overwhelming self-confidence in Mary Garden. If there was not, she would never have landed where she has. She is absolutely convinced she is right in all things, and she follows her belief to the end. The remarkable thing about her is that time proves her correct in a vast majority of things.

Mary Garden won me my match with René Lacoste in the 1928 Davis Cup match even though at the time of play she was ill and not able to be present.

She was at the International team match and also the French championships in Paris in 1927, and saw my two matches with Lacoste, one of which he won and one of which I took. She heard many of the discussions between various advising friends and myself about the matches and our ideas of how to play Lacoste. She just listened and said nothing. She returned to the United States in October, 1927, shortly after Lacoste had beaten me in the final of the American Championship in a match that I played along the composite lines of all my friends' advice.

I saw Miss Garden shortly after her arrival and almost her first question was about my match with Lacoste. I told her he had played too well for me. "Nonsense," she

Underwood & Underwood

In the box are King George and Queen Mary, with the Countess of Athlone between them. At the extreme left is Princess Arthur of Connaught.

announced calmly. (Miss Garden is nice enough to believe I can beat the world.) "I know what you did. You played that match the way your friends told you, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did," I replied, "and it almost won."

"Bill," she said, "never forget this: An artist in any line must always follow the dictates of his own mind. He and he alone knows what is right. You are an artist, not just an athlete. Never do anything in a match which you yourself do not believe in to the limit, no matter what your friends may say."

It made a tremendous impression on me. I think Miss Garden was too generous to me about the "artist" stuff for me, but her advice was an inspiration. I have always believed the only way to beat Lacoste is to swap shots with him until the opening comes and then attack, but everyone else has always said for me to "hit him off the court," so I have tried and only succeeded in beating myself.

MARY GARDEN gave me the belief in myself and my own judgment necessary to try out my theory. I tried it first at Wimbledon and it almost won, but in my anxiety I made my first effort to win a little too early in the match, and Lacoste countered it and cleverly ran out the match for a deserved victory. However, Mary Garden had put a real weapon, belief in my judgment, in my hand, and at Paris in the 1928 Davis Cup I proved my theory in a victory, the credit for which must go in a great extent to the advice Miss Garden had given me a year before.

Mary Garden does not really know tennis, although she plays during her vacation as a training method, but she enjoys watching it. She is such a marvelous psychologist that her analysis of players is remarkable. Her impressions are instantaneous and graphic:

Lacoste—"A machine, but how uninteresting—ah, no color."

Borotra—"Is he a tennis player? I thought he was a dancer! He cannot forget the audience for a moment."

Cochet—"Ah, what an artist! That man knows his business—and what charm, what a personality!" And so it went.

When Frank Hunter and I were playing in France during May, 1927, one of the most amusing episodes of my whole life, one in which Miss Garden played a leading rôle, took place. I was calling on Ambassador Myron T. Herrick, that most charming of American gentlemen and one of the most beloved diplomats in the service of the United States. I was paying the respects of the American team to our ambassador and was sitting chatting with him in his office when a cable was handed him. He tore it open and glanced at it. "Good heavens!" he ejaculated. "Charles Lindbergh has set off alone to fly to France!"

Naturally, excitement raged at the embassy at once. I made a hasty and rather informal exit which I trust passed unnoticed in the ambassador's excitement. The ambassador commenced at once to lay plans for the arrival of Lindbergh—if he did arrive.

AMONG the plans arranged was a marvelous gala concert for early the following week. All the great American artists then in Paris, as well as several of the leading French stars, were invited by Ambassador Herrick to take part, and among them Mary Garden, who was asked if she would open the concert by singing The Star Spangled Banner. Miss Garden accepted with pleasure.

The concert was set for Tuesday evening. Monday morning about 8 o'clock my phone rang. Very sleepily I picked it up and muttered, "Hello." Mary Garden's unmistakable voice came over the wire. "Bill, is that you?"

"Yes, Mary."

"Well, Bill, do you know the words of The Star Spangled Banner?" A long, pregnant pause. Finally I answered, "No!"

"Neither do I, but I have to sing them tomorrow for Lindbergh. Well, never mind, I'll sing America instead. Nobody will know the difference." And Mary rang off.

Mary Garden has that marvelous sense of humor that includes herself as well as others. She can kid herself and her foibles with the same biting yet never malicious wit that she wields on the world in general. For years the American critics have tried to prove that she had no voice and was no singer.

Everyone admitted her marvelous acting and interpretive ability. These howls never affected Miss Garden. She saw the humor of it. I met her in Chicago one year, just after her return from Europe. One of her greetings was, "Have you heard me sing this year?" I said, "No, not yet."

"Well, you should! You really should! I have three tones in my voice now, instead of two!"

Another evening, at a concert, I was backstage talking to Miss Garden when a crowd of excited and worshiping women descended upon her. One of them made some remark about a specially unusual phrasing of a certain song that Miss Garden had sung that evening. Miss Garden smiled at her and said sweetly, "Ah, my dear, you should never be surprised at anything I do. You see, I don't sing"—she caught my eye and an almost imperceptible wink flew my way—"at least, they say I don't!"

Having heard Miss Garden in at least twenty different operas, I have decided that her greatest rôle is whichever one she is singing at the moment. Each one is a definite and complete portrait in no way related to any other. It is true Miss Garden's voice may not be a perfect vocal

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

LOOK AT THIS

Photographed in Los Angeles · · after

Just one of the 60 Silvertowns that negotiated the Coast-to-Coast Run without a single major trouble

LOOK at it closely! That tire in the picture, being so carefully examined. Would you think that tire had traveled over 12,000 miles?

Would you believe it had battled its way through ice, snow, mud, sand, gravel, rock . . . all the hardships of a tortuous course across the southern half of the country?

It sounds incredible . . . but the tire you see has done just that. It is on the Flagship of the Silver Fleet . . .

One of the sixty stock Goodrich Silvertowns on the Silver Fleet photographed when that shining caravan reached the half-way mark in its journey in Los Angeles! Think of the punishment that tire has taken . . .

Snow and ice in New York. Heat and sand in Florida. Rain in the Gulf States . . . gravel and heat and alkali dust in Texas. A 250-mile battle with a day-long sandstorm in Western Arizona . . . and a dramatic climb across the mountain ranges of southern California.

Twelve thousand miles of such punishment . . . yet when the Silver Fleet rolled into Los Angeles . . . not a single tire

THE VERDICT FOR TIRE BUYERS

These photographs should mean a lot to you. They were made in Los Angeles after the Silver Fleet rolled in, and show you the fine condition of the tires at the "halfway" point.

Picture above illustrates how tread depth was measured. Below you see pilot checking tire weight and at the right a Silvertown being examined after 12,000 miles.

SILVERTOWN!

12,000 Miles with the Silver Fleet

failure had marred the perfect record of this tire and its 59 blood-brothers!

But that is not all . . .

Tests made in Los Angeles after the fleet arrived showed an average of but 9% loss in weight. Tread depth measurements showed negligible wear.

Tests of tread and side wall rubber disclosed the firm, sound, resiliency of brand new tires in spite of the hard service.

Tires showed wear, of course . . .

But ask any one who saw these tires in Los Angeles . . . "Will they last out through the long, hard trip back East?"

And you'll get a most emphatic answer . . . "They certainly will!"

To many car owners, 12,000 miles absolutely free from blow-outs, carcass breaks and other serious trouble is a good record.

But the 60 tires on the Silver Fleet have negotiated that distance with such a record . . . and in doing so, faced conditions far more severe than you will ever have to face!

The lesson of the Silver Fleet comes home when you recall that these are stock tires traveling on stock cars. To know and enjoy the same tire performance, drive into the service station of your nearest Goodrich dealer.

See him . . . for tires just like those on the Silver Fleet.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Est. 1870, Akron, O. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.

WELCOMED to California! Just see the crowd that turned out to greet the Silver Fleet and its pilots when they rolled into Los Angeles! The small picture shows Mayor Cryer and Miss Anita Page, official host and hostess, as they inspected the Good Will Book brought all the way from New York City by the Fleet.

SILVERTOWN DE LUXE (*Right*) Superlative style and service . . . a tire that outlives your car. Its very lines say "Built to master every road."

THE FAMOUS SILVERTOWN (*Center*) The recognized standard of tire quality everywhere. Stretch-matched cord construction and water-curing have made it famous for service wherever tires are known.

GOODRICH CAVALIER (*Left*) A new tire. High quality at amazingly low prices. Made like Silvertowns, it is the choice of hard drivers and keen buyers.

Goodrich Silvertowns

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

organ, but as a singer, one who knows how to use her voice, she stands with the best. I remember Mme. Nellie Melba saying to me at Lady Wavertree's garden party in 1920 that she considered Miss Garden the finest singer in the world, and Mme. Melba ought to know.

My first meeting with Mme. Melba was most unusual, but shows what a charmingly direct person the famous diva is. It was at Wimbledon in 1920. Mme. Melba's nephew, Gerald Patterson, himself one of the great personalities of the world, was then the holder of the English tennis crown. I was on my way to the center court for my first big match in England, that with J. Cecil Parke, the great Davis Cup star, when I was stopped by hearing my name spoken in a voice that will live in my memory: "Mr. Tilden!"

I turned to find a charmingly gowned woman in white coming toward me with hand outstretched. I recognized her instantly. "I just wanted to wish you luck. You see, I'm Gerald's aunt," she said. "Ah, Mme. Melba," I gasped, very much thrilled and distinctly fussed at her graciousness; "I've had the pleasure of hearing you often in the States."

"Have you really? How nice! But you see, here at Wimbledon, I don't really count except as Gerald's aunt. Good luck today."

P. & A. photo

Elsie Janis was once Big Bill's friend in need.

And I went on to my first big victory in England.

Every day up to the challenge round Mme. Melba went out of her way to wish me good luck. The day of the challenge round, when I was walking out to the court to play Patterson, I met Mme. Melba. "I can't truthfully wish you luck today against Gerald, but I hope it's a great match and the best man wins," she said.

THE first person to greet me when I came from the court at the end of the match as champion of England was Mme. Melba. "It was a great match," she said, "and the best man did win," which were almost the same words and exactly the same generous sportsmanship that her nephew had shown me on the court but a moment before.

Mme. Melba had the American and Australian Davis Cup teams as her guests to dinner at her London home following Wimbledon. Just as we were about to sit down to dine Mme. Melba received a message from Buckingham Palace that their Majesties the King and Queen desired her presence, so bidding us a hasty and apologetic good-by, she set off, leaving as her last instruction that we were not to leave until she returned, no matter how late, for she wanted to sing to us.

It was almost midnight when Melba returned. We tried to get away without reminding her of her promise, for much as we hoped to hear her we realized that she had been singing that evening and, after all, Mme. Melba was then in her late fifties and practically retired. But Mme. Melba would not stand for our leaving. She herded us to her music room and there gave us an hour of the most glorious singing I have ever heard. She found I knew most of her phonograph records and most of her favorite arias and songs, so she made me choose the program.

Finally she ended with the famous Melba Valse by Arditi, which she closed with a glorious full-tone high C, and turning to me said, "Now, Bill, when you go back to the States, tell them the old lady has some voice left still."

It was at Paris in 1921, during the French Championship, that I first met Elsie Janis. I was playing the tournament so ill that I should have been in bed. I was lonely and homesick. Only our own immediate team of Molla Mallory and Arnold W. Jones and a few friends were on hand to cheer on the Americans, or so it seemed. It was in the middle of my match with W. Crawley, the English internationalist, when I was in serious difficulties and my spirit was at lowest ebb, that out from the crowd came an American voice, spontaneously applauding one of my all too few good shots.

"Attaboy, Bill!" It startled me. It thrilled me. It bucked me up. I looked around to find who was rooting for me. There in the front row of the stand sat Elsie Janis. I beamed up at her. She smiled at me. I had never met her, but naturally knew who she was. I took heart, and set out to win the match and finally did, and ultimately the tournament!

EVERY day to the end of the tournament Elsie Janis was on hand to wish me luck and her "Attaboy, Bill!" helped me over many a rough place. I know among all the other things that Elsie Janis has to her credit for helping America, she has that French Championship, even if it has never entered her mind and, unless she sees this, never will.

Underwood & Underwood photo

Mary Garden hits high C with her racket, just to keep in training.

Wimbledon, 1921, provided me with an experience that stands out in memory. I met and played tennis with the Duke of York at the court at Buckingham Palace. His Highness the Duke is an excellent tennis player and most enthusiastic about the game. He is a left-hander who, considering the few opportunities he has to play regularly, has a fine style and a sound game. He was kind enough to express a wish to play me at the palace and made arrangements to send the royal car for me to the Carlton Hotel where I was staying. I was dressed in tennis clothes when the car arrived. A terribly impressed doorman and a couple of almost paralyzed bell boys escorted me into the car, and off I started.

The car was the big white Rolls-Royce so well known to all the English public. From the Carlton to the palace the ride was one succession of laughs for me as I saw the expressions on the faces of the populace. Men and women would recognize the car, expect to get a glimpse of some member of their beloved royal family, have a smile of greeting on their faces all ready for the King or Queen or whoever it might be, and then they would see me. What a blow! And what a clown I felt—but I guess I did not feel half as much of a clown as I looked.

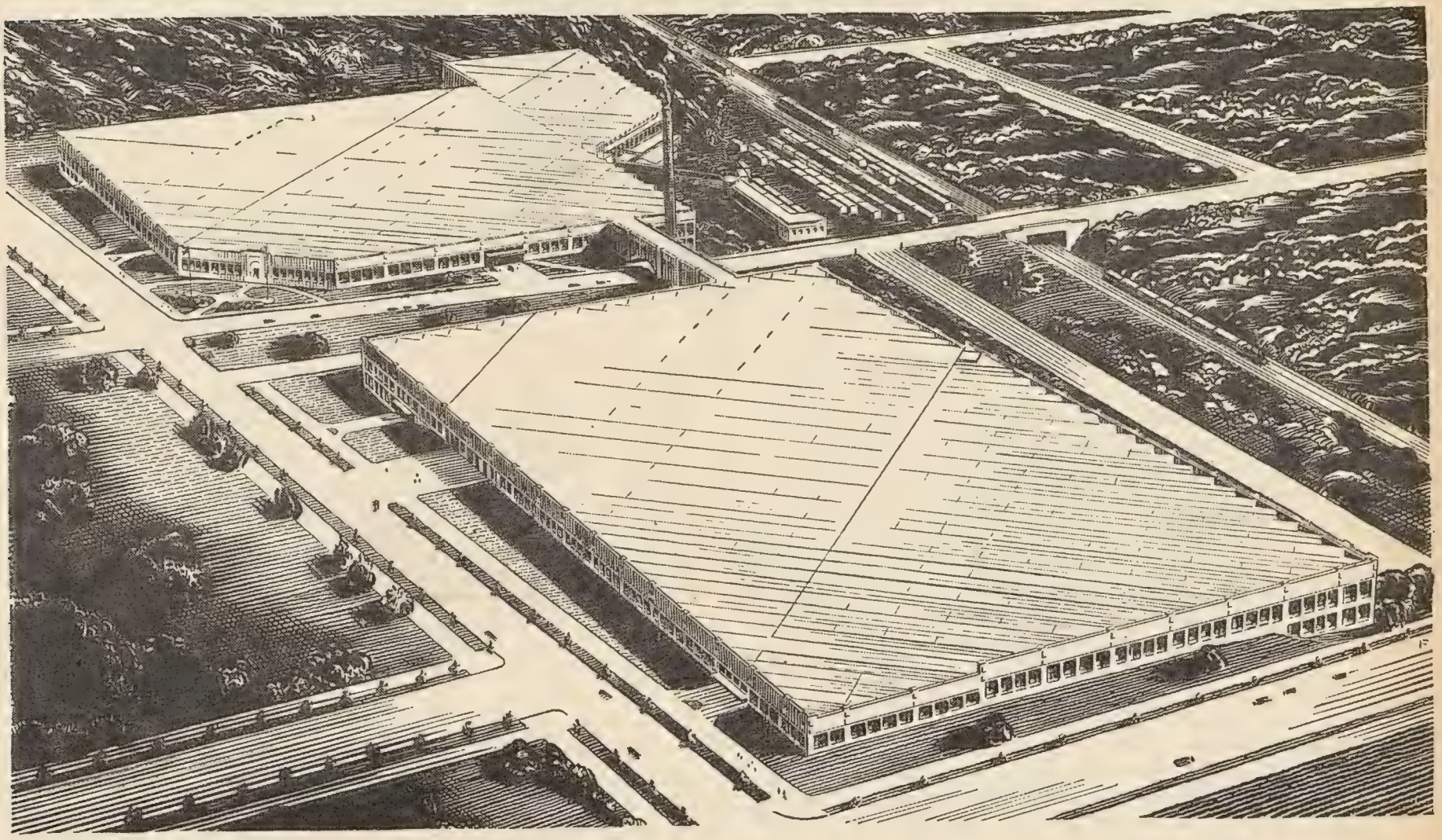
However, the courtesy and gracious reception of His Highness the Duke of York soon put me at my ease, and then followed three sets of tennis that stand unique in my whole career.

One cannot be in England for any length of time without gaining a tremendous admiration for the royal family of England. It is a tremendous thrill to be on the center court at Wimbledon for the arrival of the King and Queen. Naturally, play is stopped when word reaches the court that their Majesties have reached the ground. The moment their Majesties' heads appear over the top of the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

ATWATER KENT

SCREEN-GRID RADIO SCREEN-GRID



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HERE IS the factory that stands behind Atwater Kent Radio. Already the largest radio factory in the world, now it is doubled in size, *doubly* the largest, because the public asked for more—and more—and more—of the radio that keeps on working.

It covers more floor space than 28 football fields, than 3 Yankee Stadiums, than 2 Yale Bowls, than 17 Madison Square Gardens, than 15 Leviathans, than 9 Capitols at Washington.

32 acres of radio! Half a mile from end to end. Walk around it—walk more than a mile and a half. Go into it—you see each Atwater Kent Radio being constructed and tested with as much care as if every little detail were the biggest thing in the world.

Atwater Kent Radio is nearly seven years old. For twenty years before radio came we were making electrical instruments by methods of precision. Today every Atwater Kent set and speaker is the product of long experience in making things that are *right*.

Your preference for such things built this plant. More than 2,350,000 families—900,000 in the past year—have chosen Atwater Kents and found the choice justified in the performance. Now, with twice as much room as before, we can make not only more but still better radio.

On the air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Radio Hour—listen in!

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

stairs of the royal box, the entire gallery rises; the men uncover their heads and so remain until their Majesties are seated. Once that is over, the game progresses as if nothing had occurred until their Majesties leave, when once more all rise until their exit. You sense in these actions not only the courtesy due their position, but also a great personal pride in paying a worthy tribute to a beloved monarch.

In 1928 His Majesty the King, in paying a gracious tribute to the United States, gave me the most flustered moment of my life. I was playing Baron von Kehrling on the center court as their Majesties entered. I was just below the royal box. Just as the King was about to seat himself, he recognized below him the ranking player of the United States of America and graciously acknowledged me with a smile and nod. I was hopelessly confused! I bowed, I trust without disclosing my mental anguish, and went on with the game—but my next three shots never came close to the court. The generous thought that prompted His Majesty's action is so typical of him and shows so clearly why he is held in such deep esteem by his subjects.

P. & A. photo

Pola Negri with Bill Tilden at the time they were rumored engaged.

One of the most charming people I have met during my trips around the world playing tennis, is Lord Jellicoe, Admiral of the British Navy and formerly Governor General of New Zealand. I first met Lord Jellicoe in London in 1920. He was a regular attendant at Wimbledon. We met him again as Governor General of New Zealand the following winter, when the American Davis Cup team met Australasia in the challenge round at Auckland, New Zealand. Lord Jellicoe did much, both officially and in an informal way, to make our stay pleasant. He accepted from me the racket with which I defeated Brookes and Patterson in lifting the cup from Australia, and used it almost daily himself thereafter.

IN 1928 I again met Lord Jellicoe at Wimbledon and was tremendously pleased to find he still had the racket. It was at this time he presented me with a beautiful cigarette lighter with a facsimile of the handwriting of his signature engraved on it. Lord Jellicoe has a very large family, all of whom are enthusiastic tennis players. He himself, now in his sixties, insists on getting in his game of tennis whenever the opportunity offers.

Lady Oxford, the famous Margot Asquith, and her charming and brilliant daughter the Princess Elizabeth Bibesco, are two of the most remarkable women I have ever met. The Princess is very like her mother in many ways. Never in my experience have I met women with such brilliant, if at times scathing, wit. Their conversation sparkles with the most delightful "wise cracks." One needs to tread a careful road to attempt to swap subtle slaps with Lady Oxford and the Princess.

Yet they are kindness itself if one is in trouble. In 1921, when I was so ill in England, finally landing in a nursing home for a slight operation, Lady Oxford invited me to their home for my convalescence, and if I would have allowed her, would have spared herself no trouble to make me comfortable and happy during my illness.

It was in London, 1928, that I first became acquainted with that most charming of all comediennes, Beatrice Lillie, otherwise Lady Robert Peel. Anyone who knows the theater knows Bee Lillie, but few who see her just on the stage can picture what a marvelous person she really is. Beatrice Lillie is far greater off the stage than on. She can be Lady Peel to her finger tips anywhere in the world, yet at any moment Bee Lillie may pop out with a whimsical wise crack that will riot any gathering.

Miss Lillie was almost a daily visitor at Wimbledon in 1928 and was also on hand for the 1928 Davis Cup matches in Paris. She is not a tennis fan in the sense that she knows tennis, but it appeals to her from its personality angle.

It was in 1927 I met Sir Gerald du Maurier, son of the famous author of Trilby, and himself England's most popular actor. What a remarkable personality Sir Gerald is! One sits before him in the theater and feels as if they were in his drawing-room with him. One never gets the sensation, "Here is an actor." Rather does one feel, "Here is a friend."

Sir Gerald is a great tennis fan. For twenty years he has been a regular attendant at Wimbledon. It was there I met him. He told me the most delightful anecdote about Anthony F. Wilding, the great Australian. Wilding was noted for his easy-going temperament. The day he was to meet Maurice E. McLoughlin in the challenge round at Wimbledon, he was lolling in the sun outside the clubroom, half an hour before the match was to start.

SIR GERALD, all excited about the match and filled with enthusiasm over an article about it in the paper, arrived at the grounds, saw his friend Wilding, and dashed up to him, waving the paper.

"What do you think about this?" inquired Sir Gerald excitedly.

"Good God!" exclaimed Wilding, sitting up. "What's happened? An explosion?"

"No, no—the match!" Sir Gerald replied.

"Match? What match?"

"Why, your match!"

"My match?"

Suddenly a light dawned on Wilding. "Oh, yes," he said, "I am playing today. I guess I'd better go get dressed." And he strolled into the clubhouse, changed, strolled out, and beat McLoughlin.

Not all my interesting friends are in Europe, although I did meet two other great people during my first English trip. Yet they actually belong to my American experiences. These two are Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford.

The American Davis Cup team was staying at the Savoy Hotel in London in 1920, during the same time that Doug and Mary were on their first European visit. We were on our way out to Wimbledon, and when I came down to locate our automobile I found the streets crowded for blocks while the jam around the door of the Savoy and in the Savoy court was so great it was hopeless to attempt to get out. I decided that the King and Queen were probably in the hotel, and set out to find out. A crowd of people were gathered in the hallway around two rather small figures.

Suddenly I realized it was Doug and Mary. I plunged into the crowd. I had never met Doug, but I knew he had an idea who I was, so, since fools rush in where angels fear to tread, I "busted" in and grabbed his arm. "Mr. Fairbanks!" I bellowed over the din. He turned with that "My God, another newspaper man" air that one acquires after a few days in England.

"Yes?" he said, not too encouragingly. I bravely continued, "I'm Bill Tilden of the U. S. Davis Cup team. We—"

I got no further. He pumped my hand up and down with all the Fairbanksian energy. "You are just the crowd I wanted to see! When do you play? When can we come out? Have you met Mary? How are you getting along? What? How?" etc., etc. Here was an American athletic activity that was going on, and Doug Fairbanks, no matter how busy with his own affairs, was going to see it. He introduced me to Mary and right there we arranged for them to come to Wimbledon.

From that little incident has sprung a warm friendship which has afforded me many delightful hours as a guest

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

FILM covers teeth

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Yet gleaming whiteness will return if you remove it

A way to remove it, that quickly restores brilliance. Film, it is agreed, also fosters serious tooth and gum disorders. Please accept free 10-day supply.

SCIENCE discovered the way to keep teeth white and brilliant while seeking a way to combat the start of tooth and gum diseases. This is because dingy teeth and most dental ills come from the same cause. That cause is a dangerous film that creeps over teeth and into crevices—a sticky, dingy coating that stubbornly defies the ordinary ways of brushing.

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You marvel at the natural whiteness of children's teeth. Yours may once again regain that color. May take on a brilliance that is actually amazing. Lustreless, dull teeth are known to be unnatural.

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Only one tube to a family 3230

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

in " Pickfair," the Fairbanks home, and has given me a glimpse into the real Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. They are wonderful, magnificent people. They are very different temperamentally. Douglas loves excitement, crowds, travel, noise, bustle, and competition in work or play. Mary is quiet, retiring, shy, and prefers to live her life out of the eyes of the world, yet each understands the other's viewpoint and fits into the other's life.

Mary is the balance wheel and Doug is the driving force of this remarkable combination. Her cool judgment tempers his enthusiasm while his buoyant spirit carries her over periods of discouragement.

Doug is the most remarkable natural athlete of my acquaintance. He does not use a double for his stunts, and very few of them are faked or worked by trick photography. His ability to run, jump, climb, etc., is phenomenal. In nine months from the time he took up golf seriously he was shooting in the seventies for eighteen holes. In his own game, " Doug," a combination of tennis and badminton, he is unexcelled. I still remember with slight confusion the day he and Chuck Lewis took on Billy Johnston and me in doubles at " Doug " and beat us 6-0, 6-1. His coördination is lightning fast and his physical condition perfect. Douglas Fairbanks at forty-six can outlast almost any man twenty years his junior.

It was at the Fairbanks studio I first met Charles Spencer Chaplin. We were eating lunch in the little studio that Doug uses as his special eating place when suddenly the door flew open and what seemed a tornado blew in. A moment's extreme noise and confusion and the disturbing element resolved itself into a small excited man with wildly waving hair and arms. It was Charlie Chaplin. He had just heard of the great success of The Woman of Paris, the picture he had directed for Edna Purviance and Adolphe Menjou. He was on the crest of the work, full of life, laughter, and the picture.

Since then I have met Chaplin under many and varied circumstances; I have seen him in the depths of those black moods that only a temperament such as his can experience. I have heard him talk sociology, economics, politics, music, drama, and nonsense. He can deal with each in a superb and profound way. He is a tremendous egoist and enjoys nothing more than to hold the spotlight and center of the stage, but to his credit let it be said that no matter how long he may hold it or on what subject, he is always intensely interesting.

IT would be impossible to be bored by Chaplin. One might get irritated, but never bored. He is one of the most vital people of my acquaintance. His personality grips you in a vise. He has not only a tremendously analytic brain, but one that positively dissects you and your mentality. There is a vampirish quality to his mind that sucks thoughts out of your mind.

I consider Chaplin one of the most fascinating and gifted men I have ever met—moody, erratic, and temperamental, but with a personal charm that is irresistible. I do not wonder that women are crazy over him, nor do I wonder they cannot live with him.

One instinctively turns from Chaplin to that marvelous personality who was supposed to be his fiancée at one time—Pola Negri, one of the finest dramatic actresses the screen has ever known. There is no doubt in my mind but what Chaplin and Negri were deeply in love, and equally no doubt that if they had married it would have ended in a riot at least.

She in her way is just as remarkable a woman as he is a man. I met her just after she had broken her engagement to Chaplin. In fact, some of the newspapers were kind enough to attribute the break to me, but there was no foundation for that. The break was definite weeks before I blew into Hollywood. However, I did see a good deal of Pola during my stay that year, and the press announced our engagement. I was quite complimented, naturally, but it was a little premature. So much so, in fact, that that situation never did occur.

However, Pola Negri is a very good friend still, and I consider her one of the most misunderstood persons of my acquaintance. She is accused of being high hat, considered up-stage, a poser, temperamental or bad-tempered, coarse, vulgar, etc., etc. I found Pola none of these things. She is temperamental in the real sense of the word, not bad-tempered. She is clever, witty, well read, cultured, a brilliant conversationalist, and, above all, a woman with a keen sense of humor which few people over here seem to discover. She is undoubtedly primitive and elemental in her emotions, but one of the most loyal of friends. One hears much about her that is unfair.

P. & A. photo

From apex to base: Charlie Chaplin, Manuel Alonso, Douglas Fairbanks (at the left), and Bill Tilden.

BEFORE I turn away from my friends in Hollywood I must say just a word about America's boy, Jackie Coogan. I have known Jackie for about five years now, and feel that in seeing Jackie pass from the snaggle-toothed, tousle-headed kid to the trim little youngster of Urban Military Academy, I have seen him pass through a critical period in his artistic career as well as in his private life. I think Jackie Coogan is one grand kid. If ever a youngster should have been a spoiled, conceited little brat, it would be one who had made the money and had the fame that was his. Yet Jackie today is still just a normal " regular guy." He went into Urban Military Academy two years ago under a distinct handicap with the boys, who were all set to show that " movie kid " where he got off. They set out to do it, and for a while Jackie's life was no bed of roses, but he kept his mouth shut and took his medicine, and today Jackie Coogan is one of the most popular boys in school.

Jackie's sense of values is still pretty much those of the average small boy.

One day I was playing an exhibition at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, with Jackie and his school gang present. At the end of the singles match the hotel management presented the players with small gold medals as souvenirs. I walked over and asked Jackie if he would like it. He thought I meant just to wear during the doubles match, and he was delighted, putting it on and only allowing the other boys to look but not touch. At the end of play, Jackie came up to return it, and when I told him it was his, you might have thought I had given him the crown jewels. Just a regular small-boy reaction—not at all what one might have looked for from a boy who had over a million dollars in his own right.

Another time I broke a racket during play and Jackie, very timidly, asked me if he might have it " to auction at school so they could use the money for the school play." It seems to me that any boy who is as great a genius as Jackie—and he is just as good an actor today as he was when he played The Kid with Charlie Chaplin—and who is still just a reg-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FORTY]

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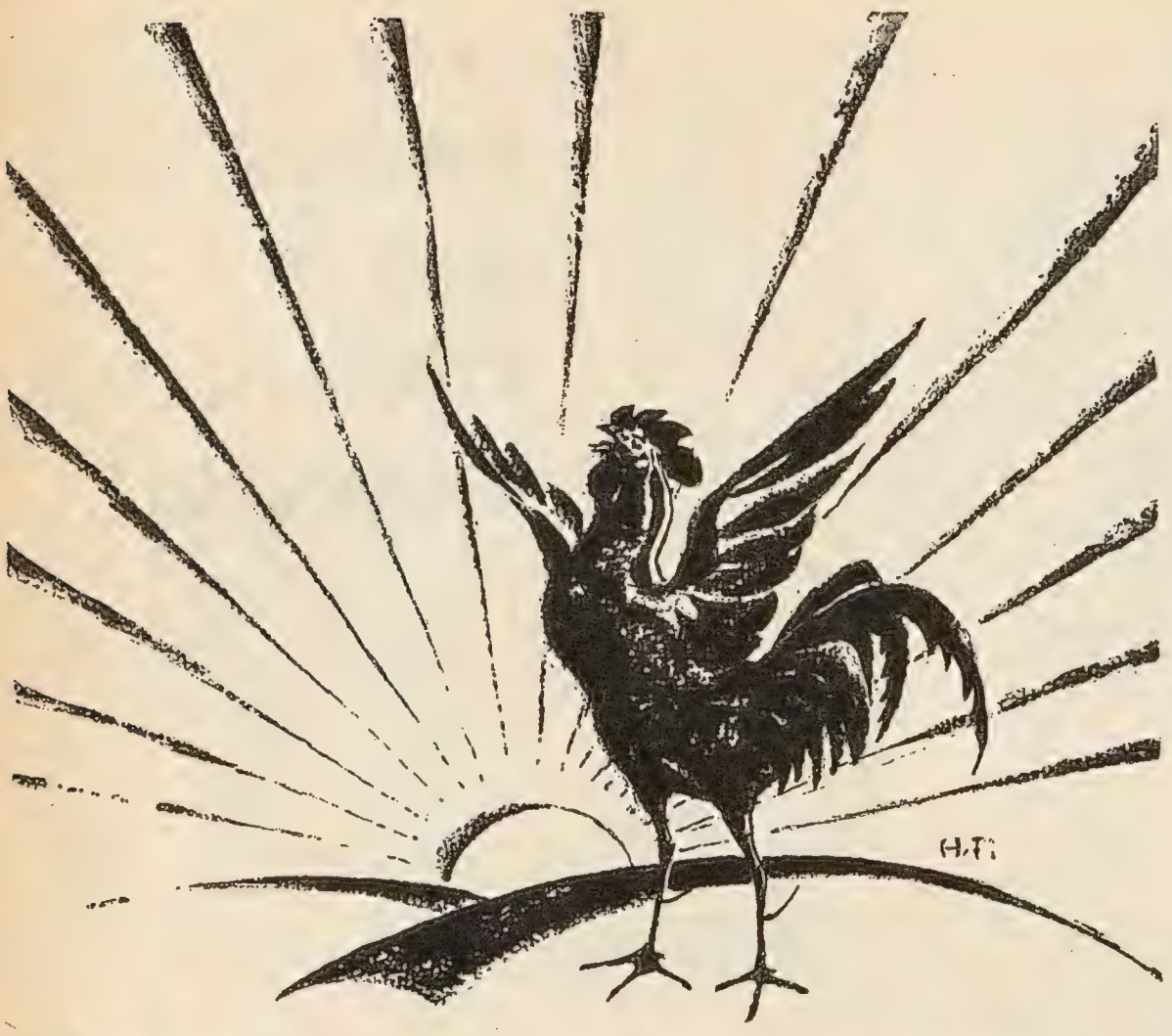

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AS soon as you arise—go straight to the bathroom shelf—get down your bottle of Sal Hepatica and, into a glass of water, pour a teaspoonful or more of this saline combination!

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For the saline method—with Sal Hepatica—has no equal for overcoming constipation gently, thoroughly and with dispatch. It rids the body of poisons. It neutralizes acidity. It is good for headaches, colds and a long list of common ills.

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ASK your doctor to explain to you the benefits of the saline method. Ask him about Sal Hepatica, the foremost American saline. Buy a bottle at your druggist's. And the next time you wake up feeling a little out of sorts—drink a morning glass of Sal Hepatica. It is prompt in its action . . . speedy in its result . . . You'll feel better the whole day long.

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Dept. A69, 71 West St., New York.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

ular fellow, is bound to go a long way.

There is one more friend of mine in the movie world that I must say just a word or two about, and that is Dick Barthelmess. It is a good many years ago since I first met Dick. He and I both thought the same girl was wonderful. He was just starting in pictures—while I was in college. While we were each considering that we had the inside road, the lady met and married a New York millionaire. It was some years later that I again met Dick, but from then to now I have seen him off and on with some degree of regularity.

What a charming person Barthelmess is! I remember at the National Singles in 1923, Dick came over to see the finals, and I had promised my aunt, Miss Hey, who had always particularly enjoyed Dick in his picture work, that I would bring him to meet her. Before the match I took him to my aunt's box, where he stayed for some little time.

The match was a hectic one, and long, and ended with Barthelmess having just about time to catch his train. But before he would go he piled back through the crowd to say good-by to my aunt—a courtesy she has never forgotten and still speaks of to this day.

In an early issue Mr. Tilden will tell of how he was called "yellow" and what he did about it.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of New Jersey; New Mexico; New York?
2—What is a one-humped camel called?
3—What is the Jungfrau?
4—Who was Lucifer?
5—What is an amanuensis?
6—What is a terrestrial animal?
7—Who was Abdul Hamid II?
8—Who wrote Wild Animals I Have Known?
9—Who is Attorney General of the United States?
10—According to a Bible narrative, who was hanged on a gallows he had built for another?
11—What is the largest island in Europe?
12—Who were called squatters, in the early days of the West?
13—What game bears the name of a vegetable?
14—How many gills in a pint?
15—From what country did the Pennsylvania Dutch emigrate?
16—What is the literal meaning of the Latin phrase *sanctum sanctorum?*
17—In underworld parlance what is meant by "shoving the queer"?
18—What is a farrier?
19—What character in a Barrie play asked "Do you believe in fairies?"
20—What American city is called the Mound City?

(Answers will be found on page 55)

Blood and Blunder

Discussing a Fair Melodrama and Three Mistakes

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★

THE Studio Murder Mystery, Paramount's filming of an original screen story by two Hollywood scenarists, the Edingtons, describes itself. It is the newest thrill juggler, concerning the sad and bloody demise of a prominent actor in a movie studio at midnight or thereabouts. Instead of passing it up as justifiable homicide, the Los Angeles police hack away at the mystery, arresting everybody in sight. Finally—heh! heh!—the studio gag man solves the baffling murder.

This is an all-talkie—and the honors go to Warner Oland, as a sinister foreign director. You will find Neil Hamilton in a new sort of rôle, the flip and frivolous gag expert. Maybe the glimpses of studio life from the inside will interest you, too. The dialogue isn't so hot (this would have been better as a silent film), but still The Studio Murder Mystery is a fairly interesting melodrama.

★

The motion picture business (once as tightly organized as the Grand Lama's court) has been reduced to such a chaotic state by the devastating talkie that all sorts of new stars get hearings from the frantic producers.

Pathé has just presented Morton Downey, described as "the Broadway night-club John McCormack," in an all-talkie effort, Mother's Boy. This follows the stock chatter pattern. The hero is a poor Irish boy who makes good in a cabaret and then gets his big chance in a Broadway revue. The lad's head has been turned—he has even forgotten his old folks—but, on the show's opening night, he throws over his career that he may rush to his sick mother's bedside. This plot has never been worse handled. Nor is the sounding good.

Mr. Downey distinctly isn't the coming talkie star.

★

The Squall, First National's version of a hot Manhattan sex shocker of last year, is another amateurish example of what a certain bard once described prophetically as full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

The Squall, as a footlight effort by one Jean Bart, was a cheap and hectic tale of a young gypsy's invasion of a peaceful Spanish home and how she wrecked it. Nubi, I regret to report, was concentrated catnip to the male portion of the household.

The dialogue borders on the unconsciously humorous, what with the hot gypsy siren referring to herself as "me, Nubi, not to blame if all men try to love her," and kindred confident third-person comments.

The slant-eyed Myrna Loy, who was the half-breed Sahara siren in The Desert Song, is the hot Magyar mamma, Nubi. I doubt if anyone could give the rôle the semblance of reality. The one merit of The Squall lies in the beautiful shots of Hungarian countryside and, even there, the producers have been overlavish with barnyard sounds.

Doris Hill starts to get her man in The Studio Murder Mystery while Florence Eldridge, as the intended victim's wife, attempts to restrain her.

John Barrymore and Camilla Horn in Eternal Love. The plot is laid in Switzerland and the Barrymore eyebrows get plenty of work.

★

The combination of John Barrymore, the handsome Camilla Horn, and Director Ernst Lubitsch ought to have meant a distinctive film. Yet their United Artists effort, Eternal Love, is just so much film hooey.

Marcus (Mr. Barrymore), a Swiss man-about-the-crags, is forced into a marriage with a vampish young villager, although he loves Ciglia (Miss Horn). The indiscreet Marcus, you see, has to make an honest woman of the gal. Ciglia marries another, but everybody is unhappy. So Marcus steals Ciglia and the two walk off into a snowstorm and landslide which wipes out the whole plot.

Herr Lubitsch seems to have been left helpless by this rubbish, supposed to unfold in 1806.

Barrymore does not suggest a brawny hunter of the hills. His performance is full of facial acrobatics, with the Barrymore eyebrows doing the usual somersaults.

Do you know that—

Myrna Loy was born in Helena, Montana, in 1905? . . . Her real name is Williams and she is of Welsh antecedents? . . . Warner Oland is forty-nine? . . . He was born in Sweden and once occupied the chair of the drama at Williams?

FIRE-Bird

A Story of Love in the Clouds

By

ARTHUR T. MUNYAN

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

WHEN George Falconer first saw the girl she was standing, a slim and exquisite figure, on the high springboard above the pool, just poised for her dive. Silhouetted against the green lattice, her loveliness possessed an élan that arrested his attention. He almost stopped in his tracks. In that instant he noticed the danger; called out a warning "Hi!" and ran toward her.

Startled, she shot him a glance of annoyed interrogation. Her eyes were so direct and so deeply blue that they had a disturbing effect, an almost inscrutable quality.

"Wrist watch!" he shouted, pointing violently at her left arm. "You have it on."

"Well," said the girl, "it's my watch. . . ." And taking no further part in the conversation, she stepped to the edge of the springboard and dove splendidly, watch and all, into the pool's depths.

Falconer heard a giggle behind him. Millicent Pratt—one of the "Prattcrest" Pratts—had come accidentally on the scene, and was backing out now, making the sounds of mirth. She was a wholesome, toothy person, unfortunate in a giggle that made her even toothier. He flushed and passed on, saw Millicent wilt, wriggling and giggling, against the arm of young Fox, who frowned.

Falconer dropped those two from his mind, to wonder about the other. Was she one of his sister's crowd, or just anyone? Might be either, the Beach Club being what it was. He used his card there for the swimming, and the people he let alone. Afternoons at 5 he liked to drive over from the flying field and have a plunge after the day's grind. Sometimes he stayed for a cocktail or dinner with his sister, Aline Burgess, but he never snaked along at her parties. They were not his game. Falconer, Inc., his father's concern, built and sold planes, trained pilots, arranged flights, and ran airways. George's work was cut out there.

He did mention the episode at the pool to Aline. "I'm learning to mind my own business. Today if I saw a man kick a kitty I'd just say no doubt he has reasons and run along."

"The child had spirit?" Aline asked. Spirit, he assured her, was what the child had. "She was not being yelled at. Not having any of it."

"Inez Ingraham," Aline guessed. What, he inquired, was Inez like. "She's like that, George." "Spirit, hm?" "Um-hm! And you can't much blame her, placed as she is. . . ." He replied that he didn't know how she was placed. "And I don't blame her. I don't do anything at all about her."

"You don't *know?*" Aline cried. "Look here! Don't t names 'Sugar-Lamb' and 'Mr. Horsey' and the catch li 'Oh, I cou'n't be bothered!' mean a thing to you?" He sai "Good Lord, I should hope not! Do they to anybody? Wh about them?"

Finally she laughed. "My dear, you're the one person millions who doesn't know. It's rather nice there is one you. No, I shan't tell you. You have a sort of innocence can't bear to disturb."

Falconer let it drop. He never could make out any point end to the yarns which set her crowd agog and, in any cas the girl alone had touched his interest.

AFTER that, whenever he returned to the club he found hi self thinking of her. Near the pool he always felt a mome tary quickening of expectancy in himself; but the feeling wou fade quite painlessly when, as it always turned out, he saw sign of her. His next encounter with her took place not at t pool at all, but at the flying field. He was looking over a pla that had just come from the chief of final assembly, wh he heard her voice at his elbow.

"Oh, isn't that a darling one!"

Turning, he met her fine, straight glance. She was tall than he had thought, and thinner; a delicate, high-stru creature. There was a nervous tension even in her voice, catch that stirred him queerly.

"It's a Falcon 9X," he said, to say something. "Like it?

She did, yes. The plane was one of a type which held world records within its class for climb, altitude, and endurance. T safest ship yet designed, it was fast, a speed-cup winner, a d

he dashed off a check on the lower wing surface, tore it out with a yank, and thrust it toward him. "I'll take it."

aërobatics, a craft famed for performance. "So it's a big f to hear you say it suits you," he added, not waiting to be bbed first.

er color mounted. A cool, still flame like the star in a sap- e burned in her eyes. "Is it for sale?" she asked imperi- y. He told her that it was. The price: $5,100, with wing- gear. "Well, *has* it that?" she caught him up. "You v, *I* don't."

ne whirled around, dashed off a check on the lower wing ace, tore it out with such a furious little yank that it said k" instead of the customary "aaaak," and thrust it toward "I'll take it."

e bowed. "Fly it home now? Or do you wish us to wrap d send it?"

I'll let you know," in her haughtiest tone. She turned away sauntered off the tarmac.

Falconer passed the check along to the bookkeeper. "Here, I suppose this is all right. I don't know. She just bought a plane as if it was a pack of cigarettes."

The accountant glanced at the signature —Inez Ingraham. "It's all right, all right. This is cigarette money to her. Don't you know who *she* is?" Falconer said, "I don't, no. Nor want to. And I'm tired of being asked." Plainly some little snob, spoiled and pampered.

She was back the next morning, rigged —now that she owned a plane—in a beautiful blue leather aviatrix suit with a helmet to match. She was a little absurd, but something about her touched him. Was her hauteur defensive; was she really wistful and eager underneath it? He made an attempt at friendliness. "Oh, hello. I have a little present here for you. You'll want one of these."

She glanced rather disdainfully at the affair, an odd harness on a pack of khaki. "Parachute?"

"Airchute, yes." He showed her how it was worn, leaving the arms free, acting as a cushion for the pilot. He explained the pull-ring on the left side, the ripcord, the single pin release, the baby "pilot chute," and the spring of raw silk under compression. Miss Ingraham, though evidently bored, pulled the cord just to show that she got the idea of it. A prodigious tangle of fabric and silk shrouds shot out upon the ground. She looked at the limp mess and yawned. "*I* don't believe I'd care about it," she decided. "I'm not a bit afraid."

"OH, indeed!" He kept his temper because she hoped he wouldn't; he could have drowned her. "Afraid of what? And what has your not being afraid to do with it? Airchutes are required at this field. And pilots who know anything wear them."

"Re-ally?"

"Yes. When they fly. When they drive around in a car, they leave them off. Also the goggles and helmet. You like to be original, don't you?"

That shot hit. "I came over here to fly," she told him hotly. "My plane is ready, isn't it?"

It was. At the far end of the field, he was about to add, was the school where she might learn to fly it, at thirty dollars an hour, plus this and that. But he had not the heart to say it. Her assurance was so beautiful. She thought planes were sold like vacuum cleaners. The fellow who sold you one showed you about running it.

"There's your ship," he pointed. "Probably you'd like to see what you've bought." For half an hour he managed to interest her in her possession. He stressed its safety. The Falcon 9X was built for private ownership and was as foolproof as a plane could be. "See how the axle is split and flexible. So you can land on rough ground. A rock or stump won't wash out your landing gear." He went over the engine with her. "Dual ignition. If one side conks out, you can cut over to the other. That would have saved a lot of good men." Wing slots were the newest boon to aviation. "They open of themselves. If you go into a stall they get you out without a spin."

Miss Ingraham thought a stall was probably where a plane was tied up at night. She thus missed the fine edge of the wing-slot argument. She observed that the wings folded; she could keep the ship in her garage. That was true. Really, she understood some of his talk.

"What's this thing? Looks like an emergency brake. I suspect it isn't, though."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

" No. There *are* wheel brakes. But that's to set the stabilizer, so you can fly hands off the stick. You can trim the rudder, too, and fly feet off. Flies herself, you might say."

" How wonderful. Then what do I need you for? "

He saw that he had been elected her instructor. " Oh, to get off, and land, and turn corners."

" Well, I'm ready to go up now," she imparted. And since they were so in earnest about it here, she consented to wear an airchute. " What do I do with it, in case of? "

" Bail out. Jump; then pull the ring. Or if there's time, you can do a ' lift-off.' Stand on the rear edge of the wing, holding on to a strut, and pull the ripcord. The chute will do the rest."

" Ever done it? "

" Only in practice. I've never had to."

" Must be a ghastly thrill when you—"

" No. Like an express elevator, that's all."

What she meant was nerving oneself. Overcoming the cold fear in the pit of the stomach before the jump. She saw that the man had no idea what she was talking about. You jumped, and had the " elevator " feeling for a second. Then the chute opened, and that was all.

" Not for me! " she stated. " I'd have to be mad, or tight, or something off the usual."

" Wait till you've been up," he said. She studied him with a certain interest. His face was made up of smooth, oblique planes, rather like the cowl of a ship, as if it had been chiseled so for speed and alert vision. His gray eyes under straight brows were set at what he would have termed a slight dihedral. He was tall and competent and taut, and there was a strangeness about him somewhat fascinating.

From the moment that she slipped the thin earpieces of the speaking tube under her helmet, Inez Ingraham took to flying, though it was unlike what she had expected. There was very little sensation about it. Control of the ship seemed a simple and natural matter. When she did the instinctive thing with rudder and flippers she found it was the correct thing. She had a natural gift, probably, for getting the feel of a ship. She never made convulsive movements with the stick.

LONG before she realized it herself, she was flying without Falconer's aid. After the third of her flying hours he had casually said, " Take the ship."

She promptly went into a wabbling wing slip. " Get out of that! " he snapped. " You know how." She grimly leveled out. " Now try to make a decent left bank." On the ground she could be very duchess with him; up here she had to stand something herself. Some severity toward students was traditional. " Pfui! " he said presently. " What was that? What's the name of it? Well, don't do things you can't name. Ah, that's better."

" I'm glad you like it," icily.

" I didn't like it. I said it was better than awful."

She parted from him in a cold wrath that day. " I shan't need you till eleven tomorrow. I have my hairdresser at ten."

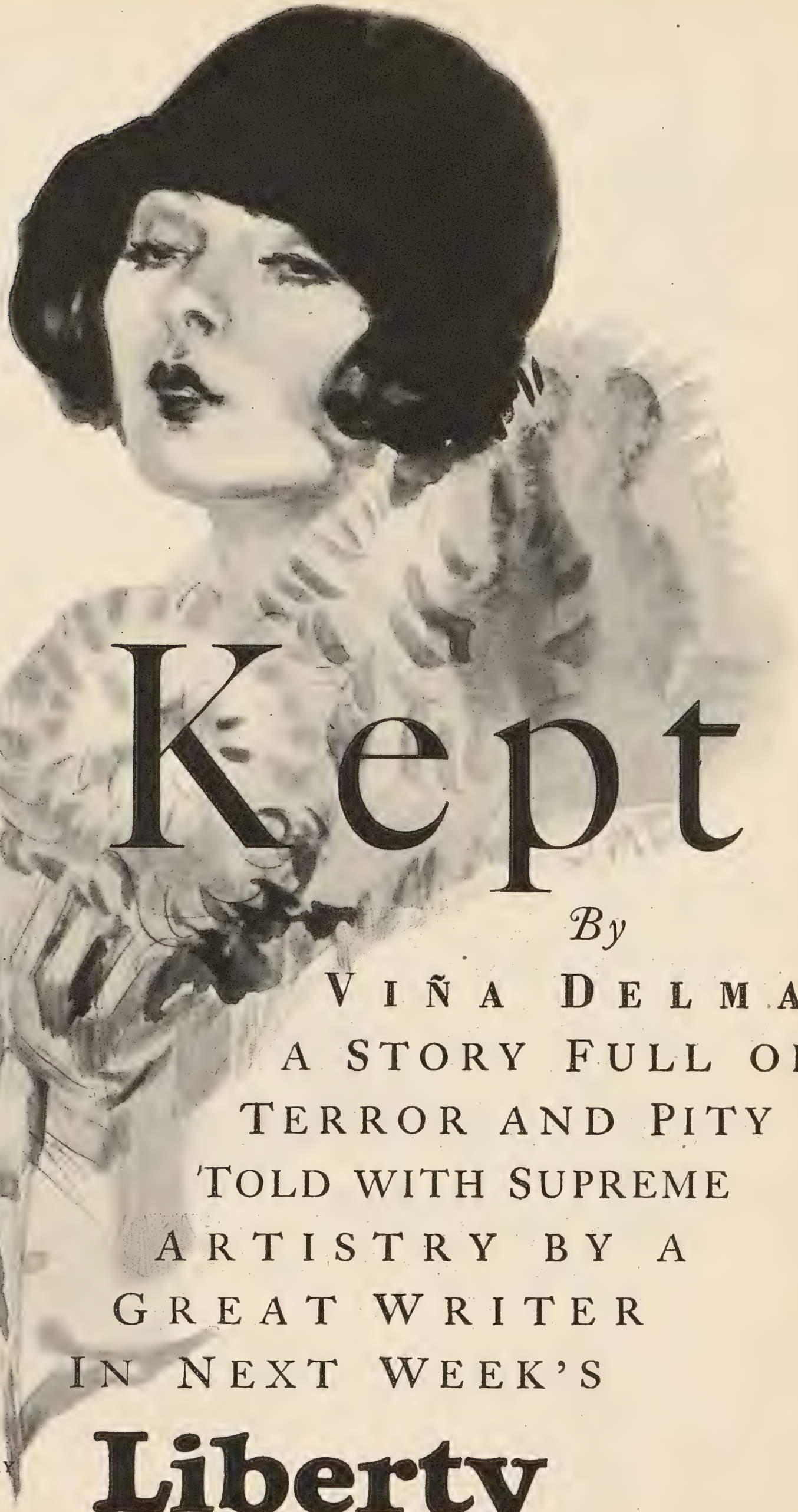
" Yes, miss. Very good, miss." He touched his helmet.

" Take the rear cockpit," he said when she came again. " It's time you did some flying." After a short routine in the air he put his hands outside the cockpit, and said, " All right, let's see you land this crate alone."

She throttled back, circled, and glided down, upwind, all in the best of form. The ground loomed up to them. Thirty feet above it she flattened out completely, would have over-run the field if he had not pulled her into a climb. " Rotten! " he commented. " Is that the way you judge distance? How do you ever eat? Do it over! " The next time she went to the other extreme, bounced at fifty miles an hour, and forgot the gun entirely. Students did these things; instructors howled at them. " How many times," barked Falconer, " must I tell you—"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SIX]

In that instant he noticed the danger; called out a warning " Hi! "



Kept

By

VIÑA DELMAR

A STORY FULL OF TERROR AND PITY TOLD WITH SUPREME ARTISTRY BY A GREAT WRITER IN NEXT WEEK'S

Illustrated by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

[FIRE-BIRD
Continued from page forty-four]

"I won't be talked to this way!"

"Why didn't you give her the gun?"

No answer.

"Couldn't be bothered, I suppose!"

He heard her intake of breath, something like an outraged gasp, something like a sob. Then silence. He turned his head just in time to see Miss Ingraham do a backward somersault off the fuselage and go hurtling downward through space. For two seconds he lived with the sickening dread that she would forget the pull-ring as she had forgotten the gun. Then, in a relief that made his heart feel like a balloon, he saw the beautiful white sail blossom below him.

SPIRALING downward, he gauged her drift, estimating that she would land on the field. He landed his plane in time to run and catch the girl before she could be dragged on the ground by the light breeze.

Fear, anger, remorse, confused him. Her jump had played more havoc with his nerves than any he had ever made. He was saying, "My dear—!" as he set her rather shakily on her feet, and pulled her free of the harness. She exasperated him, while some poignancy about her touched him. She was so lovely, so alive, so unutterably young, yet in some vague way tragic. Holding her slight figure in the curve of his arm, he felt a stab of tenderness for her.

"Why on earth did you do that?" he begged. "Are you hurt?"

"I hate you," she declared. "After what you said I couldn't jump out fast enough. I—I never thought you'd say a beastly thing like *that*."

"What did I said—I mean, say?" He was puzzled.

"'Couldn't be bothered!'"

"For the life of me," he declared, after reflection, "I can't figure out the insult in that."

"You know who I am!"

"I don't, no, strange as it may seem. Are you royalty? Well, this is a cockeyed republic. I do know you have billions, but money isn't my weakness. For all me, you're as good as the next, and no better. I'm glad you brought it up."

"Oh!" she said, and again, "Oh!" She gave him a long look of wonder. Disbelief slowly vanished, leaving her face almost happy. "I—I thought—I've made a mistake," vaguely. "I'm sorry." A singular change had come over her. Seen for the first time, her smile was dazzling. It gave a sudden sweet curve to her lips, made her eyes sparkle as they sought his. It was like some exquisite intimacy.

He turned his head in time to see Miss Ingraham do a backward somersault off the fuselage.

"And you were right about jumping!" she cried. "It isn't such a muchness, is it?" She caught his arm impulsively as they walked together toward the plane.

George went to see his sister, driven by a growing restiveness. She was alone on the veranda, but two glasses stood on the small table. "Say, what's the mystery about Inez Ingraham?" he began abruptly. "Better tell me or I'll guess myself to death."

"Remind me some time. You don't know about Freddie Fox?"

"No. Do I have to?" he sighed. "What did he say to Danny Meadow Mouse, then?"

"Idiot! He's the man who jilted Inez, more or less, over the divorce biznai." She glanced at the door. "He's here, so I can only say a little, while he's talking in there on long distance."

"Jilted her!" George was saying. "What divorce? Start at the start, will you?"

"Oh, heaven! The tabs were full of it for weeks. They lapped it up." He told her, with needless heat, that he never read the tabs. "Well, the decent papers sniffed, but they put all the fruity details on page two." He never read page two either; only headlines and weather.

WELL, anyhow, the Ingraham case had been one of the most notorious and ludicrous messes ever seen in the New York divorce courts. A tabloid holiday. Suits; countersuits; witnesses galore. Sugar Lamb; the Rajah; Mr. Horsey; a dozen comic characters. Photos; sappy letters; servants' testimony. A witness on cross-examination said, "Oh, I cou'n't be bothered!" at some anticlimax in the trial, and that became a nation-wide gag, a caption of another comic strip. The affair finished Ingraham; his clubs dropped him; his bank—he was chairman of the board—forced him out.

George scowled. He began to understand Inez' hypersensitiveness, her flaring defiance. But—"Who divorced who? What had it to do with her? Her father and mother? Oh, stepmother!"

"Oh, the blight fell on her, too. It's hardly fair. But she has been pretty generally dropped. There it is, George. Her crowd, her own age, wouldn't have on their own. But they mind their mammas, and their mammas jump the way Mrs. Towner Pratt points."

"And Mrs. Towner Pratt gave thumbs down on Inez! Just how did she send out the glad news?"

His sister explained. The big thing in life for the debs in summer was a big charity affair, an outdoor pageant, revue, or something like that, in which they all took part. Mrs. Towner Pratt got it up, and backed it,

and carried it through. It was put on in the natural amphitheater of her huge terraced gardens, and was quite a lovely affair, what with the rhododendrons and what not.

Inez had worked up a lovely number, a Pavlowa sort of thing in tarlatan, with Freddie Fox as her supporting Adonis. Inez was the Fire-Bird, or some such. For her entrance they let her down on a wire from somewhere. Only that was all off, of course, now. Mrs. Pratt, after earnest thought, had decided it wasn't quite the thing to have the little Ingraham girl, after everything, you know.

"So they kicked her out, and that finished her all around." George clenched his teeth. "I'm a simple soul. Would you mind telling me how these little throat-cuttings are managed delicately?"

"Oh, quite simply. At every rehearsal they changed Inez' costume, music, entrance, props, and routine till they had the whole number in a doodah. She got the drift and dropped out. They said, 'My *dear*, you *mustn't* think we don't *want* you!'"

"What a lot of rotters you are!" His face was working with anger and emotion.

"Hold it, George. It's not my party, you know."

"This Fox animal jumped with the others? The quick brown Fox! And he was engaged to her! And you receive him here!"

"I CAN'T help that. I don't know what passed between those two. Freddie probably offered to stick through it. She's proud and difficult these days."

"Offered!" he snorted. "Proud? I'll say she's proud! She's eating her heart out, but let anyone guess it!" He jumped to his feet, too angry to remain still. Then he shot at Aline: "Who's taking her place in the show?"

"Oh, Millicent Pratt, I believe. . . ."

"I shouldn't have asked. Now I feel sicker than ever. I saw her the other day! Giving this Fox a line that could be poured on waffles."

"Yes. I hesitate to mention it, George, because you look apoplectic now, but everybody seems to think that Freddie and Millicent—"

With a snort of disgust he passed into the house without a nod for the man whom he met coming out. He felt stifled, almost physically sick. A whole colony of people suavely, smilingly practicing the most feline cruelty upon one heart-sick girl. And he, unwittingly, had arrayed himself on the side of these hyenas.

He had to telephone her before another minute passed. Just to say something decent, human! He couldn't say much of what he wanted to. She was in love with Fox, of course, and wretched over it. Oh, yes, that would pass, but not so lightly. She was eighteen, and her heart must make of one man the symbol for all love, the mystery, the half-disclosed romance, the poignancy.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

3 Days whiten Teeth 3 Shades

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[FIRE-BIRD Continued from page forty-seven]

He put in his call. The line was not busy.

Downstairs, he took leave of Aline across Fox's chin. Walking down the drive, he was overtaken by the man at the road. "Which way you going, Falconer?"

George's blood was boiling. He was thinking of the voice, brave and sweet, that had answered a telephone's solitary ring so eagerly. She had not been able quite to conceal a little droop of desolation in her tone. "I'm going the other way," he said shortly.

The two men's eyes met on a level. This Fox was nothing; there were no guts in him; he was a patina, a formula. "I don't know you, Fox. I don't have to. I don't want to." George spun about and stalked off.

A poster on a tree said: Mrs. Towner Pratt . . . Mid-Summer Frolic . . . Mrs. Towner Pratt . . . Tickets ten dollars . . . Prattcrest . . . Mrs. Towner Pratt. So that thing was the coming Saturday! George walked on between dark rows of trees. That would be a night in purgatory for Inez. He must plan something for that evening to distract her.

One light burned in a house set back among trees and shrubs. George stood watching it, in the grip of his mood, until it seemed to flicker.

Love played devilish tricks upon people. Inez took up flying to escape from thinking; but thoughts haunted her at night. She waited, wild with rebellion and misery, and the wrong man telephoned. And he, George Falconer, the cool one, had come to skulking along hedges to catch a glimpse of a shadow he loved.

On the telephone he had said, "Let's make two flights tomorrow. You're almost ready for your solo." That was cold; he struggled against a growing shyness in himself to strike a personal note. "And I wondered—if you care to go for a swim—at the club—afterward. We could have tea, I imagine."

Tea! Pallid stuff, served lukewarm on the verandas over the surf. Inez was charming about it. Yes, she'd love to do that. "You'll have to be nice to me! Tea isn't flying instruction."

HE meant to be nice about both. She made her first solo flight the following afternoon. Falconer found it far more of an ordeal than his own had been 1,500 flying hours ago. A solo would do more than anything else for her morale, and he urged her into it a little prematurely. Once she was off, he paced back and forth in a torment of anxiety, watching her circle overhead. He saw no cause for alarm, yet he was worried. When she finally came down to a safe landing, he rushed to her and caught both her hands. Relief made him voluble, as he lifted her down.

"Fine work! Well, you've done it in six hours! Nearly all students need ten; did you know that? I'm proud of you."

They reached the club rather late in the afternoon; Inez, he fancied, avoided encounters with people when she could. Most of her crowd would be off to dress by this time. One girl, a school friend, spoke to Inez as they came out on the sand.

"My dear! I hear you're fly-ing. How thrill-ing! I'd love to hear about it, but I have to dash away. See you soon."

So people still spoke to her! They said "See you soon" and dashed off before anyone could see and think. What a precious lot of cads they were!

Inez' face had gone deathly pale; her eyes were clouded with pain. Looking hurriedly away from her, George caught sight of Millicent Pratt and Fox on the veranda, the girl giggling into her tea, the man leaning across the narrow table toward her, talking. Both were too absorbed to see others.

George cursed inwardly, caught Inez' hand, and walked toward the water's edge. She seemed unaware of him. "Good surf," he said. Good surf with its clean shock. It pounded, curling green, and combing white, offering honest battle face to face. Inez was still in love with Fox; the sight of him still stopped her heart in its beat. Well, she could forget him, however briefly, in the rush and thunder of white water.

"This has been fun," she told George later over tea.

"Yes. Couldn't we have an evening together? How about tomorrow?"

"That's the night of the Mid-Summer Frolic. If you don't mind not going to that, I'd love—"

"I can bear to miss that, all right. We'll do anything you'd like."

She was sweet about it, but listless. In another moment her face lighted up. "Do you know what I'd terribly like to do? Make a night flight! Not solo. With you. Could we?"

He gave her a nod and a smile. "Why not? The field is all rigged for night flying. Flood lights and a neon beacon. Yes, we'll do it."

He fancied he could see her motive. The night of the Mid-Summer Frolic held some sort of climax for her, as he had divined. It would signalize the loss of Freddie Fox, the utter triumph of Millicent Pratt and the forces of hypocrisy. Her torment of suspense and futile hope would reach a crisis on the dreadful night.

When it came she wanted to be in her plane. Flying would be an anæsthesia. And he, reflected George, could give her that. It was a grim and far from happy thought.

Darkness had fallen at 9 o'clock on Saturday night. The dense motor traffic on the road to Prattcrest had thinned. When he called for Inez she came down wearing, to his surprise, a chinchilla coat instead of flying togs. Silk stockings, pale and sheer as moonlight. A white V of throat where her coat parted.

"Evening clothes," she said. "I just thought I would."

She was paler than usual, distrait, charming to him, but in a faraway fashion. He was only a part of her thoughts, he knew. At the field she asked, "Might I have the rear cockpit? I—I like it. Maybe you'll let me handle the ship part of the time."

HE asked if she wanted to take any particular course. After a moment she nodded, catching her lower lip between her teeth. "I want to fly over Prattcrest. I suppose I'd better tell you that it has a horrible fascination for me tonight. I was to have been in the Frolic and—and, as you see, I'm not."

George nodded and spoke to the night mechanic who would contact them. Taking off, he climbed at once to 1,000 feet; circled then to get his bearings. They were in a star-studded sea of darkness. Roads were faint traceries of dotted lamps. The field looked like a pentagon of moonlight. Five miles away lay what looked like a luminous cobweb—Prattcrest, hung with lanterns and flooded by theatrical spots. Descending to 500 feet he laid his course and gave the stick to Inez.

Three minutes later she throttled down and sailed over the pageantry. It was all quite visible, though the dancers looked like shining insects. They could make out the broad, graded dell which made the natural stage, the glowing canvas dressing rooms, the shadowy ranks of spectators on the terraces. George cut off the engine and glided; in the silence the music drifted up to them.

They had dropped to 300 feet. "Take it, please?" Inez spoke through the tubes. "Bank around and sail over again?"

As he complied, something made him turn his head and look at her. What he saw made him gasp. She had dropped her fur coat in the cockpit. She was dressed in an airchute and in the slender bodice, the filmy skirt of a ballet costume.

In the space of a second, thoughts crowded in his brain. She had planned out a jump. In what mood, wild with loneliness and misery, she had planned this exquisite madness he could only guess.

To fall from the sky and claim her own! Had she a chance? The Fire-Bird alighting in the garden. The crowd going wild over her as a sensation. Millicent, gaping, thrust aside, or left hanging on her silly wires. Fox, forced into his part, enchanted with this Inez, going through with it.

No, it was too fantastic. A hundred chances of ignominious failure. No. Impossible! George's first sane impulse was against the attempt. And in the second allowed him to think, he acted to prevent her jump. He

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

White Teeth Deceive 4 out of 5

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[FIRE-BIRD
Continued from page forty-nine]

opened up with a roar and put the ship in a zooming climb. Inez sank back and locked the safety strap.

After that he did everything he could to put Prattcrest below and behind them. From a dive he climbed upward for 2,000 feet, stalled, and came down again in a wide, flat spiral, nosed into a loop and rolled out of it again. He counted seventeen barrel rolls, and then he saw the landing lights of the field above his head. Right side up again, he cut off and nosed downward.

A glance over his shoulder showed him Inez, crumpled in her coat, her head sunk against the rubber mouthpiece of the speaking tube. He heard a faint sob, and the sound seemed to tear him to shreds.

As he brought his wheels to a stop on the ground he leaped out and ran to her. Her shoulders shook convulsively as he wrapped her in her coat and drew his arm about her.

"Darling, darling!" he begged. "Don't you realize? We could never in the world have pulled it off."

"I know it," she said miserably. "Dumbbell that I am."

"No!" he cried. "It was a lovely idea, but— Dearest, they're not worth it!"

"You know about *them*, and me, and everything?"

He nodded. "They don't matter. Nothing does. You're you. That's all that ever seems important."

She looked up; smiled as if trying to see if she could. Her eyes softened. "Something has happened to me, just the same," she told him wonderingly. "I wanted—a certain something. Tonight I thought I'd die to have it. Now I know better. I wouldn't. I don't care about it any longer. It doesn't seem worth having."

She gave her head a little toss, as if she were shaking off the cobwebs of a dream. "Shall we go back?"

He left her in the car while he gave orders about the ship, and then returned to her.

"You said that ship couldn't be spun when the wing slots were unlocked," she reopened the conversation. "I saw Prattcrest go around like a pin wheel."

He got into the car beside her, resting his arms on the wheel. "That was a precision spin. Sort of a spiral. We weren't out of control."

"Will you teach me?"

He laughed. "Yes, if you like."

"Well, I do like. Promise!"

He promised.

"Remember! But it's going to take you days and days. Oh, weeks!"

Laughing, she took his face between her hands, and dropped a light kiss on his lips. "That's why I made you promise. But you'll like it. I'll make you!"

THE END

How Many Mistakes Here?

This picture contains a number of inaccuracies. See if you can detect them without the aid of the list on page sixty-three.

Taken for a RIDE

What Happens When a Gang Suspects a Stool Pigeon

As told to Prosper Buranelli

By

MICHAEL FIASCHETTI

Former Head of the Italian Squad, New York Police Department

Pictures by G. PATRICK NELSON

"I know two girls that are shoplifters. They work the big stores, and they're good."

HIS body was found at the roadside out toward Sheepshead Bay. And that was the only stool pigeon they ever knocked off on me.

The penalty for squealing is death. The life of a police informer is not worth a bootlegger's label if he is found out. A lot of killings where crooks give another crook the works, and it's said to be a gangsters' row or an underworld war—well, sometimes it is, but other times they're carrying out the law of the outlaws and slapping the penalty on a stool pigeon.

At least they think he's a stool pigeon, and that's where they make a lot of mistakes. It's sad to think of the trials and tribulations of a life of crime.

You may be a right guy, as white as any man that ever held up a cigar store, but something or other may give the boys, your best friends and pals, the idea that because the cops got wise you must have been the rat, and then—yes, they're your best friends and pals, but some fine night out you go for a ride, while the boy who is really turning in the information says it served you right for being so dirty.

I have said before in these articles that it is up to the detective to protect his sources of information, and his success as a sleuth depends a lot on his ability to do this. You've got a fat chance of keeping your stool pigeons lined up if you are getting them turned into business for the undertaker.

And here's where I'm coming to the front with a bouquet for myself, telling how good I am. As head of the Italian Squad of the New York Police Department for twelve years, and as a detective assigned to all kinds of general cases in addition, I had hundreds of stool pigeons working for me, and they turned in scores of criminals for prison sentences or electrocution. In the course of all this stooling and squealing only one of my informers lost out, was spotted, and got plenty, all there was—death. And I don't know how to blame myself for that slip-up. I covered the trail. Many a punch in the jaw I gave that little guy to make everything seem O. K. and all on the up and up.

MAX and I first got confidential one night back in 1919. I had known him casually for some time as a waiter in flashy places frequented by crooks and gangsters and as being, himself, not above doing shady business now and then. So, when I met him that night carrying a big suitcase, on a street over on the East Side, it was only natural that I should stop for a chat.

"Hello, Max, let's see that suitcase for a minute."

It wasn't likely that he was catching a train, and the least he could have in the bag was liquor.

"I've just got some things of mine here," he protested. But protests don't go very far with the Police Department.

I found the suitcase crammed to bursting with women's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TAKEN FOR A RIDE
Continued from page fifty-one]

silks—stockings, lingerie, scarfs, shawls, negligées, and such. Stolen goods. I'd have had to be the sappiest dick that ever snapped a handcuff not to have guessed it.

"Come along to the station house." And Max knew he was up against it.

"Listen," he pleaded. "You don't have to lock me up. I'll do the right thing by you."

He wasn't doing any vain sighing and blubbering, putting on any sympathy act. A reasonable fellow, Max. He talked sense.

"I'll admit you've got me right," he said. "There's no use trying to duck. This stuff is stolen. You wouldn't have any trouble finding that out. I know two girls that are shoplifters. They work the big stores, and they're good. They bring in the junk, and I've been getting rid of it for them.

"Now, I'm not telling you who the girls are. I'm not squealing on them. I'll take a stretch first."

"You will, eh?" I commented. "Come along, move faster. You'll get it."

"No!" he cried. "I've got a wife and two children, and if I go up the river they'll be down and out. I won't say anything about the girls, but I'll tell you what I'll do. You know where I work. I'm where I hear things now and then. I can tip you off to a lot bigger stuff than the girls. I'll keep my ears open and put you wise."

Yes, Max was reasonable. He knew the only bargain he could make, and he came to the point—no disturbance or unpleasantness. I knew well enough that he was in a position to be a great help. A waiter hears a lot. You'd be surprised how much. If crooks eat and drink at his tables, particularly if they're accustomed to him and like him, he'll be on to things in the underworld. And Max was then employed in one of those fancy uptown places, half speak-easy and half night club, where crooks caroused and spent their stealings.

"All right, Max," said I, "you can beat it, but if you don't come through I'll get you later on."

He trotted along. It was a case of depriving the law of a little fish in order to catch a string of much bigger ones.

A few days later I had a telephone call from Max.

"I've got something," he said, "but I ain't got it right." And I made an appointment to meet him on an out-of-the-way street corner and talk over the something.

It was about Johnny the Wop, who not long before had been shot to death in a joint on West Forty-sixth Street. He was no stranger to the police, this gangster known as Johnny the Wop; he had a long record, and it was a good guess that he had got what was coming to him in some disagreement between thieves. Which was as far as the investigation had made progress.

Max's body was found riddled with bullets.

"I HEARD some talk," Max said, "about the way they got Johnny the Wop, but I couldn't hear anything much. I don't know who done it. But Foxie knows—she knows all about it."

This jane nicknamed Foxie was dark, tense, tall, and stately, and amply endowed with the ancient quality modernly called It. She was half owner, hostess, and entertainer at the speak-easy where Max passed out food and drink. That she should know something about the murder of Johnny the Wop was not astonishing. She was as bad as she was beautiful; criminals were her friends, and her sweetie was a thief.

I told Max to go back and see if he could pick up anything more about the killing—or anything about the darkly handsome Foxie. It would not be a bad idea to get something on her. The next word from Max was completely satisfactory.

"Early this morning"—he spoke jubilantly—"they brought in a lot of junk. It is hidden under the bed in one of the bedrooms upstairs above the joint. A loft full of furs was turned off last night. And Foxie's boy friend did it."

Completely satisfactory? You bet! If a threat to send the jane to jail would be strong, why, a threat to send her and the boy friend too would be twice as strong, at least.

I went up to Foxie's place and told her how things were. Upstairs under the bed I found two dozen or so of expensive fur coats. The swell brunette put on a swell act, first injured innocence and then plain mad—she'd bet somebody'd squealed, and she'd give her right eye to find out who it was. She may be still guessing, for all I know. I called a couple of the waiters over and pretended to question them, and got mean with Max. Me and the boy friend, the boy friend and me—going up the river! That's the unpleasant little song Foxie heard ringing in her ears. No, she was never born to be confined by prison bars.

"How can I square this, Fiaschetti?" she demanded, thrusting out her chin with a determined expression.

"COME clean"—I thought I might as well have my little joke—"and help me to get evidence to send the boy friend away."

"Be yourself," she responded coldly, "and tell me what you want."

"All right, that's a bargain," I said. "Who killed Johnny the Wop?"

She didn't like the idea, but I made it clear as ice that it was the only way to keep herself and the boy friend out of a lot of trouble. It was a good give-and-take for me. Murder is more important than burglary. Give me an arrest and conviction for murder every time. She came through and named two West Side gangsters, one a tough mug named Red Murray and the other a tougher mug called the Wild Irish Rose.

"And you'll find the gat they did it with," she went on, "in a hole in the wall in the basement below here."

Johnny the Wop had got what was coming to him.

I found the gun. It had two notches on the barrel. The New York gunman is known to notch his rod for every man it has killed, as was the traditional custom of the desperadoes of the old West.

So far so good—but I pressed the black-haired charmer further.

"I want you to give me evidence for a conviction, something I can use to build up a case."

She said all she could do in that line was to tip me off to the two girls who were the sweethearts of Red Murray and the Wild Irish Rose. These broads, she assured me, knew all about the killing of Johnny the Wop, if I could make them talk. It is seldom that you can get a crook's moll to squeal—but there are always other possibilities.

We grabbed the two girls and brought them into Police Headquarters. They were defiant, bitterly silent, loyal unto death, and not a word out of them. We kept them and went out and got Red Murray and the Wild Irish Rose. They had their jaws locked, or thought they did; were all set to take a third degree without a whimper. I told them the game was up and that we knew all about the killing of Johnny the Wop, and how they'd been hanging out up at

Foxie's speak-easy and about the gat hid in the basement there.

I made it look like a squeal somewhere, and crooks are always suspecting a squeal anyway. It didn't take Red and the Wild Irish Rose long to get the idea that somebody had tipped the cops off.

Then came the fancy work. The girls were planted in another room, and a couple of dicks were talking to them there. We had it staged. It was arranged to seem jolly and gay, as if the bulls were on chummy terms with the broads. I led the two gangsters past the door and let them get a flash of the scene.

"They squealed, the dirty little rats!" I heard the Wild Irish Rose mutter to his companion.

"Yes," I assented cheerfully, "they squealed." And to make it strong I added a few more details that Foxie had given me.

Their molls had turned them in!—and that idea broke the two gangsters down. Yes, they had knocked that so-and-so off, they admitted.

"And I'd do it again," snarled the Wild Irish Rose, "even if I had to go to the chair a hundred times. He double-crossed us, the so-and-so!"

I TOOK them up to the palatial speak-easy, and ordered the dark-haired wonder to identify them. She refused indignantly, swore she'd never seen them. I inquired of the waiters, not omitting Max. They too denied knowing the prisoners. This trip to the speak-easy was merely a dodge to cover the squeal. I bawled Foxie out the way no gentleman ever talks to a lady, and placed her under arrest for having the gun in the basement—I had the charge against her dismissed a little later.

Red and the Wild Irish Rose took a plea and went to Sing Sing for long terms—which was a lucky thing for the two girls.

A little while after that, Max left his job for a better one. It was better for him because the earnings—tips and short-changings—were larger, and better for me because the stool-pigeoning had a bigger swing. It was in one of those establishments called gardens, which are combined dance halls, restaurants, and drinking places, where rackets are held and where the social life of the tough element is carried on. Gangsters and gunmen were its steadiest patrons. There the crooks and their molls held high jinx. More elaborate and expensive palaces of revelry could be found over toward Broadway, where the boys and girls went in lavish moments. But the Garden had a more familiar and homelike atmosphere for thugs and broads reared in tenement districts.

Max would phone me: "Want to pick up some guys with guns? There'll be a bunch in tonight. I heard 'em make the date. And they'll all have their gats on them."

And so we'd drop around with the wagon and intrude upon gay diners

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

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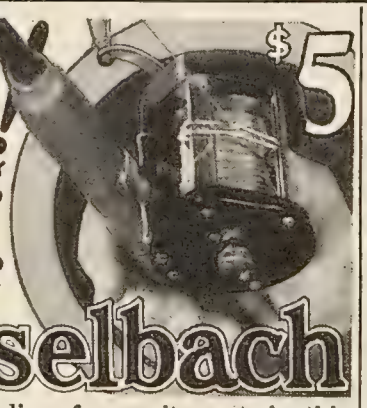

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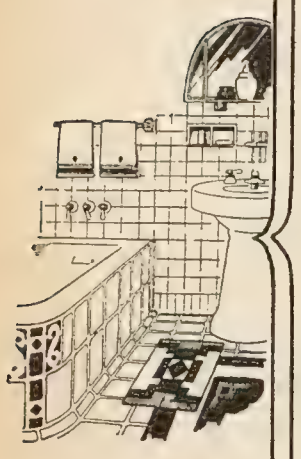

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-and see what happens

[TAKEN FOR A RIDE
Continued from page fifty-three]

and dancers, and load them in, first frisking them for guns.

"Get out of here, you so-and-so!" And Max, who would be hanging around, would get a slap in the jaw and go scooting.

Some of the prisoners might be wanted for specific crimes, but at any rate these gunmen were bad eggs, and it was good riddance when they were tucked away in the hoosegow for carrying concealed weapons.

A visitation like that seemed nothing more than a chance police raid, a piece of bad luck. There need be no suspicion of a stool pigeon. Max could carry on in safety. And carry on he did with vim and vigor, and the law was benefited thereby, and new faces were seen within the walls at Sing Sing. As a stool pigeon, Max was the greatest expert on concealed weapons I have ever seen.

The gunman and his gun are on peculiar terms where laws, such as the Sullivan Act, provide long stretches for the possession of weapons. The crook has various ways for getting rid of his gat when the cops are liable to grab him. One of the commonest dodges is to pass the rod to the broad that's with him. If it is found on her—well, it's the old case of a woman, and there isn't much to do about it. Slip the rod to the dame; it's a good motto, but it brought about a peculiar situation one night.

A PARTY of dicks dropped into a speak-easy to make an arrest. In the place was a crook they weren't after, and they paid no attention to him. But he had a gun on him, and was afraid the bulls had come in with the idea of frisking everybody in the place. He started to slip the gat to the dame with him. She was a married woman, and the last thing she wanted was to get into any spotlight. She thought that if the cops found the rod on her they might lock her up, or it might get in the papers, or otherwise get to her husband.

"I don't want it," she muttered, as her companion tried to hand her the automatic.

He thought it was dirty of her—which maybe it was, depending on how you look at it. Anyway, he insisted, and they had a row right there, bawling each other out, and fumbling under the table, pushing the gun from one to the other. The dicks weren't bothering about them at all until the quarrel attracted notice. It was a queer thing, and you couldn't help wondering what was up. One of the detectives walked over to investigate, and the gun nobody wanted went bouncing on the floor.

Tough luck. If the crook had kept the rod or the dame had taken it, nothing would have happened. As it was, they were both locked up. He was an old-timer, and got a sentence. She was released, but her husband found out, and she woke up without a meal ticket.

"Want to get some guys with gats?" The usual invitation from Max, and this time it was a little more exciting than usual.

Three stick-up men were meeting that night on an East Side street corner. A car would be waiting for them. They were going out to hold up cigar stores.

"Fine. We'll keep the date too," I told Max.

He said he would be there to give me a spot on the men.

"I'll be hanging around, and I'll walk over and talk to them for a second. That's how you'll know them. When I leave, you jump in. But wait till I'm gone. I don't want to get in the way of any bullets. They're tough guys, and they'll shoot."

He was kind of nervous, for which you couldn't blame him.

I arranged an ambush. Half a dozen detectives were hidden near the place of meeting, ready to jump out for quick, sharp work. We'd have to move fast if those guys were anywhere near as tough as Max said they were.

Two men were waiting near a car. A third came up. A small figure stepped briskly down the street. It was Max, as jaunty as if he were going to a wedding. It was destined to be just about his funeral. He spoke to the three men for a minute, and then went sauntering away.

The crooks stood near the car confabulating. They may have been as quick with the trigger as Max said they were, and just dying to take a shot at a cop, but we were

on top of them, covering them with our revolvers, before they woke up to what was coming off. They put their hands up as meek as lambs.

Tombs, James! And into the big chateau they were hurled. We couldn't pin anything on them except carrying concealed weapons, but that got them each from five to ten years. Two days after these arrests Max's body was found riddled with bullets beside the road near Sheepshead Bay.

A murder, a murder case, and a matter of exceedingly personal interest. I had no doubt but that Max had been killed for giving me information and, in particular, for the tip that had resulted in the arrest of the three hold-up men. I took it as a personal matter, and went at the job as energetically as I knew how. Max would have made an A-number-one stool pigeon in the case, but unfortunately Max was the body. I had other informers, and put them to work. It was a hard investigation. The murderers had covered their tracks well. Finally I hit on one fact that told the whole story.

THE last time Max was seen, and it was an hour or so before he was killed, he was in an automobile with several gangsters, and one of these was a brother of one of the prisoners in the Tombs. They had somehow come to suspect him. Perhaps it was his brief appearance on the scene just before the arrests. It would have been better if he had stayed and got locked up with the crooks. But he was afraid of the shooting that might come off. Anyway, they had doubts about him, and gangsters don't have to have a very strong doubt to take a man for a ride.

So they took Max. They approached him amicably, got him into the car on some friendly pretext and then kept jollying him. The victim in such circumstances may have a suspicion of his fate, but he is not sure. It may be all O. K., and if he were to object it might cause suspicion and anger and lead to his getting the works right there. And so the laughing company go speeding along until they are out in the country or in some secluded place. Then, at a signal, the killers blaze away into the body of the victim. Then they heave the body out of the swiftly moving car.

The murderers of the stool pigeon were never punished. I learned who had done it, but could never get evidence against them. It was too bad. I would have given a lot to have got even for the way they knocked that little guy off.

There was another case in which I had a personal interest and could never get the evidence. Lieutenant Petrosino, my friend and predecessor as the head of the Italian Squad, was killed by the Black Hand while on a mission in Sicily.

He was a hero of the New York police force, and naturally we were eager to get his murderers. A lot of work was done and in the end it was fruitless. I can tell you who killed Petrosino, but we were never able to build up evidence that would hold in a court room.

Another "stool pigeon" story by Mr. Fiaschetti will appear in an early issue.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 40

1—Trenton; Santa Fe; Albany.
2—A dromedary.
3—A mountain 13,668 feet high, in the Swiss Alps.
4—The chief rebel angel, Satan.
5—One who writes from dictation or copies what another has written.
6—One that inhabits the land or ground, in distinction from trees, water, etc.
7—The Sultan of Turkey, from 1876 to 1909.
8—Ernest Thompson Seton.
9—William De Witt Mitchell.
10—Haman was hanged on the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai (Esther vii).
11—Great Britain, which includes England, Scotland, and Wales.
12—Those who settled on land, without right or title.
13—Squash.
14—Four.
15—Germany.
16—Holy of holies.
17—Passing counterfeit money.
18—A shoer of horses.
19—Peter Pan.
20—St. Louis, Missouri.

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Vox

For the Love o' Loveday

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—How I've enjoyed "Fool Errant"! It's about the best serial I've ever read in LIBERTY. But there's one character in it that I have a hard time believing in—and that's Loveday Leigh.

She's supposed to be old enough to get married, but she seems about twelve

years old. She's always giggling and gurgling, she's afraid of the dark, deathly afraid of beetles, and people are always telling her to be good, just as if she were a kid.

Better send her to a girls' finishing school, and teach her some manners and sense before she's allowed to marry Hugo.

Because, of course, she's going to marry him.

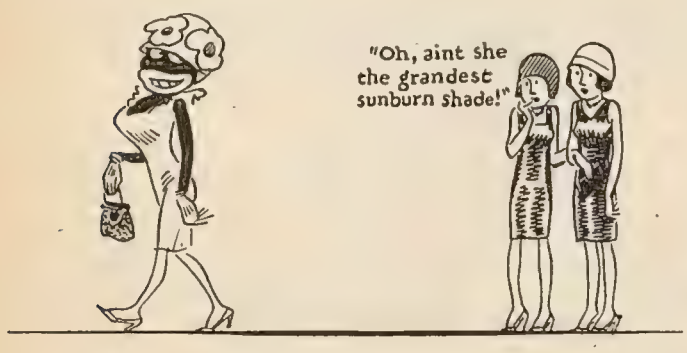
I can see it coming.—*A Girl Who Likes a Real Girl.*

Kind of

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It sure does turn me sour, to see the way the women won't quit tinkering with their faces. And now the latest thing is to try to turn your map several shades blacker than what it really is and ought to be.

That Eileen Bourne, in her piece, "Fashions in Faces," tried to give us some guff about that being a good thing, but she's wetter than the Pacific Ocean.

All these ultra-violet ray sun lamps, and sunshine cures, and face creams that turn you brown—what I want to know is, where they are taking us and just where the girlies are going to stop.



Looks to me like, in five years, if things go on the way they are now, every white girl will want to look like a colored girl.

Kind of a joke on white people—ain't it?—*Disgusted Man.*

Listen, Gibbons!

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—We have been ardent readers of the LIBERTY MAGAZINE until we read several installments of Floyd Gibbons' "Red Napoleon."

He should be arrested for such trash.

Isn't there enough discontent and international distrust now without giving people ideas which may be used in case of another war?

Listen, Gibbons! For the sake of humanity and people with common sense drop the idea that you are a writer.—*Adam J. Cox and Jas. E. Heringslake.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—So One Who Sees Through It wrote to Vox Pop and said that Floyd Gibbons' serial, "The Red Napoleon," was the product of a diseased imagination.

If Mr. Gibbons is the possessor of a diseased mind, I wonder why the Good Lord wasn't good to me and why He didn't slip me one of those diseased minds when He was passing them out.—*Pat McGibbons.*

MANHATTAN BEACH, CALIF.—Gibbons can't help it. He is a trained correspondent. He has to have an outlet for his graphic frenzies, and there is no good war on at present.—*C. B. Coomis.*

BANGOR, ME.—Every pacifist should read Mr. Gibbons' story, look at his own family, his property, look into the future—and *think.*—*R. L. Grindall.*

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.—Jes wanna say I hope Smitty gits a kick outta being president in Nineteen Thoity Two, in "Red Nap," cause dats as near as he'll ever git to it, tank gawd.—*F. G. Kyle.*

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I have just finished your latest installment of "The Red Napoleon" and I want to say that I did the same thing in 1927, but the alarm clock went off and I woke up. I had cleaned up on every country except Ooptamania and would have finished it, too, by 7:30.—*The Blue Napoleon.*

SOMERVILLE, MASS.—To think that they skin bananas, and let the author of "The Red Napoleon" live!—*Bert Switzer.*

Comment on a Picture by Mr. Green

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Your publication of April 20 depicts an Irish wake, or funeral as it is written. If you think there is anything funny about it you may laugh.

This silly and nonsensical article is illustrated by Bert Green. The picture is if possible more ridiculous than the article itself. The whole thing is a crude travesty on all that decent people hold sacred.

All the ridicule you direct at the race you had in mind at the time will be returned to you with interest in another way. This is one race you cannot defame and get away with it if the committee appointed does its duty as directed.

It is hard to believe that anyone of normal understanding would conceive such silly nonsense, as it is not laughable or instructive and cannot be classed as news.—*P. T. Connelly, Cor. Secty. United Irish Societies of Long Island.*

Oh Well, You Can't Cover Much with One of These Modern Skirts

HOBOKEN, N. J.—It made me wild to read that Vox Pop letter from a reader named Sarah Pratt, attacking LIBERTY, and saying she is a member of the Anti-Saloon League, the Anti-Light Wines and Beer League, the Anti-Cigarette

League, the Anti-Tobacco League, the Anti-Pool Room League, the Anti-Sunday Amusement League, and the Anti-Nudity in Art League.

I am sure she is the sort of fanatic who would put a skirt on the Venus de Milo, and start a movement to put pants on all statues and pictures of Apollo. Down with her, and up with LIBERTY!—*Susan.*

And Furthermore—

HINSDALE, ILL.—I wish to add my protest to that of Sarah Pratt of Chicago.

I, too, believe that LIBERTY is an atrocious magazine and I, too, buy it only so I may find fault with it. I am a member of long standing of the Anti-Ginger Ale League and the Anti-Nudity Among Domestic Animals League.—*Marmaduke Brathwaite.*

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Sarah's Anti-Nudity in Art League reminds me of the damsel who wouldn't have the Christian Observer lying around in her room when she was going to bed.—*Jacques Pratt.*

Pop

Mr. Mygatt Gets It, Going—

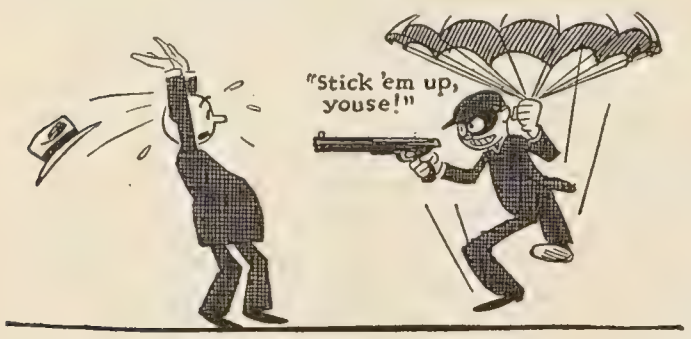
McGehee, Ark.—I am constrained to raise my pen in protest at your publication of Gerald Mygatt's ridiculous "When Gertie Squared Him." As editor of Liberty you should have been ashamed to acknowledge to your readers that you were asleep when you accepted this piece.

Gerald certainly has *some* imagination. It is beyond human intelligence how he can conceive of his crook spending five hard, tiresome years preparing to commit a robbery, only to return the money a few minutes after stealing it—and all because a girl believes him incapable of the deed! This is stuff and nonsense.

You magazine editors are partly at fault for such namby-pamby nonsense as this Gerald thing. The story with a happy ending is, with you, a veritable passion.—*Fred G. Millette.*

—and Coming

Chicago, Ill.—It's not often that I read a story that's got an original idea, that keeps me guessing from page to page, and that leaves me satisfied



at the end. But "An Ear for Music" was a story like that. My hat's off to Gerald Mygatt.

It showed me the possibilities of burglary from the air. I sometimes go up to a friend's roof-top bungalow on a high building. Any evening I go there, now, I'll expect to see a burglar drifting down from the clouds, hanging from a parachute—or a stick-up man whizzing along in a plane, bound for his nightly job.—*Bob.*

This Seems to Make It Very Simple

Portland, Ore.—Well, for crying out loud when the cows got out!! Live up to your country, child, be free, and show that husband of yours, who is a sot, evidently, from your description, what a real Western girl would or should do if her hubby came home drunk. I am talking to your Vox Popper, the Little Western Girl Who Married a New Yawk Boy.

Shades of our great-grandmother, this isn't the bustle and hoop-skirt age. Wow! That letter surely burned me up.

I am a Western girl too, and proud of it—born and raised on a big cattle ranch in the Middle West. My husband, after we had been married three months, called up and said he was going out with the boys and would not be home until late. That was fine—all husbands need recreation.

At 3 A. M. friend hubby rolled in, and I mean rolled. He was gloriously drunk. I suppose I should have been a model wifie, and put him to bed and covered up his little tootsie wootsies. But I did not. I went out, and I mean *out*, too.

I came home the next morning at 9 o'clock to find hubby in the kitchen, trying to make some fresh coffee. I was gloriously polluted myself—in fact, I was pie-eyed. To say he was a flabbergasted hubby would be putting it mildly.

I was supposed to be a good girl, who never drank nor smoked. But oh, *boy*, what a surprised papa he was!

Six months later he went to a stag, and was carried in by a friend at 4 A. M. I went out and returned two days later, disheveled and drunk. He put me to bed and put ice bags on my head. That was my last drink and his, too. We have been married three years now, and we are very happy.

So snap out of it, and act your age, and don't crawl. No man likes a doormat.—*R. M. B.*

One for Mary

Stratford, Calif.—I have always enjoyed Frederick James Smith's movie reviews, but his review of the Mary Pickford "Coquette" is certainly a brain hemorrhage. He says that Mary lacks "film courage." Good Lord, it takes film courage to play a "good girl" now, and to criticize Mary Pickford for all that she stands for— Well, Frederick James must have been desperate for a criticism.

I'm mighty thankful I can take my ten-year-old to a Mary Pickford picture, and not bring her home with her mind all dirtied up.—*Mrs. Geo. A. Smith.*

Is It?

Cincinnati, Ohio — Your editorial, "In Praise of Money," was wasted effort, it seems to me, the reason being that you based it on a false quotation from the Bible.

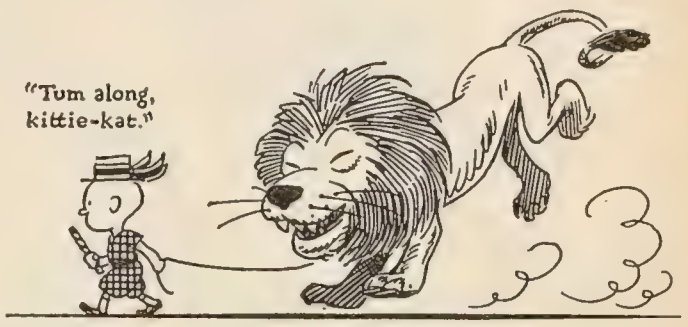
You opened: "Money has been called the root of all evil."

Now, turn to the Bible, and what do you read? In I Timothy, Chapter 6, Verse 10, we read "For the love of money is the root of all evil . . ."

The what? The *love* of money! And that's quite different, isn't it?—*R. T. L.*

We Don't Imagine Very Well, but Our Artist Has Done It Nicely

Maplewood, N. J.—Those "All in the Family" articles, by Theodore Roosevelt, are valuable. In this age of jazz and gin, and the search for feverish excitement, it's refreshing to be shown the simple, sturdy traditions of a real Amer-



ican home. One paragraph in the installment called "Pets" made me laugh. It was this one: "At times friends of my father sent him animals as a gift. Once King Menelik of Abyssinia sent him a zebra and a lion. Both were sent to the Zoölogical Gardens in Washington, over our protests."

Can you imagine what might have happened if those two animals *hadn't* been sent to the zoo, but had been allowed to play around with the Roosevelt children? . . . A little tot taking the lion out for his morning exercise, on a leash!!—*Julie S.*

Pleased to Meet You, Sir

Senath, Mo.—While you Vox Poppers are criticizing Liberty, its publisher, and his contributors, I wish to remark that Liberty's editorials are the most common-sense, unassuming, meaty, worth-while articles I have ever read from anyone's pen.—*A. M. Allen.*

Kinda Personal, Aren't You?

Bridgeport, Conn.—Just completed reading Norman S. Hall's story, "The Daisy Chain"—that yarn about a girl who was ashamed of being a cop's daugh-

ter, but changed her mind—and how! It was real interesting, and gave me a great kick.

Give us more of Hall's stories. The longer his mustache grows, the better his stories get!—*Thomas F. Magner.*

Illustrated by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

KEPT

a profoundly human story . . . filled with pathos and tragedy . . . the story of a girl who had forgotten what carefree laughter was, struggling against a fate dark with tears and ultimate disaster! . . . Told with unadorned simplicity and high artistry

By VIÑA DELMAR

WATCH for this memorable story

NEXT WEEK in LIBERTY!

"You Tell Your Mother—!"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

VOICE WITH A SMILE: An' he thought he could hold *me* with a carnation. Number, pleeeeeeeeeze?

SANDY: Main one, two, three, three. *(Tips perilously in office chair.)* Make it snappy! *(Discards cigar.)*

VOICE WITH A SMILE: Main one, two, three, threeeee.

LIL: Mrs. Jenkins speaking. *(Raises left ankle to watch rapid progress of run in new $1.95 stocking.)*

SANDY: Mr. Jenkins speaking. *(Taps cuspidor.)*

LIL: Oh, no, it isn't. Your voice sounds too meek!

SANDY: I feel meek. I've been away from home for a month. I have indigestion from the club food.

LIL: Club food? Oh, you poor thing! Canned crabs, I suppose? Have you any vitality left? The baby knocked over my fifty-dollar bottle of Eau de Mignonette. He needs a spanking. How *could* you stay away from home so long? *(Blinks to stem tears.)*

This week's cover picture.

SANDY: Been getting my salary check each week?

LIL: Yes. Have you been getting the bills I sent to your office each week? *(Affects a worried look.)*

SANDY: Yes. But why didja buy that three-dollar lid?

LIL: Sh-shhh! They left off a cipher, but don't say anything. I've been so lonely. If it weren't for my wedding ring and the baby, I'd think we were still just engaged instead of married for two years. Have you been to any good movies? *(Dabs eyes with handkerchief.)*

SANDY: Only once. I got lonesome there in the dark. I saw one musical show, but a girl in the chorus had eyes like yours, so I left after the second act. Have you been going to church every Sunday, dear?

LIL: Only once. They sang Faithful and True. I started to cry before the contribution, so I came out. Did the toe you bent backward when you kicked that awful Bodo down our steps get well? Don't forget the time you kicked a football in high school and you limped for a full term. *(Smiles at mental picture of skinny husband dressed for the gridiron.)*

SANDY: My toe's okay. Has the baby any hives?

LIL: Only eleven. I counted them just before breakfast. He ate too much birthday cake. Did the silver cup with no card on it come from the baby's daddy?

SANDY: It did. *(Grins at photo of wife and baby.)*

LIL: He's dented it already. He'll be eating corn on the cob this August on your vacation!

SANDY: I couldn't be prouder if he'd been twins.

LIL: You're only fooling. No father wants to support children so suddenly. *(Blushes at the thought.)*

SANDY: Where is he now? *(Makes expectant popeyes.)*

LIL: Crawling in his play coop by the window. He's so sweet. You ought to see him sucking on the bars. Then he lifts himself up with two fingers.

SANDY: Bring him to the phone. Make him talk, dear! Can he say anything except Dada? *(Puffs out chest.)*

LIL: He can say Mama. I've never heard him say Dada. Hold the wire. *(Crosses to coop. Picks up son. Holds receiver to baby's ear.)* Tell Papa to come home.

ULYSSES: *Waaaaaaaaaaaa!*

SANDY: Hello! You tell your mother I'll be home for supper tonight. I want stew and a baked apple.

CURTAIN

(Next week's cover adventure: Home Again)

A small section of the surface of an average car magnified 20 times. The left side is still covered with Traffic Film. The right side has been cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish.

Restore the original lustre . . . it's only hidden by TRAFFIC FILM

TRAFFIC FILM is not just a layer of dust on the finish. It is an accumulation of oily, sticky particles of dirt which are constantly settling on your car. These particles are baked together by the sun and the heat, forming a dull, hard film which soap and water cannot remove. It hides the original lustre of the finish, and makes the whole car look old.

How to Get Rid of Traffic Film

Du Pont, the makers of Duco, developed No. 7 Duco Polish to combat Traffic Film. It is a scientific cleaner as well as a polish. It quickly penetrates and softens Traffic Film and, almost without effort, you wipe away the dull film which formerly resisted the most strenuous scrubbing.

Bring Back the Hidden Beauty with No. 7

No. 7 Duco Polish restores the original color and lustre of the finish, and leaves a dry, glossy surface, which sheds dust. Use it regularly and your car will retain its beauty season after season. If you have your car polished by the garage man, ask him to use No. 7 Duco Polish.

No. 7 Duco Polish contains no acids or harmful abrasives. It is recommended by leading automobile manufacturers, many of whom put sample cans in all their new cars. Look for the sample in your auto tool kit.

Three Other du Pont Products To Make Your Car More Beautiful

No. 7 AUTO TOP FINISH will waterproof the top and restore its original lustre. It is an excellent tire dressing, too.

No. 7 NICKEL POLISH will clean and brighten the radiator and lamps.

No. 7 TOUCH-UP BLACK is an ideal finish for retouching scratches and worn spots on auto fenders.

Send for This Sample Beauty Kit

Send us this coupon (with 10 cents to help cover the mailing cost) and we will send you the following:

1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 DUCO POLISH (enough for one polishing)

1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 NICKEL POLISH (enough for the radiator)

1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 AUTO TOP FINISH (enough for a spare tire)

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Desk L-3, General Motors Building, Detroit, Mich.
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Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay the mailing cost.

Name.....

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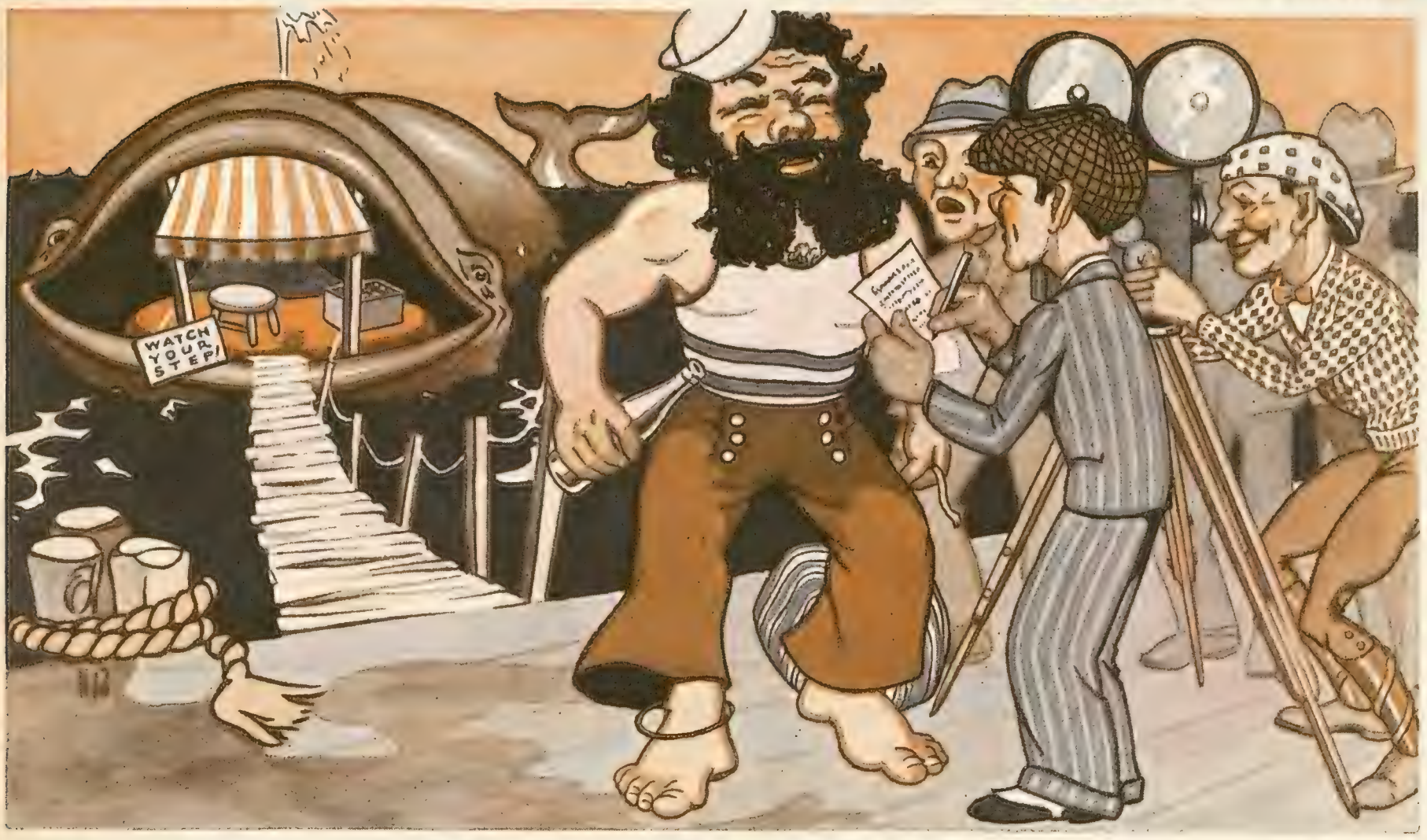
Use No. 7 DUCO POLISH ... *made by the makers of* DUCO

SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES



"A Whale of a Trip!"

. . . *smiled* Jonah, *descending the Gangplank*

"I always journey by the Whale line," Jonah explained to the reporters who had received a tip by radio to interview the noted prophet. "I find them ever thoughtful of those little things that add so much to the comfort of a traveller.

"Just for example, on this voyage I found that the elder Mr. Whale—old J. G. himself, mind you—had placed an assortment of bottled carbonated beverages in my stateroom. It was a personal service that I assure you was highly appreciated.

"We submarine travellers, you know, find great inspiration in these sparkling bottled carbonated beverages. They're not only refreshing and delicious but decidedly wholesome as well.

"And now if you boys would like a photograph for the morning edition, I'll be glad to oblige. Shall I assume the pleasant expression of a householder whose ice box is laden with an assortment of these delicious bottled carbonated beverages?"

Free! *Write today for a copy of this new recipe book. Frozen salads, delicious punches, dainty desserts. American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726 Bond Bldg., Washington, D.C.*

Bottled beverages
Carbonated

AMERICAN BOTTLERS —OF— CARBONATED BEVERAGES

THERE'S A BOTTLER IN YOUR TOWN

The Schneider Cup

The Air Race of the Nations

By Richard Carroll

In September of this year the great nations of the world, America excepted, will gather at Cowes, England, to battle for possession of the world's highest aviation award, the Jacques Schneider International Seaplane Trophy, and for the honor and glory attaching to it.

America, as matters now stand, will not be represented, although one lone individual, backed by a small group of patriotic sportsmen, is fighting to have his one racing ship ready to represent this country.

The chances are all against him.

Officially, the government will have no part or parcel in the historic event. Just why, nobody seems to know. Several reasons have been offered: The Coolidge policy of economy that forbade the richest nation on earth to compete with a nation such as Italy on the plea that we were too poor. The jealous attitude maintained by the old-line military heads against the modern, job-endangering science of aviation. Plain fear that Italy and England would again prove too much for us to beat.

All these reasons have been advanced and the answer is probably found in their combination.

The contention of some that the Schneider classic has outlived its usefulness and is now a mere spectacular event is just so much poppycock.

In the first place, the speed of airplanes, under the stimulus of international competition, has increased from forty-five miles an hour to 318 miles an hour, with all that that implies. This does not mean merely that we can now travel seven times faster than we could in 1913 when the first race was held. It means that airplanes have been designed and redesigned until the last great speed was made possible; that engineering has advanced to fill the needs of the winners; that stream lines, structural lines, controls, and every minute part of the racing ships have been brought up to meet the terrific strains put upon them; and that these marvelous improvements have been passed on gratis to the commercial field, enabling manufacturers to make the present-day planes as strong and fast and safe as they are. And it means that if the Schneider race has helped do this for aviation in sixteen years it can do as much again in another sixteen.

The trophy was first offered in 1913 by M. Jacques Schneider, French manufacturer and sportsman, for annual international competition, the trophy to be kept in permanent possession of the nation winning it three times in five successive years.

The famous French pilot, M. Prévost, won the first race for France in 1913 when he crossed the finish line at Monaco at a speed of 44.7 miles an hour. The speed attained and the excitement of nation contesting against nation drew such attention to the event that in the following year England, France, and Italy made desperate efforts

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

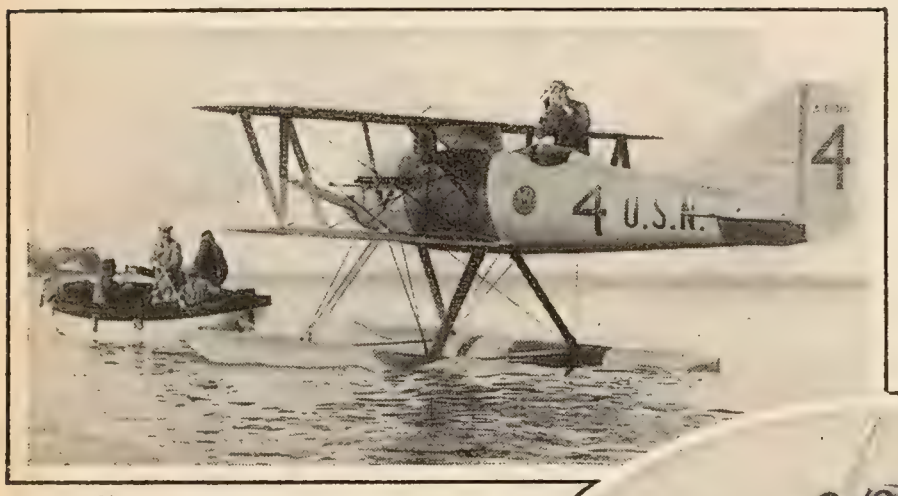
Wide World photo

The crowd watching Lieut. Jimmie Doolittle, U. S. Army ace, win the Schneider Cup for America at Baltimore in 1925. Jimmie's plane, to be seen above, was a Curtiss racer. In winning he broke three world's records.

[THE SCHNEIDER CUP
Continued from page sixty-one]

to win. First place went to the veteran Englishman Howard Pixton, who flew his Sopwith seaplane at 55.3 miles an hour for a new record. The next race was not held until 1919, as the nations were engaged in applying in war work the discoveries made during the first two years.

In 1919 the racers flew in fog so thick they all, with one exception, turned back. The Italian flier Janello, flying a



Lieut. David Rittenhouse, U. S. N., winner of the Schneider Cup in 1923.

Savoia biplane boat, kept on, covered the required number of laps, but was barred by the judges, who had not seen him in the mist half the time. The race was declared no contest and the Italian Aëro Club, as a reward for its pilot's attempt, was awarded the task of organizing the next year's contest and given choice of location. As a result 1920 saw England, France, and Italy meet at Venice to decide the issue. Italy took all honors when her crack pilot, Bologna, made 102.5 miles an hour to win.

The following year another Italian pilot, de Briganti, gave Italy two in a row by winning at 117.4 miles an hour. But in 1922 Italy's great effort to gain permanent possession of the trophy failed when the Englishman, Captain H. C. Biard, wrested it from her by the then remarkable speed of 146.5 M. P. H.

P. & A. photos

Major de Bernardi, who won for Italy in 1926.

AMERICA entered the Schneider races for the first time in 1923, when the navy sent a United States cruiser to England with three Curtiss racers and a crew of crack pilots to fly them. They cleaned up everything. Italy had furnished no entry. France had four ships entered and England three. The British, however, met with tough luck. Two of their machines cracked up before the race. The third was hopelessly outclassed. All four of the French machines had engine trouble before the race started. Lieutenant David Rittenhouse, U. S. N., captured first place with a speed of 177.38 miles an hour, Lieutenant Rutledge Irvine took second place with 173.46, and the Schneider Trophy crossed the Atlantic.

Despite the expense of sending ships and crews across to America, England prepared for an effort to recapture the trophy. The effort failed when the specially built plane was wrecked during a trial flight; no other could be made ready. America, rather than win by default, canceled the race. The other contestants, spurred by the delay, prepared for a real effort in 1925.

At Bay Shore Park, Baltimore, Maryland, on October 26, 1925, Italy and England made their bid with Macchi and Gloster-Napier seaplanes against the three Curtiss 600-horsepower American ships. The French had no entry. The invaders made a gallant attempt. Luck and Jimmie Doolittle were against them. Captain Biard's Super-Marine Napier crashed and was eliminated. Bert Hinkler's Gloster-Napier was wrecked, leaving only Captain Hubert Broad's Gloster-Napier to represent England in the race.

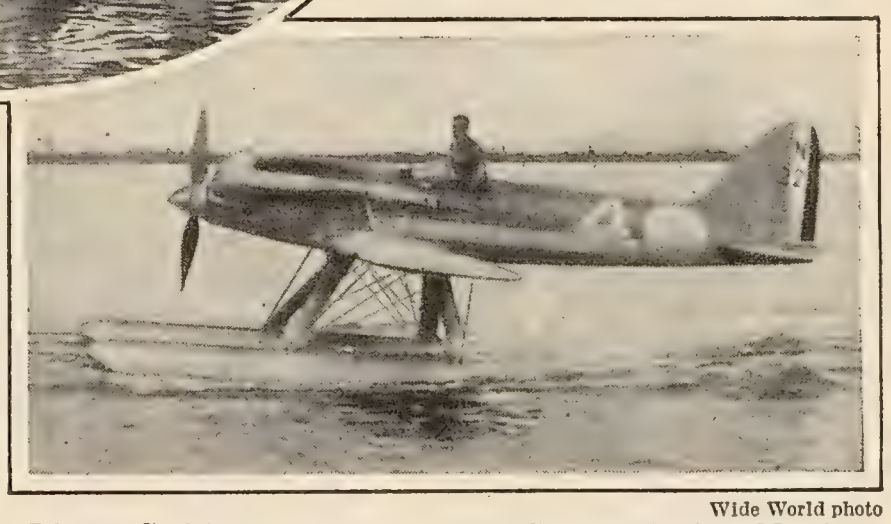
Of Italy's two machines, one developed engine trouble and was taken out. Two of the three American entries were forced down and only Jimmie Doolittle was left.

Jimmie not only won the race: he set up three world's records doing so—the closed course record at 232.573, the seaplane speed record at 234.772, and the 200 kilo. record at 234.355 M. P. H. As though this were not enough, the army's crack pilot went up the day after the race and officially set 245.713 M. P. H. as the world's straightaway record for seaplanes.

The English entry in the race came in second with 199.169 M. P. H. and the Italian third with 168.444 M. P. H. America, therefore, had but to repeat the following year and the trophy was hers to keep.

Over in Italy, Premier Benito Mussolini had decided to take an active interest in the Schneider Trophy races. In 1926 Major Mario de Bernardi, Lieutenant Adriano Bacula, and Captain Arturo Ferrarin arrived with three ships and a crew of mechanics. From the very start it was apparent the Italians meant business.

THIRTY thousand people had gathered at Hampton Roads, Virginia, to see the race. They saw America's final hope, piloted by Lieutenant George T. Cuddihy, forced out by a dead engine on the seventh and last lap. And they saw Lieutenant Christian Frank Schilt, U. S. M. C., trail



Wide World photo

Lieut. S. N. Webster and the Super-Marine Napier that he piloted to victory for England in 1927.

Major de Bernardi across the finish line for a hard won second place.

The performance of the Italian ships in the race was notable. The fliers worked as one man. Lieutenant Bacula refused to force his ship to its topmost speed while his compatriot was still in the running. He was taking no chances of America winning by default, or in a slower ship, and he was determined to spare his engine and finish the race at all costs.

In contrast to the smooth working of details in the Italian camp came rumors of dissension among the Americans. The pilots, all good service men though they were, had none of them any experience with racers. Somebody wanted to know why Jimmie Doolittle or Lieutenant Alford J. Williams were not in the pilot seats. The day before the race Lieutenant W. G. Tomlinson, a fine pilot who had never flown in a ship faster than 150 miles an hour, got into trouble with America's best ship, the Curtiss R 3 C-3, rated at 258 M. P. H. on a straightaway course, and turned her bottom up in the bay.

But these accidents did not detract one whit from the decisive victory scored by de Bernardi. His ship would have beaten America's best at her best. The Italian major hung up four world's records and took the trophy back to Italy after making an average speed for the course of 246.496 M. P. H. Lieutenant Schilt's second

place was won on 231.363 M. P. H. in the same ship that Jimmie Doolittle had used to break the world's record the year before. It must be said, however, that Schilt was flying a harder course than Doolittle did. Third place went to Lieutenant Bacula, who made 218.006 M. P. H.

In 1927 America dropped out of the race, which was won from Italy by Lieutenant S. N. Webster of England at the startling speed of 281.534 M. P. H. The three Italian entries had hard luck. Major de Bernardi, after completing the first lap, was forced out by engine trouble. Ferrarin did not complete the first lap; a piston ruptured in his engine. The third Italian machine, piloted by Lieutenant Guazzetti, came down on the last lap when its fuel supply line clogged.

Al Williams, who hopes to try for the cup this year.

Two of the three English entries finished the race, and the remarkable speed of Webster demonstrated that he would have won anyway if all the machines had flown.

Although America was not entered in the race, one man here had striven hard to get a ship together to have us represented. Since the first of the year Lieutenant Al Williams, who in 1923 had captured the Pulitzer Cup and established a world's record, had been working on a ship in a small plant on Long Island. Helped by Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, chief of the bureau of aëronautics of the navy and enthusiastic backer of any project that would help America to supremacy in the air, Williams, with little capital, had contrived to knock a ship together. Lack of funds, however, had caused so many delays that it was not ready in time and the attempt failed.

NO races were scheduled in 1928, as Italy this time failed to enter and England did not want to race alone. France, hopelessly outclassed after the first year, remained discouraged and had not come back.

This year affairs have taken on a different tinge. Premier Mussolini, looking around for something to offset the Nobile disaster and bring his country back to the front ranks of sports and aviation, and incidentally to boost the morale of his fellow Italians, donated $3,000,000 from his country's treasury to build six ships for the 1929 Schneider Trophy races. England, spurred by the determination of the Italians, is building six ships to meet them. France is reported entered again. And America, "not able to afford the price," is still outside looking in.

Not altogether outside, however. Al Williams is once more trying the lone dog stunt. This time, backed by a few wealthy sportsmen, he has completed his ship and will race her in England against all the others if she proves herself at the trials.

WILLIAMS confesses to one compelling motive in his bid for the trophy—the effect of such a victory on the morale of American citizens, and its consequent aid to aviation. Similarly, Mussolini shrewdly desires the elevating effect of a victory over England, America, and France in the Schneider classic. That his effort to win is serious can be judged from the amount of money appropriated for the building of the ships.

England is equally anxious for a victory.

It does no harm to let the other nations know that as to modern implements of war, among which the airplane is becoming the most important, your own are as good or a little better than the other fellows'.

And then there are the friendly rivalry and the human satisfaction that derive from licking the other fellows good and plenty, as in the Olympic games.

The Williams ship, as this is written, is having the finishing touches put on her at the U. S. Navy base at Philadelphia. The engine, of 1,500 horsepower, is being built by the Packard Motor Company of Detroit.

Trials will be held as long before the Schneider race in September as possible.

Williams believes that with a dog's share of luck he can make a ship that will win. He has now worked, with the aid of Admiral Moffett and the aëronautic department's engineers, for more than a year. But unless he can get the appalling speed of 350 miles an hour at the test trials he will not cross the Atlantic with his ship. England and Italy, he figures, will come close to that.

The 1929 races promise to reveal something in speed to a world that half believes the ultimate in speed has been attained.

THE END

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 50

A button is missing from the conductor's coat.

Door-closing device is on the wrong side of the door.

The doorstop in the floor is improperly placed.

Figure 4 in the car number is reversed.

The window shades are rolled from the bottom.

The suitcase, as it is shown, would fall from the rack.

Passenger's ear is missing.

STOMACH SOUR?

Why suffer . . ?

Quick, pleasant relief, as prescribed by doctors for 25 years

A HEARTY meal. Then—the misery, the pain of indigestion! Is this your experience? It need not be. Today—and for 25 years, in fact—doctors have prescribed Pepto-Bismol for sour stomach and common forms of gastric distress.

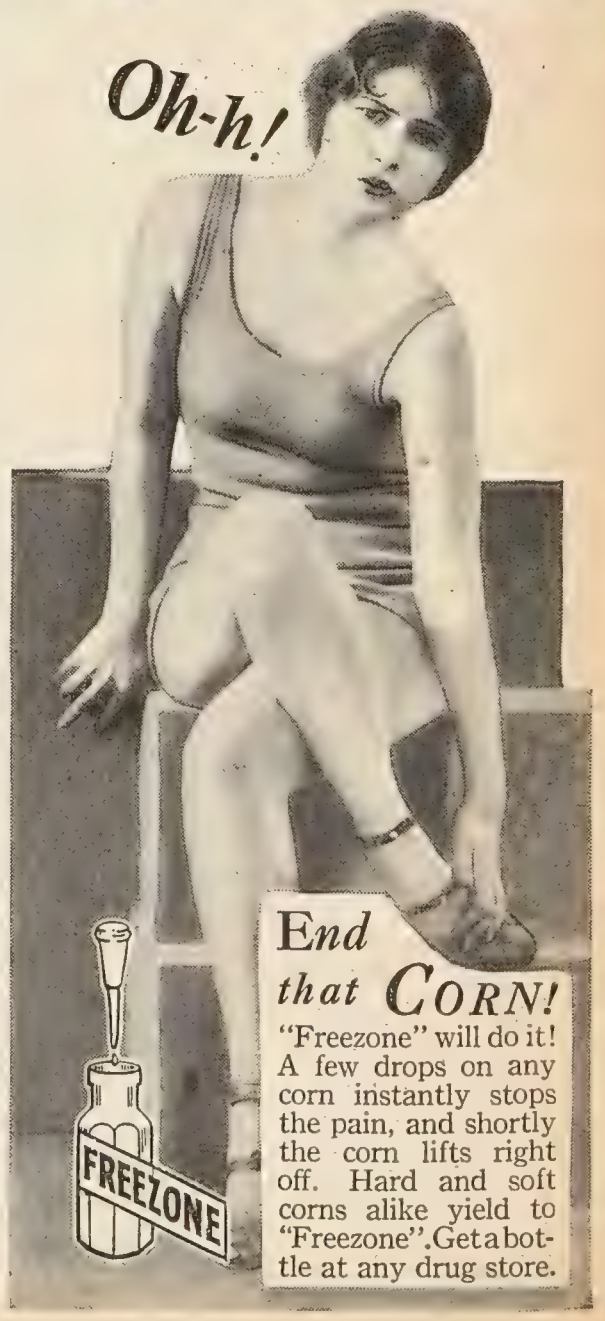
Pepto-Bismol quickly soothes delicate stomach membranes and the intestinal tract. Doctors urge it for children as well as adults.

At your druggist's—50¢, in the distinctive triangular bottle. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y.

Norwich
MAKERS OF UNGUENTINE

For upset stomach take one teaspoonful every half hour until entirely relieved.

Pepto-Bismol



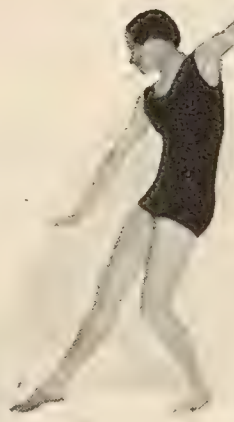
End that CORN!

"Freezone" will do it! A few drops on any corn instantly stops the pain, and shortly the corn lifts right off. Hard and soft corns alike yield to "Freezone". Get a bottle at any drug store.

Curves

By Eileen Bourne

Doris Kenyon consulting her severest critic.



"WHAT a prophet that baby turned out to be. Curves—my eye!"

The prophet was a well known gentleman who reckoned, without the woman vote, that the slim girl's day was done. Her successor in world affections, he prophesied, would be the nice curved little darling.

The prophet's disdainful critic was the busy young secretary before whom was massed a "ton of mail," the greater percentage of it from women begging to be informed of ways, means, hints, and diets to alter silhouettes too heavily curved.

"You can't make them like them!" said the busy young woman, flipping open more reducing pleas. "Why try?"

Women are suspicious of curves. Experience has taught them you never can tell when a well brought up curve is going to turn into a pound of flesh, or two, or ten, or twenty. Nevertheless, curves are needed to subscribe to current demands for femininity in figures. The correctly smart figure must boast a rounded bust and a well fed look. But slenderness still remains the figure synonym for beauty. The day of the redundant form is still far off, in case any other gentleman feels an urge coming on to herald its approach.

This new figure represents too many things aside from fashion whims. It symbolizes the modern woman's desire for activity, accomplishment, freedom, pulsating life. It subscribes heartily to the demand for youth, regardless of age, and regardless of whether it actually does or not. Upon the possibility of stripping the figure of every ounce of superfluous flesh without achieving the coveted youth we wish to expand for a moment.

In our reducing courses we have learned much and intelligently about diets. We are familiar with foods that fatten. We've learned our caloric A, B, Cs. We've tried diets—freak, fad, and foolish. We've piled up casualties with them. But, on the whole, the effort to get rid of superfluous fat has been wisely conducted.

Chiefly, we have learned that we have a normal weight beyond which, for health and youth preservation, we'd better not expand.

But there is something still to be learned about the young figure. It's our next step in reducing education.

The young figure is not only one shorn of excess weight. It is vigorous with health. It is vibrant with life and it is *supple*. Mark that word "supple." It is the quality we must strive for now. It is not enough to diet. It is not enough to achieve the correct weight according to chart and measurement. The figure must be also splendidly supple.

After years of observing this reducing game, I am convinced that women achieve only half their ambition for a girlish figure. They diet the fat off, but old posture habits go uncorrected. So that in sitting, standing, and walking the youth of the figure is defeated. There isn't the wide-awakeness, as necessary to physical youth as to mental, that provides spontaneous charm. Constant physical activity is what makes the slim, supple body. This does not mean incessant exercise, or continuous nervous moving about. It means, rather, that indolent habits must be abandoned, or a figure reduced of every excess ounce will still look old and ungainly.

YOU can't put all your reducing eggs into the food basket, in other words. Supple slimness calls for some form of daily exercise that will make for flexibility. If you can combine your exercise with sports, so much the better. And now is the season when you have a wide command of opportunities for this flexibility for which we plead—swimming, golfing, tennis, hiking, rowing, and so on.

A woman went on a specialized diet, one for which, I understand, she paid her physician an enormous sum. She has been on it eight weeks now. And she has reduced. But she sags all over, from jowl to instep. Her face looks older. Her body looks no younger, with its bad postural defects, and she walks heavily. This woman illustrates what is meant by the pursuit of a young figure by diet alone. She is rich. She rides everywhere in her car. She takes no form of exercise. Her reduced figure gives only a pathetic imitation of youth.

The very best piece of reducing work I have seen in years was accomplished by a woman who took up dancing. She manages a beautifully run home. For the last two years I doubt if she has missed an hour's practice daily. She had an objective. It was to conquer intricate Spanish dancing steps. She kept an ever watchful eye on her diet, of course. But the flexibility and the supple youth of her figure, the young face and neckline, and the light walk were earned by the physical activity of dancing.

Another feature in connection with reducing not nearly so well known as it should be is the imperative need of active elimination. The accumulation of partly digested food in the alimentary tract causes sugar and fat to be stored in the body, which naturally increases weight and slows down the whole mechanism, robbing the figure of youthful semblance. Diet and exercise must be regulated in reducing régimes to provide for more active and regular elimination.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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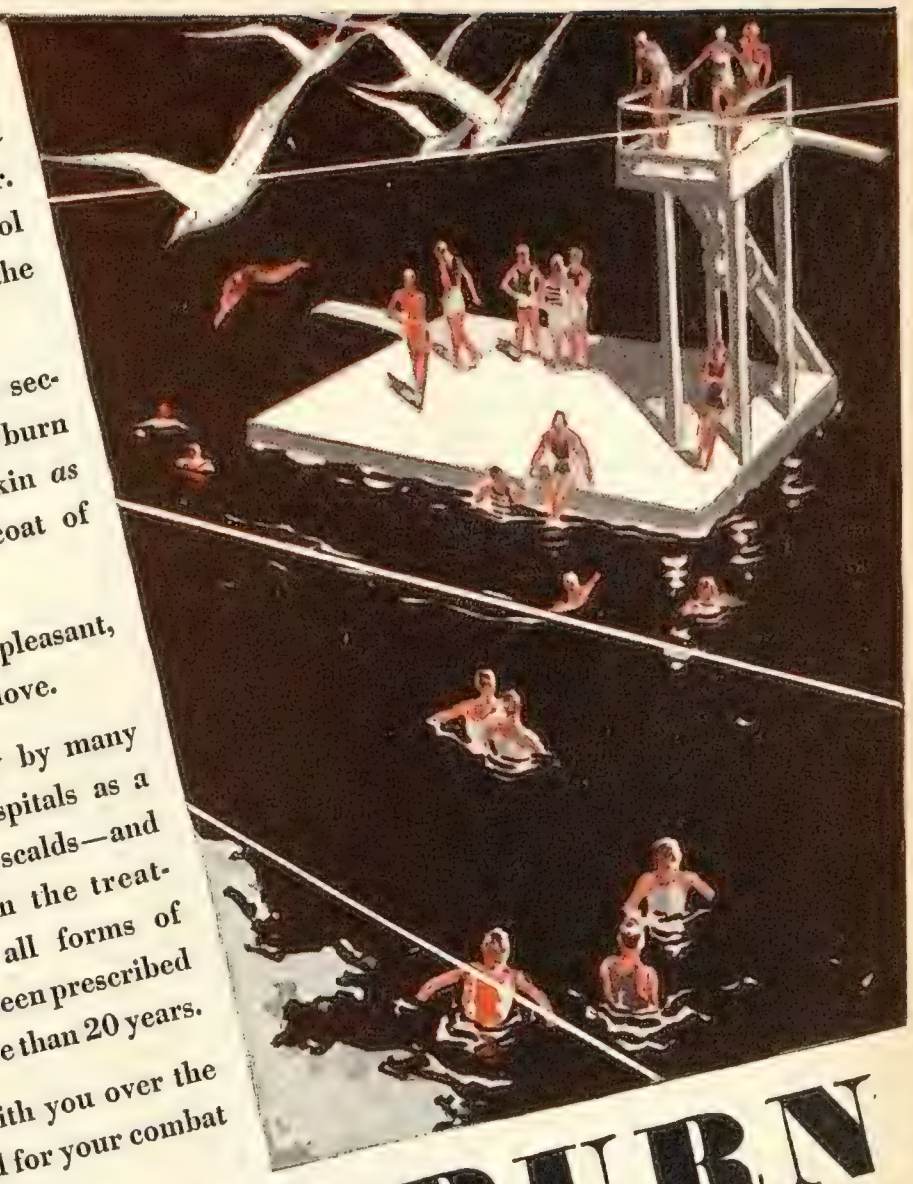
PYROL



NO need to worry about sunburn this summer. Forget it. Enlist Pyrol as your bodyguard—then dare the sun to do his worst.

Pyrol cools and soothes in 45 seconds—neutralizes the poison of burn—comforts tender, flaming skin *as if by magic*—and brings a coat of healthy tan.

It is practically odorless, pleasant, easy to apply—easy to remove.

Pyrol is used exclusively by many of America's leading hospitals as a dressing for burns and scalds—and is equally effective in the treatment of chafing and all forms of skin irritation. It has been prescribed by physicians for more than 20 years.

Take Pyrol along with you over the holidays. Go armed for your combat with sun and wind.

PYROL FOR SUNBURN

Relief in 45 Seconds

Be prepared too, for poison ivy or poison oak, insect stings, bruises, cuts. Pyrol relieves soreness instantly, wards off infection—and by stimulating cell growth almost invariably prevents scars.

Buy three tubes from your druggist today. Keep them always handy—one in the car; one on the kitchen shelf; one in the medicine chest. You'll find it an *indispensable* friend. Nothing can take its place. Nothing else is like it. It never disappoints. You can safely depend on it—always. All drug stores sell it. In the big red tubes, 50 cents.

FREE

KIP CORPORATION
927 East Pico St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Please send me free demonstration tube of Pyrol and booklet "First Aid."

Name _____

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The RED NAPOLEON

The War of the Races (1933-1936) As I Saw It

By FLOYD GIBBONS

(Author of The Red Knight of Germany)

AS Mr. Gibbons' story reaches this installment, Karakhan's great spring offensive of 1935 is under way. It was opened, April 21, on all three fronts: the Mexican, the Pacific northwest, and the northeast. The last is the theater of the serious attack, a drive for the vitally important coal fields and steel mills of Pennsylvania. Thanks to Margot Denison, the American command knows Karakhan's real objective, and has not been deceived into diverting more troops to Oregon or Mexico —in both of which, the Red invaders are being held. Of the 8,000,000 Americans now under arms, 5,000,000 are on the northeast front, which extends from Watertown, in northern New York, to Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Karakhan occupies Boston; his air raids have forced the removal of the national government from Washington to St. Louis; and for America and the white race, the winter has been dismal. But the outlook is now a little brighter. Our production of war materials is improving, and resistance is stiffening.

Margot, with Lin, has been brought over to New England by Karakhan. They are at Salem, Massachusetts, and by submarine and radio code, Whit Dodge and the author are keeping in touch with Margot. The author, again piloted in the air by Speed Binney, is broadcasting war news from the crucial New York state sector.

PART TWELVE
THE SIEGE OF NEW YORK

DURING the months of January, February, and March, the American forces had solidified themselves in the important New York state sector which was the last barrier between the invaders and the industrial heart of the nation in Pennsylvania. Hundreds of square miles of barbed-wire intrenchments extended westward from Saratoga Springs and, following the northern reaches of the Mohawk Valley, rounded the foothills of the Adirondacks, whence they reached northward to Watertown and the Thousand Islands.

Cement pill boxes and long subterranean communicating tunnels connected the four front lines through the support and reserve positions, which were so located in the rear as to be usable as successive front-line positions in case of forced retirement.

These successive zones and areas of resistance were parallel bars or strips running east and west across the state as far south as the Pennsylvania line. All available ordnance, representing the last-minute output of the hard-pressed American munition works, as well as all artillery that could be spared from other parts of the line, was massed in these defensive zones.

Although the American air forces had been reorganized and were again in the air, Karakhan still retained his enormous aërial superiority, and our operations aloft were confined to hazardous observation sorties in which contact with enemy planes had to be avoided.

The Chicago Tribune had been able to obtain another dispatch plane for my use, and through my acquaintance with the general staff I had been able to have Speed Binney regularly assigned to my plane, although the young war bird was much opposed to the arrangement which withdrew him from duty with the fighting forces.

Under my credentials as an accredited war correspondent, our plane could not be armed. Our status in the air was designated by a large red letter C imposed on a circular green field on both the upper and lower surfaces of the wings and the sides of the fuselage. We were not foolish enough to hope that this noncombatant designation would save us from attack by enemy planes, but it carried out the rules of war to the letter.

P. & A.-United Artists photo

Doughboys in the streets of Watertown, New York, in February, 1935, when the city was under bombardment by Red long-range field artillery.

THE opening of the spring offensive meant new duties for me. Our plane was equipped with radio transmission in constant touch with the land receiving station which the National Broadcasting Company had established at Binghamton, New York, headquarters of Lieutenant General Francis X. Mullins, commanding the Army of New England.

My observations, spoken into the microphone in my plane above the fighting lines, were picked up in Binghamton, amplified, and sent across the country on the red, white, and blue network of local stations.

Peggy Stanley, a stenographer in the office of Speed Binney's father in St. Louis, transcribed my initial war broadcasting effort as she received it from the loudspeaker. She mailed me a typed copy of my excited and disconnected observations, spoken into the microphone from above the battle lines.

Inasmuch as this was the first war corresponding ever done by radio broadcast, I reproduce parts of it herewith, with apologies for its fragmentary nature:

" This is Floyd Gibbons speaking at the microphone in the joint Chicago Tribune-National Broadcasting Com-

International-United Artists photo

A Red tank in action near Rye, New York, with the Westchester Biltmore Country Club in flames.

Showing how Karakhan's forces converged in their advance on New York City.

pany's observation plane on the central New York front. We are flying northwestward from Schenectady, ten thousand feet above the Mohawk Valley. It's cold up here and there is a mist in the air, but I can see white patches of snow still on the mountains behind the enemy lines on the north.

"The artillery duel, which has been going on two days now, continues in all its fury. Shells from the massed American guns are falling on the enemy positions in Ballston Spa. A tremendous cloud of smoke is rising over a little town off there on the right—wait till I find it on the map—it's Malta. The Reds hold it. Fires are burning south of it in Mechanicville.

"Cohoes is under a terrific downpour of enemy shells. The Reds seem to be concentrating their attack at this part of the line—*Whir-rr-r-r*—Did you hear that? I don't know how it sounded to you, but I don't like it. It wasn't static. It was a high-angle American shell passing. Speed Binney, who is piloting the plane, said that it sounded like a street car to him.

"Speed is nosing the plane down a thousand feet now to get below the trajectory of American shells. . . .

"BELOW me on the left, the line of the old Erie Canal jogs westward. We are just passing over Rotterdam Junction. Binney is keeping a lookout for enemy planes. Our plane is unarmed. We're heading northwest. . . .

"An American barrage is sending up geysers of earth and debris just north of Gloversville. Broad patches of rust-brown barbed wire surround the town. Wait just a minute—now I can see it through the binoculars.

"It's an enemy advance. Thousands of Reds are trying to tear their way through the entanglements. The ground around them is alive with explosions. Sometimes the smoke clears. Now, more shells—and more fountains and jets and geysers of smoke, earth, and debris leap upward . . .

"We're going back. Binney has just swung — we're headed west—full motor. Wait a minute—he has just seen—yes, they are Red planes—they're coming up from the right. We're off.

"Sorry to leave that little fight at Gloversville. It looks awfully hot. I can just see the wire. It's dotted with bodies—Reds—our boys are holding them. But the attack will be renewed. I know it; I have been in the field with Karakhan in Europe. I have seen the way he hurls thousands of men to their death to gain a position he desires.

"We are just over St. Johnsville—I think it is. It looks all battered up from here. Little Falls is ahead of us.

"Hope you can follow me on the map. It's difficult in the air to know exactly where we are. We're headed northwest now.

"A small town is in flames ahead of us. I think it is Middleville—it is. I can catch the flash of Red cannon hidden in the forest to the north of the town. That's Herkimer, off on our left to the south. Looks all right from here.

"Middleville certainly is getting hell. Clouds of smoke

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page sixty-seven]

and flame are rising above it and—wait a minute. Binney just banked the bus. The whole picture spins round. Wait till I find out which way we are heading—back south again—no, southeast. I see now. There are flames back to the right of us. Can you hear the roar of our motor? The tachometer in front of me reads eighteen hundred R. P. M. Binney is nosing her down to increase speed. Hear the wind shrieking through our wires?

"There's a big line of earthworks on the edge of a forest just ahead of us. I can see the flash of guns—they're American guns on this side. We're over behind our lines now. The fire from the forest is rapid. I don't know what place it is, and if I did know I would not be allowed to reveal it.

"We're heading east again—wait a minute—do you think it's all right, Speed? He has nodded yes. We'll take another chance up front. Crossing over the old canal bed now. Far back in the hills behind the enemy lines I can see the silver surface of a big spread of water. Let me see what it is on the map—here it is—it's the Hinckley Reservoir. . . .

"And now right under my eyes is a small town surrounded by barbed wire—and there's a rush across the field—they're Reds—it's the enemy—wait—there's been a break through the line—now I see—"

That's the way the stenographic report of my broadcast suddenly ended. The reason was the sudden break in our transmission caused by the violent bank into which Binney threw the plane to avoid a diving attack from a Red machine.

From the number of letters reaching me at Binghamton, I was gratified to learn that my subsequent war broadcasts were less excited and disconnected.

Two or three times a week we made cautious flights along different portions of the line and I described the fighting from the air. But the fact that our distinctly marked plane was not again attacked made me suspect that enemy ears also wished to listen to my descriptions, and that the Reds had orders to ignore the noncombatant aircraft. I was very cautious to make no mention of any observations that could have been of military value to the enemy.

Through those terrible months of May and June, the pounding, pounding, pounding of the guns continued night and day. The continual disruption of the vital communications supplying the American front lines was overcome by the labor of thousands of engineers stationed in dugouts along all the railroads and motor roads. Before the dust of air bombs had settled, these persistent workers were repairing the damage. The flow of traffic to the front was continuous. The front lines heeded it.

Picture by John W. Thomason, Jr.

Apartment houses afforded soft billets to many of New York's defenders.

THE yellow masses made local gains in a number of places. They crossed the Black River southeast of Watertown. One dent in the lines drove perilously deep between Utica and Rome, but the flanks held and the invaders were driven back. Troy, in ruins, fell to the Reds, but Cohoes held out.

American losses were heavy, but did not equal the enemy casualties, which ran into the hundreds of thousands. Karakhan's famous fluidity of attack failed to reach the depth of the American zones of resistance. Day after day American spirits rose as the central New York line on the war maps remained stationary.

The American front held.

The irresistible force had met the immovable object.

Strategists have since explained that Karakhan's ambition and overconfidence contributed to the failure of the offensive. They have pointed out that his only successes were in the valley of the Hudson and in the upper valley of the St. Lawrence. Although the Adirondacks, immediately behind his center, were crisscrossed with motor roads, these arteries of communication were not sufficient to supply the enormous amount of material required by his pounding tactics.

There was a new birth of optimism in America's celebration of the Fourth of July, 1935. Binney and I, on leave from the front, spent the day with his father and mother in St. Louis, now the capital of the nation. Speed Binney the elder, old war bird of the A. E. F., glowed with pride in his son.

"Lucky dogs, both of you!" he said, as we surrounded a pitcher of Mrs. Binney's homemade "noble experiment" after dinner. "The biggest things in my life were my fighting days in France, and these days would have been bigger if I could have gotten into this. Gee! Instead of diving one of these new Lindbergh Falcons on to a Chink's tail from ten thousand feet, I've got to stay out here and change my machinery from making bedsteads into making tubing for airplanes.

"IT'S tough, but I can realize it's our only way to win. President Al Smith has more under that brown derby than hair. His appointment of ex-President Hoover as head of the War Industries Board was not only a brilliant piece of domestic politics, but it will save the country from defeat.

"I never thought I'd have a Quaker for a commanding officer, but he's my superior officer now. Look what he's done already. Got the inland waterways working—and God knows we need them with the railroads being bombed night and day!

"Look at his decisions on the priority of materials—no politics in it now. The vital industry that needs the material gets it, and the industries unnecessary to war get nothing. His standardization of types has thrown out a lot of wasted effort and speeded up the whole industrial machine. What he's done to produce synthetic substitutes to overcome our terrible shortages in essentials, such as rubber, tin, nickel, manganese, is nothing short of marvelous. He learned his stuff right in the Department of Commerce and in the old war in Europe and his four years in the White House were a post-graduate course.

"What would have happened to us this summer if he hadn't put over his program for the decentralization of industries from cities to farms by hooking up all the electrical energy in the country and distributing it under his superior power system? When those last two raids destroyed the power plants in Niagara and the Commonwealth Edison in Chicago, all he had to do was to pull another switch and route electricity in from another source. The wheels of industry didn't miss a revolution—or, at least, not many. Do you know how we are assembling airplanes now?"

"Are we?" Speed, Jr., interrupted. "Didn't know we had any. I never see them around the front."

"Shut up," said his father. "You think the whole damned war runs from your cockpit in the air. I thought the same when I was flying in France. Listen. Before this summer is over, there'll be screw machines working in every barn on every farm in the country, and every one of them will be turning out machine parts for arms, munitions, airplanes, or other necessaries of war.

"Karakhan's bombers can blow hell out of Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. His raids can stop production in Dayton and interrupt it every place where enough of it is concentrated so that he can hit it. Hoover's decentralization of industry by wiring electrical power to the farms is the solution of our dilemma.

"Karakhan can't drop a bomb on every barn in the entire country on the same night. While his raids inter-

Picture by John W. Thomason, Jr., from sketches made on the spot.

An incident of the house-to-house fighting in the Bronx, New York City, in January, 1936.

rupt production in one place, we're turning out the stuff in another place. He's giving us hell from the air now, but when Hoover's present program reaches production peak, that yellow b— will find out that he hasn't licked us by a hell of a sight!

"You remember Harold Stearns over in Paris? Remember how he used to say that the Mississippi Valley would some day be the last stand of the white race? Well, here we are on our last stand. 'From the Great Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, the sound heart of America beats true.'

"THE wheat and corn are bursting in the fields. Every forge is ablaze and the hammers ring, and the wheels turn and the trains move and the boats steam by. We are turning out planes, motors, submarines, floating docks, cannon, shells, rolling stock, motor transport—everything.

"Maybe we have to drink imitation coffee and tea and have our sugarless and meatless days, and go easy on gasoline and do without a lot of other things, but we've got the men, we've got the brains, we've got the heart, we've got the guts, and we've got the best part of the greatest country in the world. Hell, we're just starting to fight!

"The Red Napoleon calls himself the red ace of the world, but he'll be a lousy deuce before he gets through with Uncle Sam. Remember, we're not fighting this war to lose it. We're fighting to win it, and we are going to!"

"Dad, you're damned right!" said Mrs. Binney, and the word did not seem out of keeping with her bobbed gray hair.

She took up the defense of the home front. "And look what the women are doing. No more knitting socks and sewing shirts, like I did in the last war when they wouldn't let me go to France as a nurse, just because your dad was over there. Son, where do you think your mother is working now?"

"What is it, mother, embroidery work in a quarry?" young Speed answered.

"Almost," replied his mother. "No, it's a coal mine, and soft coal at that. I am supervisor in charge of four hundred girls on the night shift in the hopper department. We loaded three hundred cars of coal and twenty-two canal barges last night. Now laugh that off, you big, strong, he fightin' men, and don't forget when peace does come that American women had something to do with it."

American optimism was premature. The intensity of the firing on the New York state front west of the Hudson gradually diminished, and on July 20 a new Red attack opened with a crescendo of bombardment on the east end of the line, between the Hudson and Cape Cod Bay.

Karakhan had transferred large units of his mobile artillery to reënforce his lines east of the Hudson.

The American positions there were well intrenched, well defended with barbed wire, and dotted with cement pill boxes and communication trenches. But these positions were not supported by adequate artillery. In fact, almost all of the artillery which should have been in support had been transferred to the central New York front, to resist the enemy's main drive.

Karakhan's sudden shift of pressure to the east enabled him to bring a superior weight against the "milked" line. His southward drive was down two corridors—the area on the east bank of the Hudson between the river and the Berkshire Hills, and the valley of the Connecticut River. Concentrating all of his forces down these two avenues, he launched his overwhelming advance on New York City.

His unopposed air forces destroyed the few bridges across the Hudson, thereby delaying the transfer of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page sixty-nine]

American reënforcements from the Erie Canal sector to the east Hudson front. It became necessary to dispatch these trains of motor and rail transport by way of New York City.

In five days of terrific fighting, Karakhan was able to break through the defense zones both in the valley of the Connecticut and on the east side of the Hudson, where his forces came under a continual cross fire from American artillery on the high west bank of the river.

He occupied the important railroad junction of Chatham in Columbia County, New York, and then, advancing along the line of the Boston and Albany Railroad, captured the town of Hudson on the river and, southward, the town of Pine Plains in Dutchess County.

In the valley of the Connecticut, first the ruins of Northampton, Massachusetts, and then the city of Springfield fell to the invaders, and in the following week, after futile resistance, the American defenders were forced to retreat southward from Hartford, Connecticut.

The American position between the Connecticut River and the Atlantic became untenable. Karakhan's right flank was comparatively safe on the east bank of the Hudson and there was every prospect that his drive south would reach Long Island Sound. When this trap became apparent, it was necessary to withdraw from eastern Massachusetts and southern Rhode Island. The retirement was made along the coastal railroad lines. Karakhan's advance had been a master stroke, executed with overwhelming strength, suddenness, and surprise.

The American lines east of the Hudson rolled up before the advance. Speed Binney and I covered most of that terrible retreat, and heard the pitiful stories of the refugees—American refugees, this time—American women and children and old men and straggling units of annihilated commands.

THOUSANDS of American civilians and soldiers, as well as several thousand invaluable pieces of artillery, fell into the hands of the enemy, together with railroad equipment and motor transport.

Demolition squads worked day and night through the retreat, blowing up factories, demolishing power plants, destroying trains, ammunition dumps, and supply depots. But so swift was the onward sweep of the Red horde that much had to be left undone.

The Reds, entering Block Island Sound, came under the guns of Fisher's Island, but even these mighty coast-defense pieces failed to stop them. Putnam, Norwich, and New London on the line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad were successively occupied. Middletown was captured. Waterbury was in flames when the civilian population, seeking escape to the south, found themselves cut off by the Red advance on Bridgeport.

Between the Berkshires and the Hudson, the enemy progress kept pace with the movement to the east. Poughkeepsie was occupied and the halls of Vassar College were soon pounded to ruins by shells from American guns located on the heights of Highland across the river. The line swept onward to the south through Beacon and Peekskill, ignoring the rain of fire from the guns of West Point on the opposite shore.

That portion of New York City's water supply, which was derived from the Ashokan reservoir and was conveyed to the east side of the Hudson by siphon mains and tunnels near Storm King Mountain, was cut off, and the metropolis, requiring hundreds of millions of gallons of water per day, found itself waterless.

With the onward sweep of the Reds, evacuation of the civil population had begun, under orders of Major General Aaron Rosenthal, who had taken command of the metropolitan sector following the suicide of Major General Amos B. Grundy.

Night and day thousands of automobiles passed through the Holland vehicular tunnel to the Jersey shore—cars loaded down with crying babies, wide-eyed children, and household goods, including pet dogs and parrots. Army supplies and motor transport reënforcements poured steadily under the river, bound for the front lines, which now extended roughly from Tarrytown on the Hudson and White Plains to Port Chester on Long Island Sound.

The Hotel Astor in New York City, as it looked

In spite of the ever present Red bombing planes above, ferry boats sped back and forth night and day, transporting frantic thousands to the Jersey shore; while clamoring mobs jammed the streets for miles around the docks. All available shipping in the harbor was converted to ferrying purposes.

THE best efforts of the reënforced batteries of anti-aircraft artillery, firing from both sides of the river, failed to prevent Red bombers from sinking three crowded ferry boats in midstream, with loss of life running high into the thousands.

A 2,000-pound bomb, landing in front of the Hotel Astor at Forty-fifth Street and Broadway, killed hundreds in the enormous crowds watching the electrical war map on the New York Times Building.

Then came the rain of bombs. Downtown streets caved in under the terrific impact of dropped explosives; the "L" structures crashed, and surface lines and subways went out of operation.

Central Park was a refugee camp packed to suffocation. Down the long avenues from the north, crowds poured in mad panic. The sound of the approaching guns, punctuated by the closer crashes of air bombs, was incessant.

The line of defense broke once more and fell back on

Rebele-P & A. photo

ombing of the Times Square district.

prepared positions running from Yonkers on the Hudson across to Pelham, and from there to New Rochelle on the Sound. In Westchester County our advance reënforcements passed through the backwash of terror-stricken women, men, and children.

Through it all the guns from the forts comprising the coast defenses of Long Island Sound kept firing on long-range targets behind enemy lines. The fourteen-inch disappearing rifles of Fort Totten on the Long Island side of the Sound and Fort Schuyler on the mainland executed terrific destruction among the massed artillery of the invaders. The defenses of the lower bay—Fort Tilden at Rockaway Park, Fort Hancock at Sandy Hook, and those two guardians of the Narrows, Fort Hamilton and Fort Wadsworth—hurled tons of missiles at the air raiders above the city.

But the heavy guns of these fortifications were so placed as to protect New York from attack by sea, and were of little use against a land invasion.

The Red air forces lost many planes from the fire of the anti-aircraft guns located about these forts. But the enemy program for keeping them under a continual downpour of gas, shells, and high explosives was not relinquished.

The guns of Fisher's Island, at the eastern entrance of Long Island Sound, went out of commission after six weeks of continual bombardment from the air, and Fort Terry on Plum Island suffered a similar fate. Communication of supplies to the Americans on the east end of Long Island failed by reason of the constant destruction of the railroads and motor highways.

Following the subsidence of the defenses at the entrance of the Sound, Red mine sweepers cleared a water path from New London Harbor into Gardiner's Bay and Greenport, in both of which places the enemy paid dearly for the privilege of setting foot on Long Island.

In fact, only the complete absence of American air protection allowed Karakhan to beat down the resistance of the defenders so that his landing force could gain a foothold. With Peconic Bay and Riverhead once in their hands, the Reds moved westward along the island, following the three main lateral highways and the branches of the Long Island Railroad.

AMERICAN resistance was reduced almost to a rear guard action, the purpose of which was to delay the enemy advance as much as possible, to permit the further strengthening of the last line of defense. Port Jefferson, Smithtown, Sayville, Islip, Babylon, and Huntington fell successively to the yellow flood, which rolled on to be halted at last on a line running from Long Beach on the Atlantic shore through Rockville Center, Hempstead, and Mineola to Roslyn on the Sound.

On the mainland—that narrow peak of land between the Hudson and the Sound—the yellow hordes swept through Pelham Bay Park on the east and Van Cortlandt Park on the west. There was bitter house-to-house fighting in the Bronx, but the advance of the enemy along the lines of Riverdale Avenue, Broadway, Fordham Road, Jerome Avenue, the Grand Concourse with its extension on Mott Avenue, and the Boston Post Road did not cease. The American defenders contested the ground block by block. The apartment-house conflicts with bayonets, hand grenades, and gas bombs continued night and day. Gaining the corner building, the Reds would fight their way southward through a block by breaking through the connecting walls.

P. & A. photo

The Paramount Building and the Astor, from a pre-war photograph.

There were incidents of hand-to-hand fighting in apartment buildings side by side—one full of Reds, the other full of Americans. The dividing wall between the houses was the battle line, and the Reds were expert in the art of making breaches through these walls and gaining the adjoining building by rushes.

It was fighting of this bitter character that brought the Red line to the north shore of the Harlem River. That waterway became the last ditch for the defenders of New York.

The greatest skyscraper city of the world was under the field guns of the enemy.

Fort Schuyler held out for weeks and continued to pour shells into the rear of the enemy, but was forced eventually to surrender—not, however, until it had fired its last shell and succeeded in destroying the guns.

In next week's installment the siege of New York continues, with Manhattan Island converted into an underground fortress. At Christmastime, 1935, when the prospects for an indefinite defense look bright, Mr. Gibbons and Speed are shot down with their plane and captured.

Old Jo

The Story of a Glamorous Woman

I say pranced, but really she came on a bicycle.

By

ROBERT HICHENS

the gifted Englishman whose novel, The Garden of Allah, placed him at the peak of his fame in 1905. He turned to writing as a young man after several years' study to be a musician, and since 1894 has averaged something like a novel a year. He also has to his credit many song lyrics and a number of plays, and of late has been a prolific producer of short stories, of which this is a sprightly example.

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

WHEN I went down to Peploe Park in Gloucestershire to pay my annual visit to my uncle, Sir Peter Peploe, I found my new aunt, Verena, in very bad spirits. Now, my new aunt is young—in my opinion quite young. (She is just twenty-four now.) And my uncle, of course, is mature, a wine that has been for a long time in bottle. He never tells anyone his exact age. But if you say, "Well, I'm getting on now. I'm fifty!" he will say, "Not far off *my* age!" And if, on the other hand, you say, "I can't do quite all the things I used to do. You see, I'm forty now!" he will say, "Then you and I are pretty well contemporaries." So there you are!

I should give him about sixty. And my Aunt Verena is really only just twenty-four. So the disparity in age is considerable. However, my uncle is what they call hale and hearty—being an uncle he can afford to be hale—and he is a baronet, and he is rich, and so long as he remains in the country on his estate he is usually in excellent spirits.

So, even as a husband for a pretty young woman he is not absolutely to be despised. Nevertheless I found my sweet young aunt in a state of great depression when I went down to Peploe that first week in July.

I arrived in the afternoon, on a Tuesday, and found her alone. My uncle, it seems, was out "riding over the estate," and the butler conveyed me into "the rose garden" where Aunt Verena was seated in a deep garden chair at the edge of a velvet lawn, with a Yorkshire terrier at her foot, a picture magazine in her hand, and an expression of deep melancholy upon her really very attractive face. (She always reminds me of a Madonna who has run away from her picture, summoned by the insidious voice of the world.)

After greetings—I kissed her forehead in a nephew-like manner—and the order of "Tea, please, Banstead!" to the butler, we exchanged a few bromides about my uncle's health, the loveliness of the English turf, the sweet caroling of the birds, and so forth. But all the time I was being—I am told the fashionable word just now is "intrigued"—I was being intrigued by the nervous melancholy in my aunt's fine blue eyes; and soon after reaching the caroling of the birds I broke away decisively from bromides with the remark: "What on earth is the matter, dear Aunt Verena?"

"If I tell you, you won't tell your uncle, Bertie?" (I was christened Albert, alas!)

"Of course not!"

"I've found out that I'm too young for the country."

"Too young? D'you mean you're too young for England?"

"No, no! Too young for this country life. I was *meant* for something quite different."

She put a heavy stress on the "meant."

"What were you meant for, auntie?" I asked sympathetically.

She struck her dear little hand down on the fat magazine she was holding.

"I was meant for the sort of life *this* woman leads."

"What woman?" I inquired.

"Lady Babs."

"Explain!"

FEVERISHLY she opened the fat magazine and turned over some sixty pages devoted to advertisements of powders, creams, perfumes, and depilatories.

"Just listen to this! This is the account of the life Lady Babs is leading at this very moment."

"But who is Lady Babs?"

"The woman who leads this wonderful life. I won't read it all. It would take days."

"Oh, then—"

"I'll just give you an idea."

"Do, auntie, do!"

Aunt Verena leaned passionately over the magazine.

"Just listen to this! 'Poppy darling—'"

"Who is Poppy darling?" I interrupted. (I like to know where I am with things.)

"The friend she writes to, or pretends to write to. Of course she describes her life for *us*, for the public."

"To be sure!"

"'Poppy darling! Oh my, such a hectic week! I scarcely know where I am. This little girl is really really, you know, what with the Bristol House fancy ball on Monday, the garden party at Gooseberry Hill on Tuesday, followed by Lady Bowling's big *Diner de Têtes*, the Gala at the Opera, the Emmersons' ball in Grosvenor Square, and the Gordon Smiths' cabaret supper.

"'Then on Wednesday there was the invitation tennis tournament at Lady Aviary's lovely house in Regent's Park—all the stars playing for charity and all smart London there to applaud them, the music-hall show for their Majesties at the Coliseum, Mrs. Jefferson Lewis' Calico Ball at Leverton House—perfectly marvelous! Hot quails going incessantly from ten to three; and ham and eggs, kidneys and bacon and deviled bones, with hot buttered toast and the most perfect coffee this little girl ever tasted from three till the milkman went by, to say noth-

ing of the great ball for distressed artists at the Albert Hall, and a dinky little chafing-dish sit-on-the-floor and bring-your-own-cigarettes affair given by the "bright young people" at Lois Smith's rooms over a garage just off Berkeley Square.

"'On Thursday, of course, there was the Court Ball at Buckingham Palace—a real pre-war show of jewels, my dear!—the Queen too wonderful, all the Duchesses, all the loveliest Americans, quantities of the famous hock cup, and peaches galore from the conservatories at Windsor Castle, and little me in my Sunday best—an apricot marvel from Lelong—dancing, if you please, nineteen to the dozen with princes, maharajahs, and ambassadors! In the afternoon I had been to the great polo match at Ranelagh. England against America, and all the smart world and every beauty Guardsman in London to applaud them. And I finished up at Snorty Pink's—you know, the "bellowing barytone" — Snorty Pink's birthday revel at the "Grasshoppers" where I ran into all Bohemia and laughed myself nearly ill till five o'clock in the morning.

"'Up though in time for a lunch party at Lady Varling's on Friday—all the political guns cram full of ammunition, and a sprinkling of the prettiest girls to make them unbend. I sat next to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he told me the latest from Downing Street, and something about the Prime Minister that nearly knocked me out, I laughed so much!

"'Then to the Guitry matinée for French charities, where there were seventeen Royalties besides all of *us*, a musical tea in Belgrave Square at the Duchess of Broadstairs, where Popesco played the violin too divinely and looked like a Roumanian Valentino—all the women are mad about him!—a big dinner at Marchioness Carden of Havistock's, where I sat between the Italian Ambassador and Anton Bossowski, the great Russian dancer.

"'After that a perfect string of dances, beginning with the Allingbridge ball in Chesterfield Street and ending with the Marlings great ball at the Blue House, Park Lane. Saturday, of course—'"

During tea I endeavoured to console her. I dwelt on the calm of the countryside.

But at this moment Banstead and a footman appeared with a sumptuous tea, and to save my aunt's face I began speaking again of the caroling of the birds above the velvet turf of my uncle's lawn. I could see that she was almost exhausted with excitement and had to draw breath.

When the servants had gone she turned to me and exclaimed, striking her hand down on the magazine:

"That's a life worth living, Bertie! That is the sort of life I was meant for! But, for heaven's sake, don't tell your uncle!"

"Of course not! Why, if I did it would finish the dear old fellow!"

"He's an angel—in gaiters!"

During tea I endeavoured to console her. I dwelt on the calm and beauty of the countryside, really quite agreeable to me after my labours as a writer in London, where, to tell the truth, I led a life quite different from the life of Lady Babs. I alluded discreetly to "neighbours." Surely Peploe Park must be surrounded by neighbours, though coming to it so seldom I was not acquainted with them.

"Neighbours!" exclaimed Aunt Verena. "Do you know who our nearest neighbour is?"

I avowed my ignorance.

"An old woman, Johanna Lite, who lives in an ancient cottage—glorified, of course! She's painted it peacock

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Debutantes of Modern Business

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OLD JO
Continued from page seventy-three

blue inside and the front door is orange coloured—and keeps a poultry farm. She's only been here six months, but Peter's devoted to her and calls her Old Jo. She lunches here once a week. She's coming tomorrow. Well, Old Jo is our only near neighbour."

Again she picked up the magazine.

"Look what she has, *this* woman, Lady Babs! Princes, ambassadors, ra—no—*ma*harajahs, Snorty Pinks, beauty Guardsmen—everyone who is worth while in London! And here we have only Old Jo! Hush, here's your uncle!"

And, indeed, at that moment I perceived the angel in gaiters, crop in hand, pipe in mouth, striding lustily toward us and looking, as they say, in the pink.

II

UNCLE PETER is really a good old sort. He knows all about top dressings—where to lay manure to the best advantage, and all that sort of thing; is a generous though very shrewd landlord; quite a fair game shot; can sit a quiet horse over an easy country; supports the Church by sleeping for an hour and a half in a front pew every Sunday morning; is a magistrate, and, in fact, in a general way does his duty by the county in which Peploe Park happens to be situated.

I like him in small doses. But he is not, I must say, convulsively exciting, and if I had to live all the year round alone with him at Peploe I dare say I should cut my throat—or perhaps, rather, his.

But my desires are not so hectic that I want to live a Lady Babs life, and I resolved to try to soothe my poor little aunt down by pointing out in a judicious manner some of the drawbacks of a London existence; such as the feverish insincerity of it, the noise, the rush, the fatigue, the terrible expense, the effort required to be always up to the mark, the unkind gossip that attends every pretty woman, the civil war carried on by smart women among themselves, the cynicism of the clubmen who make and mar the reputations of women, and so on and so forth.

But before I could get a chance to weigh in with all this the only near neighbour, Old Jo, otherwise Miss Johanna Lite, pranced up to the Park to lunch.

I say pranced, but really she came on a bicycle, her tall gaunt frame bent almost double over the handlebar, her horn spectacles gleaming in the sunshine. My uncle had prepared me for her arrival by a prolonged eulogy of her character and her attainments. He had informed me that Old Jo was a tremendous personage, a real countrywoman of the old sort now unfortunately rapidly dying out.

"Spent all her life in the country!" he had asseverated in his hearty though throaty barytone. "Kept bees ever since she was a mere child. Knows more about ants than any other woman in England. Can make elder wine, if you please. Will judge of a worm cast at the first glance, and quicker at finding where a mole's gone to ground than anything that wears breeches. A marvelous woman, a great creature. Hates towns, simply loathes 'em. Never goes near 'em except to have a tooth stopped. Wears nice useful clothes year in year out, and at the age of sixty or thereabouts still runs with the harriers, if you'll believe me!"

Evidently a most remarkable person. I was on tenterhooks to meet her. When I did meet her that day at lunch I realized at once that Old Jo was a somebody.

She was very tall and very gaunt, with sharp shoulder blades, a flat chest, and apparently very long legs, which were, however, discreetly covered to the ankles by a gray skirt of some, I should say, rather woolly material, which was worn with a black blouse confined at the waist—she had a thoroughgoing waist—by a black leather belt.

Her hair, drawn back tightly from her forehead and ears, was of the gray called pepper and salt. She had a long, narrow face, a long, aquiline nose with arched nostrils like a horse, a decisive mouth, and a pair of extremely intelligent and self-possessed eyes, dark brown in colour, protected, as I said, by large horn-rimmed spectacles. Her voice was remarkably definite. When she spoke there was someone speaking. Not a doubt of it. Her hands were long-fingered and bony.

She was ugly, she was dowdy, she was odd, she had a

strong cockney accent—though, according to my uncle, she had never spent a month in London in her life—but she was very much a personality. I'm bound to say I took to her on sight, though I could hardly have told you why. I sat between my young aunt and her at lunch and expected the conversation to run entirely on bees, moles, elder wine, the habits of ants, and the manners and morals of harriers.

But, no! Not a bit of it!

Perhaps because she knew I did some writing, the old girl spoke of books and at once showed that she was a reader, and apparently a judicious one. She informed my uncle, but quite without conceit, that she was one of the very few women, or indeed perhaps the only woman, who had read Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire from cover to cover. Macaulay she seemed to know almost by heart. But she had also read Aldous Huxley.

Inadvertently I mentioned Walpole's (Hugh) Old Ladies. That she had never read, for, said she, "Old ladies bore me. They're always down on their luck." And then she added, surprisingly, "Besides, I've never come across one who'll go out with the harriers!" As if that were a reason for avoiding old ladies.

This delighted my uncle who now found himself presented with a subject with which he was at home. He sprang on it and worried it till lunch was over.

In the drawing-room over coffee Old Jo amused me and startled my aunt by asking if she might have "a light cigar."

"I'm dead sick of cigarettes," she added. "And I can't see why a decent woman shouldn't smoke a cigar if she wants to."

"Nor I either, by gum!" cried Uncle Peter.

And as he went to get the cigar box he buzzed into my ear:

"Isn't she simply great?"

When the cigar box was brought, Old Jo, on taking a cigar, showed complete knowledge of how to deal with it. She cut the end off carefully, tenderly almost, with a small pocketknife which she produced from the inside depths of her rather woolly skirt, smoothed the already smooth end with a long forefinger, placed the cigar in her mouth, turned it round with her tongue—this rather like an American business man on the edge of a clever deal—applied the tip to the match. Uncle Peter admiringly held for her, and then proceeded to smoke it with serene mastery and evident enjoyment.

"Excellent! Quite excellent!" she observed. "Your coffee, too, is prepared in the proper manner and served, as it should always be served, in cups which have been thoroughly heated. Yes, thank you, I will take a glass of your old brandy. It is a pure joy to the stomach."

That "pure joy to the stomach" got me completely. From that moment I was a lifelong adherent of Old Jo.

She must have realized that fact—women always notice when a man falls for them—for she showed me marked favour during the rest of her visit, and when I escorted her to her bicycle said to me:

"Are you staying here long?"

"For a week, at least."

"If you feel inclined to look in at my cottage any time about five I can give you some excellent whisky, or tea, of course, if you prefer it."

"I'll come with pleasure. I hear you have a poultry farm."

"Oh, I won't bore you with that. Other people's fowls are a damned nuisance."

And with that she mounted her bicycle and pedaled away for all she was worth.

III

THAT evening my uncle had to go to a committee meeting at a rather distant village called Moreton-in-the-Marsh—something to do with the Conservative party, of which, of course, he was a strong partisan, and my aunt and I were left alone. As we sat in her boudoir after dinner I expressed my delight in Old Jo.

"Yes, she's a funny old thing," said my aunt. "And quite clever in her own way, no doubt. But she's so terribly countrified. One can't talk to her about anything that isn't connected with the country. As you know, I was brought up in Manchester" (my aunt's father was a wealthy cotton spinner) "and have never lived in London, but I know what is happening there—"

"Through Lady Babs?" I interjected.

"Well, of course, one reads the papers and follows current events, and your uncle and I go to London occasionally and stay at the Langham."

"You were there for the cattle show, I remember."

"What a reason!" she sighed, raising her soft mouse-coloured eyebrows which looked just like moleskin. "Anyhow, I can talk about London and Paris, and what's going on. But Miss Lite—"

"Have you ever tried her?" I asked.

"Of course not! She never stirs from the country, except, as your uncle says, when she has to have a tooth stopped. But don't let's bother about her, poor old thing. I want to just read you a little more of what is happening in London—in the *real* London, you know."

EVIDENTLY she had Lady Babs on the brain. "You've no idea!" she added producing the fat magazine.

"But I live there."

"Yes, but you are a writer. You are not a *mondain*."

I held my peace, and let my poor little aunt continue with the life of Lady Babs. We wallowed for the rest of the evening in descriptions of gowns, of jewels, of jade earrings, of the latest mascots, of the latest cocktails—I remember that there was one called "go-to-hell" which was said to be *de rigueur* at all smart gatherings—of the latest thing in dogs—according to Lady Babs spotted pugs were just coming in—of the newest beauties and the most up-to-date scandals, of race meetings, and, most especially, of the doings of the brightest young people, who seemed to be having the most hair-raising fun all over London, even visiting Chinese haunts near the docks and supping on opium at 5 o'clock in the morning—"the smartest thing you can do just now"—again according to Lady Babs.

"There!" exclaimed my young aunt just before Uncle Peter came in from supporting Mr. Baldwin at Moreton-in-the-Marsh. "That is life! That is living! But down here we never do any— Hush! There's your uncle!"

"Baldwin is a great feller! Baldwin is the man for England. And I've just been telling 'em so!" exclaimed Uncle Peter throatily, as he came breezily into the room, positively exhaling Moreton-in-the-Marsh. "Now for a whisky and soda and I'll just run through my speech to you. I began by telling 'em what Baldwin did for us in the matter of the debt settlement with America. But I'll give it you in the very words!"

We didn't get to bed till well after 1. As I sought my pillow I confess to having felt a certain amount of sympathy for Aunt Verena.

She had a bazaar engagement on the following afternoon. A self-respecting man should never under any circumstances be seen at a bazaar, and I excused myself and managed to sneak away for a long country walk. This long country walk landed me round about 5 o'clock at a certain ancient cottage of the Tudor persuasion, with a bright orange-coloured door and lattice windows, which stood "in its own garden"—how, by the way, does a cottage ever manage to stand in another cottage's garden?—in a nice bit of country about three miles from the hall door of Peploe Park.

I applied a delicious bronze gargoyle vigorously to the orange-coloured door, and immediately a pepper-and-salt head was protruded through the lattice frame on the right, and Old Jo's very definite voice remarked:

"Capital! In with you!"

As I inned with me I heard faintly in the distance a lusty crowing of cocks. Evidently Old Jo's cocks were as original as herself and loved to greet the afternoon with a cheer.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[OLD JO
Continued from page seventy-five]

"They would be original!" I said to myself as I entered one of the most delightful sitting rooms it has ever been my lot to step into.

It was low and long, running from the front to the back of the cottage. And it was white and peacock blue. The low raftered ceiling was painted peacock blue. The window frames were peacock blue. The carpet was peacock blue. The bookcases, the tables were peacock blue. The walls were ivory white. The deep armchairs had coverings of peacock-blue cretonne.

In the midst of this blue and white room stood Old Jo serenely smoking "a light cigar."

She had apparently just got up from an enormous writing table which stood against the wall flanked by bookshelves, for she held a pen in one hand, and I saw an immense blotter of orange-coloured Tunisian goatskin, worked in gold, red, green, and white, bulging as if she had just closed it over a mass of letters or documents.

"Glad to see you. Join me in a cigar. Sit down. Tea or whisky?"

A countrified-looking lad with rosy cheeks and a jacket of snow-white linen speedily brought both. And before I left I confess I had sampled both.

For I stayed for a very long time at Coppings, as the cottage was named. I stayed because I was completely fascinated by Old Jo. How to explain why I was fascinated?

Here was an elderly, gaunt, plain, almost ugly spinster, disdaining any attraction that can be given to a woman by clothes, with dragged-back pepper-and-salt hair, not any too thick, and eyes encircled and held away from you by enormous horn spectacles. Her manners were abrupt. Her general demeanour was on the brusque side. No graces were hers. She seemed to be always just her naked self. (The adjective is meant to qualify her make-up.) Yet she won me completely. She was so extremely natural, so definite, so real, and so persistently intelligent.

What an intelligent creature! What a real human being! And how she could talk and listen! They'd have delighted in her at the Garrick Club. That is certain. I can see her there smoking "a light cigar" with a circle of men round her, not one of them within miles of being bored.

Not a word about poultry! Not a word about bees, or moles, or ants, or elder wine! (I shall always believe that that elder wine was a brew made out of sheer kindness to please Uncle Peter who lived in the past.) But good racy talk about books, and men, and life in general, and topics of everlasting interest. (So many people are forever discussing uninteresting topics—such as the wages of servants and the reason why it rains so much in Cumberland. Old Jo never let up from what was interesting.) Country or town, what did it matter? All was salmon that came to the net of Old Jo, salmon leaping and showing a sheen of bright silver. Toward the end of my time in the cottage I touched upon London things, and, by Jove, I found she was thoroughly up in them.

"I DETEST London life," she acknowledged. "All great cities seem to put *me*—I don't say others, but *me*—at a distance from the things that really matter, that is, matter to *me*. But I know what goes on."

She carefully lighted another small cigar.

"If you ignore cities you ignore a great part of the human race," she said. "And to do that is folly."

I told Aunt Verena that, when I got home to Peploe, and explained that Old Jo seemed to know more about London than I did. But she wouldn't be interested. She said plaintively that these old women who never moved away from their cottages meant nothing to her.

"But what a cottage!" I said.

Aunt Verena had never been in it! In vain I tried to make her share my interest in Old Jo. She wouldn't hear of it.

"She isn't my type, Bertie," she said. "I am the Lady Babs type—*manquée!*"

And she had married Uncle Peter. What could I do? I liked my little aunt. She was pretty and kind. I was genuinely sorry for her. But as she was innately virtuous, and would certainly never bolt from Uncle Peter, I didn't see how I could help her. All I could do was to sympathize, and this I did, perhaps rather disingenuously, for to tell the truth the Lady Babs life didn't appeal very much to me, and I couldn't pump up much real enthusiasm over "go-to-hell" cocktails, spotted pugs, and all the rest of it. However, I did all I could and my little aunt and I became very good friends, with the result that I ran down to Peploe whenever I was at a loose end and wanted a breath of country air.

Let me confess it. The lure of Coppings took me there rather than the lure of Aunt Verena. Old Jo and I had become genuine pals.

IV

ALTHOUGH she lived in a glorified cottage Old Jo seemed to me to be very well off. She had, I presently discovered, an excellent cellar. She had also an excellent cook and knew more about cooking than any woman of my acquaintance. Her old brandy, her whisky, her cigars were first-rate. The cottage, too, was a marvel of unostentatious comfort. The armchairs were perfect. The sofas were a dream. (I had smoked on them more than once, extended, and absorbed in her delightful conversation.) Then, she had a remarkable library containing a lot of first editions. She owned quantities of fine old silver, some rare old pewter, a first-rate collection of Toby jugs. She lived well, almost more than well in an unpretentious way.

Did all this come from poultry farming?

"Oh, she knows how to make it pay," said my uncle. "Old Jo wasn't born yesterday."

That fact was fairly obvious and I had to agree with my uncle. Anyhow the matter of Old Jo's fortune was none of my business, but I confess to having been rather astonished when one day she said to me:

"It's rare fun making money. That's why I'm so glad I never had a penny of my own."

"You must be a damned good earner!" I couldn't help saying. "I've half a mind to give up writing and take to poultry."

"Don't do that whatever you do!" said Old Jo emphatically.

And just at that moment behind the horn spectacles her eyes had, I thought, a peculiar expression of sharp irony.

I looked at the great blotter of goatskin from Tunis, which always seemed bulging with matter on the neatly kept writing table. I thought of the pen I had seen in her hand on the occasion of my first visit to Coppings.

"But surely poultry pays?" I said.

"Why not?" was her rather peculiar rejoinder.

And then we talked of my aunt.

We were now such pals—rather to my aunt's slightly disdainful astonishment—that I decided to put my aunt's distressful case before Old Jo's worldly wisdom.

"She's pining," I said.

"What for?" said Old Jo.

"For the life of another woman," said I.

"And who may the lady be?" asked Old Jo.

"A woman called Lady Babs," I replied.

After an instant of silence, through which Old Jo smoked with apparent tranquillity, she said in her very definite voice:

"Explain!"

I explained at length. I described my little aunt's intense preoccupation about Lady Babs, shown on my first visit to her at Peploe Park, and how she had read out to me a full account of Lady Babs' marvelous life in London, and had finally told me that she herself was a Lady Babs *manquée*.

"And since then," I continued, "Lady Babs has never let her alone."

"How's that?" said Old Jo.

"Well, perhaps I ought to put it the other way. She has never let Lady Babs alone. Every week on Saturday that beastly magazine comes down to Peploe from London, and it's chock-full of all Lady Babs is doing, at

Luckily I am pretty quick and I managed to catch Aunt Verena just in time.

Lord's, at Cowes, at Deauville, at the Lido, on the Italian lakes, up in Scotland. And then, the country-house visits! The country-house visits! The shooting parties and the parties for the Hunt balls. They're driving poor Aunt Verena nearly mad. That kind of life wouldn't suit me. I'm not strong enough for it. But, of course, if a woman happens to care for that sort of thing one must acknowledge that this Lady Babs, whoever she is, does have the very deuce of a time. She doesn't miss a thing."

"Doesn't she?" said Old Jo.

"Not a damned thing. I know, because Aunt Verena is forever reading out to me all she does. She must know every important person who was ever foaled. She is in all worlds. She even knows the Russian dancers, the music-hall stars, the tennis champions, the boxers—Carpentier's a great friend of hers—the jockeys, and, of course, all the actors and actresses and opera singers. As to the ultrasmart world, she knows it from A to Z. There isn't a single really big dinner or important ball that she doesn't go to. And she never by any chance misses a Royal function. No wonder poor Aunt Verena is envious of her. If you happen to be built that way—I'm not, thank God—Lady Babs has you beaten from the start, to say nothing about the post. She even goes to all the Chases, doesn't miss one. Hawthorne Hill, of course, but all the others, too. I don't know how she does it."

"She must be a very active lady," observed Old Jo in her driest manner. "And so she's upsetting your aunt's life, is she?"

"Beyond anything you can imagine. Whenever I go near Aunt Verena she says, 'Just listen to this!' And then off she goes with all Lady Babs has been up to during the previous week. I've begged Aunt Verena for her own sake to give up taking the beastly magazine. But not she! She says, 'If I'm forced to vegetate in the country and do nothing from morning till night, at least let me follow the doings of a woman who is leading a life that is really full of interest.' If you'll believe me, she's off to India in a fortnight to stay with the viceroy and visit all the maharajahs."

"Who is?"

"Lady Babs. When I came down yesterday the first thing my aunt said was, 'Oh, Bertie, if only I were going to India like Lady Babs to stay with the maharajahs!'"

"Let's have a whisky and soda!" said Old Jo.

WE had a couple of whiskies and sodas apiece. We didn't spare the cigar box, either. And we talked and talked till I had to hurry away for fear of being late for dinner at Peploe.

At dinner that night I gave Aunt Verena a note from Old Jo.

"What's this?" she said when I handed it to her.

"Old Jo gave it to me to give to you."

Uncle Peter looked alert between his neatly trimmed very short whiskers.

"Old Jo!" said my aunt. "What can Old Jo want to write to me about?"

"Why not read it and see?" I said.

My aunt opened the note.

"It's an invitation to whisky and soda, or tea, whichever I prefer, for tomorrow afternoon. How extraordinary!"

"Why extraordinary?" said Uncle Peter rather gruffly. "Old Jo comes here. Why shouldn't she ask you back?"

"Need I go, Peter?"

"I think you ought to. I don't believe you've ever set foot in the cottage."

"Setting foot in the cottage of an old woman doesn't interest me very much. But to please you, Peter, I'll go. But you must come with me, Bertie."

"I will with pleasure."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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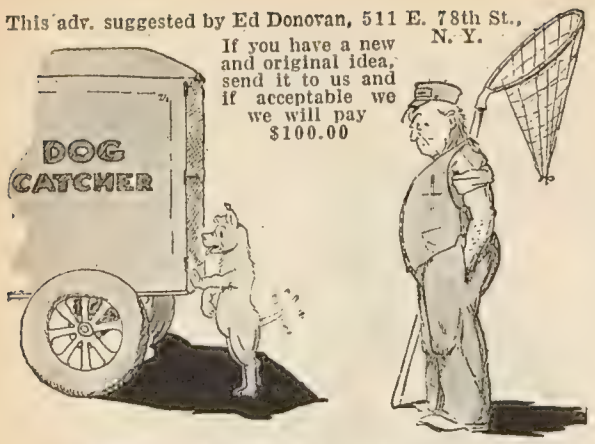

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OLD JO

Continued from page seventy-seven

As we drove to Coppings on the following day my aunt said:

"Pity me, Bertie! Lady Babs is off to the maharajahs—she sails on the Emperor of India next Thursday as ever is—and *I* am off to Old Jo."

"Buck up!" was my answer. "Don't let Old Jo feel you're bored at going to see her."

"Of course not. I'll do my best."

And I'm bound to say she played up. She found the cottage charming, the tea—she chose tea—much better than the tea at Peploe, which it was, and Old Jo quite amusing. Old Jo did really lay herself out to be delightful, and finally, over "a light cigar," became so seductive that my aunt was actually induced to become confidential and unburdened her heart to our hostess. She told her about the life she was "meant" for. She explained about Lady Babs. She stated that she was a "Lady Babs *manquée*."

Old Jo listened with the deepest attention, puffing gently at her golden cigar. When my aunt had expanded for some ten minutes Old Jo said:

"It sounds rather a hectic life!"

"Hectic? But how interesting! She goes everywhere. She sees everything; misses absolutely nothing."

"A bit tiring, don't you think?"

"Oh, but she evidently has marvelous health."

OLD JO turned the cigar round in the way of an American millionaire about to take steps to get richer.

"I wonder," she said reflectively, "I wonder whether she really does all she says she does."

My little aunt bristled.

"Of course she does! She describes everything minutely, the dresses, the jewels, what is said to her, even what she *eats*."

"Mightn't she get some of that from others?"

"Others! What d'you mean, Miss Lite? How could she?"

Old Jo took her cigar from her lips and let out a trail of delicious smoke, which perfumed the air in the white and peacock-blue room.

"Mightn't she have correspondents?"

"I simply don't understand."

"Do you really believe that anyone, however strong, could get through all this Lady Babs says she gets through?"

"Of course I do! Do you mean to say that Lady Babs is a liar?"

"Mightn't she be a—journalist?"

THERE was a pause. Old Jo's voice, always definite, had become very significant. Through her enormous horn spectacles she was gazing at my aunt, who gazed back at her.

"A journalist?" said my aunt at last.

"Yes, a gatherer of news from many correspondents. A journalist, you know, a competent journalist often puts things into shape. Don't you think it may be so with your Lady Babs? You long for her life, but suppose what you imagine to be her life were only an amalgam of many lives? What then?"

"I don't understand you! What on earth do you mean?"

Old Jo got up and went over to the immense writing table near the lattice window.

"Won't you come here, Lady Peploe?"

My aunt got up, looking astonished, almost suspicious, and went to the writing table. The Tunisian blotter of orange-coloured goatskin as usual was there, bulging by the inkstand. Old Jo put her hand to it. I had got up, too, and was standing near them.

"Look here!" said Old Jo.

And she turned back the blotter and showed its contents, a great mass of letters.

"You see these? They are from all sorts of people."

"Well?"

"Sending information—to Lady Babs."

"To—to—what do you mean? You don't mean to tell me that—that—"

"Exactly! That I am Lady Babs."

Luckily I am pretty quick with my hands and I managed to catch Aunt Verena just in the nick of time.

THE END

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Butterflyable?

One day, walking with my small cousin in the woods, we came upon a cocoon fastened securely to the branch of a small willow. After describing the beautiful butterfly that would soon come forth, the tot asked, "Cousin John, how soon will it be flyable?"—John Caldwell, 2001 College Ave., Terre Haute, Ind.

* * *

Unappreciative

My little son was visiting a friend and had a great time playing with a kitten. My friend asked him if he wouldn't like to have it. He replied, "No; my mother has no opinion of cats."—Mrs. F. H. Neale, 3A King Apts., cor. Newport and Ventnor Ave., Ventnor, N. J.

* * *

A Noble Ambition

Robert and his mother were in the doctor's office.

"Well, Robbie," asked the doctor, "what are you going to be when you grow up?"

The boy answered, "I think I'll be a mother—they're the best."—R. Powell, 349 First National Bank Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Ice Cream and Cake

By

Ethel Somers

WITH the summer months comes the more frequent serving of ice cream and cake for dessert, and the necessity of overcoming difficulties connected with their concoction—particularly the mechanical refrigerator ice cream and the more delicate angel-food cakes. We should learn just why ice cream is sometimes grainy and why angel food is apt to have wet areas.

Every type of ice cream, in common with every kind of candy, is the result of a process of crystallization. The crystals in ice cream are more or less finely divided particles of frozen water. Grainy ice cream indicates the presence of comparatively large ice crystals. If a creamy emulsion is maintained throughout freezing, the crystals are very minute and the quality is velvety smooth. Obviously, then, anything that cuts down the percentage of water or that controls the rapidity of freezing will tend to reduce the grain of the ice cream.

A unique ice cream and cake service is called baked Alaska.

If your angel-food cake is wet in spots, try making one by the sirup method. Above, in oval: To prevent a grainy texture in ice cream, beat thoroughly when partly frozen.

In making air-leavened cakes, blending a fine-grained sugar through the egg whites is of first importance. Wet spots in the cake result from poorly distributed or coarse-grained sugar crystals.

Those who have trouble in overcoming this difficulty will welcome the sirup method of preparing angel-food cake.

Angel-Food Cake

- 1½ cups granulated sugar
- ¾ cup water
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup egg whites (about 8)
- 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
- ½ teaspoon flavoring extract
- 1 cup sifted pastry flour

BOIL the sugar and water, stirring until it starts to boil. Wash down all crystals from the sides of the pan and cook to 250° F., at which time it may be shaped in a firm ball under cold water. Cool the sirup to lukewarm (180° to 200° F.) or for about fifteen minutes. Meanwhile, measure the sifted pastry flour and sift it several times with the salt. When the sirup has cooled, whisk the egg whites until foamy on a large platter. Then add the cream of tartar and continue beating until the whites are stiff but not dry. Beat the cooled sirup into the prepared egg whites, adding the sirup in a fine stream and beating vigorously and continuously.

Pour the flavoring on the edge of the platter and fold it in. This may be done at the same time that the flour is folded in. Fold the flour in carefully by scattering it with a sifter and folding it in with a stroking up motion.

Pour into an ungreased angel-food pan and bake in a slow oven (300° F.) about one hour. If the cake is thick, one and one-half hours will not be too long at this low temperature. When the cake has shrunk well from the edge of the pan and is thoroughly set, remove it from the oven and invert it on a cake rack or cooler, allowing it to hang suspended until thoroughly cool.

Keep in a closed metal cake box for one or two days before using, as such cakes ripen and become more tender on standing.

Baked Alaska

- Sheet sponge or angel-food cake
- Ice cream, molded or sliced
- Meringue (5 egg whites to 2 tablespoons sugar)

CUT the sheet cake into a piece large enough to extend one inch in every direction beyond the mold or slice of ice cream. Cover with meringue at least one-half inch thick. Place on a bread board covered with wax paper. Dredge the top and sides with sugar and place in a very hot oven (500° to 550° F.) for five minutes, until delicately browned.

Plain Ice Cream

- 2 cups cream
- ⅜ cup sugar
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1½ teaspoons vanilla

CHURNED—Dissolve sugar and salt in one-fourth of the cream. Cool; add the remaining cream and flavoring, chill, and surround with ice and salt (eight parts ice to one part salt). Churn continuously for about nine minutes, turning slowly for three minutes and then very quickly until it is difficult to turn, or about six minutes more.

UNCHURNED—Vary the foregoing by adding one-half teaspoon of gelatin (in one-half teaspoon of cold water) to the hot sugar-cream mixture, and cool. Whip the remaining cream before adding. Place in the freezing chamber, stirring every twenty minutes until the mixture thickens; then remove and beat vigorously. Replace and continue freezing from six to eight hours.

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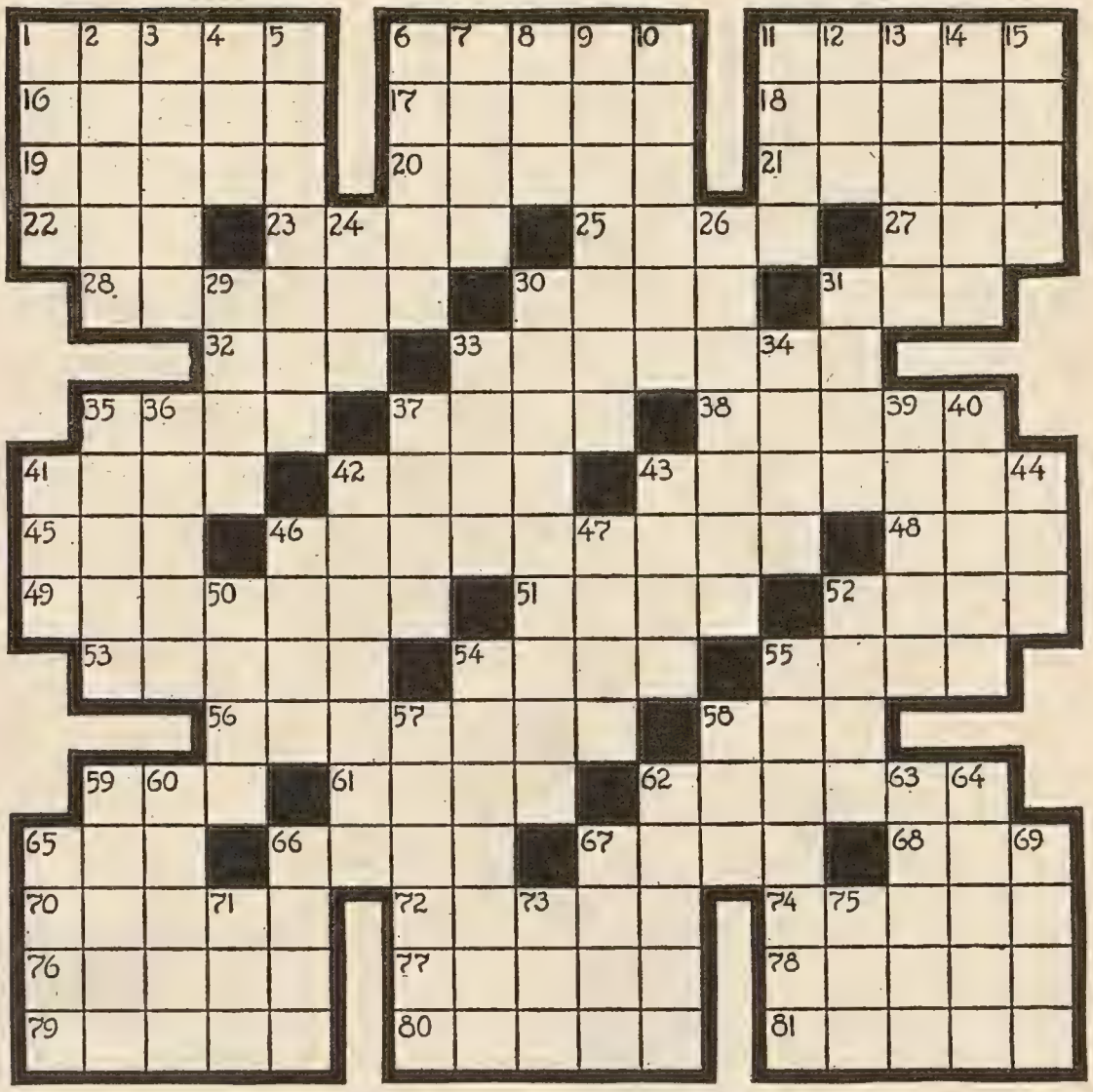
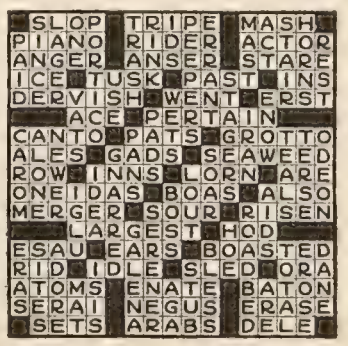
Two Puzzles *for*



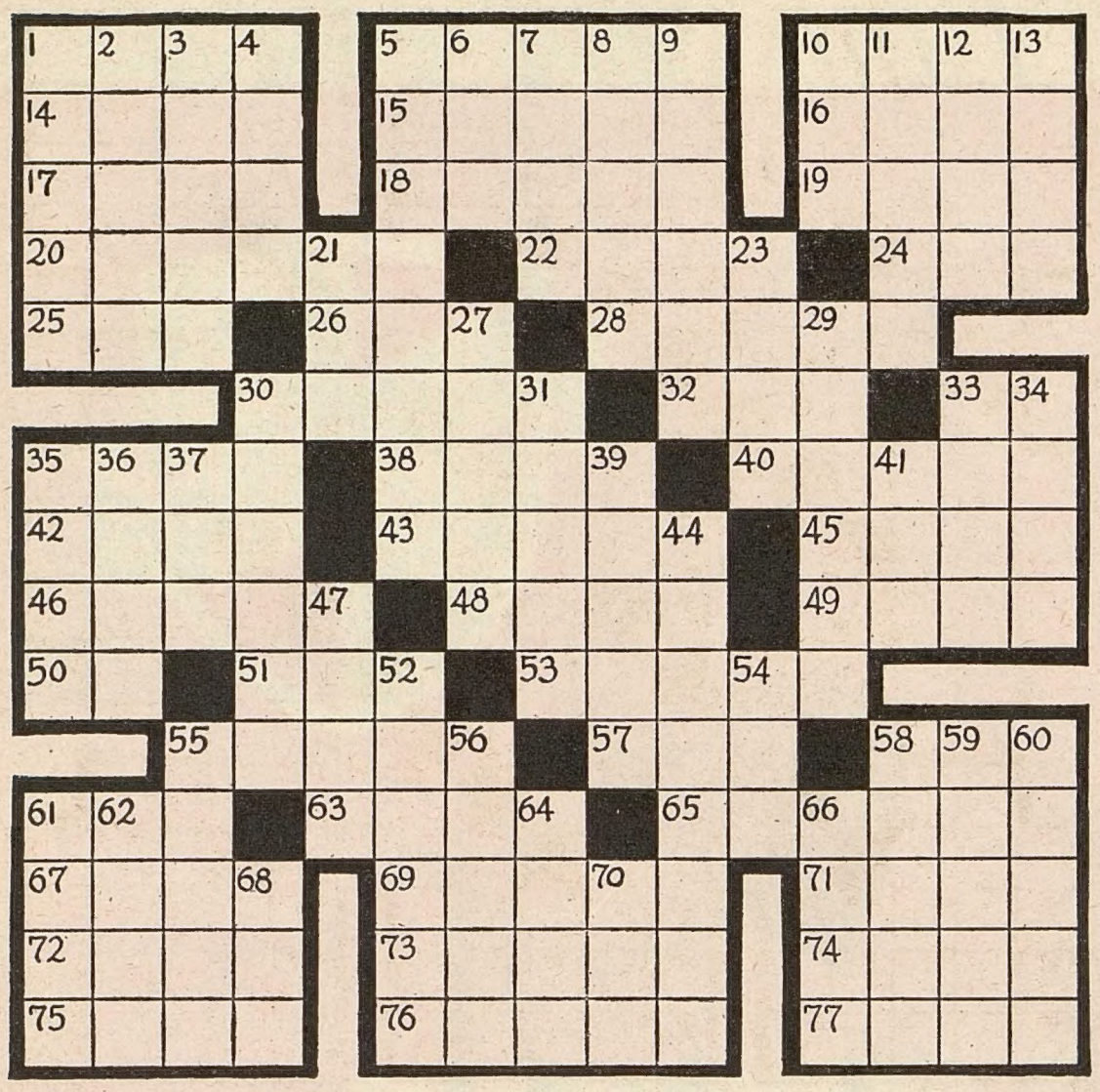
HORIZONTAL
1 Trimmed down
6 Disgrace
11 Monkeylike animal
16 A woman's name
17 Thin metal plate
18 Sprang up
19 Abnormal sound in respiration (plural)
20 Antelope
21 City in Italy
22 American Indian
23 Genealogical record
25 Swedish measure of length (plural)
27 Past
28 Descried
30 French painter and sculptor (1833-1883)
31 Anger
32 Moreover
33 Shrill whistles (variant)
35 Numerous
37 Hesitates in speaking
38 Wrench
41 A great mass of ice
42 Arrive
43 Naps
45 Row
46 Ruling power
48 Tear
49 To reduce to fine spray
51 Stupefy with sudden emotion
52 Equine animal
53 Made oath
54 Hastened
55 Enraptured
56 Condition of strain
58 Pronoun
59 Playing card
61 Acquire by labor
62 Dinted
65 Self
66 Supplements
67 Trailing plant
68 Debased.
70 Telegraphed
72 Victims of deception
74 Communicate by letters
76 Funeral oration
77 Relating to moral action
78 Corroded
79 Device for inducing a discharge
80 Controls
81 Colorers

VERTICAL
1 South American republic
2 Winged
3 Roils
4 Compass point
5 Fate
6 Rate of progression
7 Drag
8 Malay-Negrito savage of Luzon
9 Faithful counselors
10 Last
11 Beats (colloquial)
12 Silkworm
13 A tooth
14 Custom
15 River in Italy
24 A color
26 Casual introduction into speech
29 Throe
30 Measurement
31 Egyptian goddess
33 Prefix: half
34 Pitcher
35 Edible part of a nut (plural)
36 Missile weapon of offense
37 Domicile
39 Sharpening device
40 Pollute
41 Snake
42 Cheated
43 Ornamental knob
44 Perceive at a distance
46 Dreadful
47 The solar disk (Egyptian mythology)
50 A speck
52 Portion
54 Rough with hair
55 Regenerated
57 More dejected
58 Fowl
59 Active
60 French landscape painter
62 Flat round plates
63 Select class
64 One excessively fond in love
65 Sheep
66 Arabian seaport
67 Nerve of a leaf
69 Cysts
71 Self
73 Letter of the Greek alphabet
75 A fish



Answer to last week's puzzle

Cross Word Fans

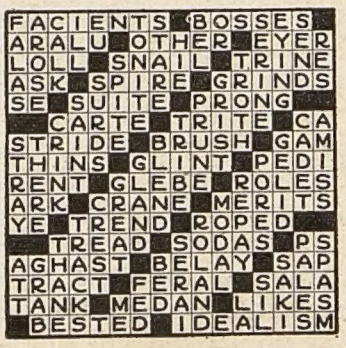


HORIZONTAL

1 The chief god of Memphis (Egyptian religion)
5 Snowstorm on the steppes of Central Asia
10 Pair of horses
14 Kind of bulrush
15 A dispatch boat
16 Diminish the bulk of
17 Arabian military commander
18 Remains in existence
19 Genus including the honeybee
20 French lyric form
22 Bits; morsels
24 Corrode
25 Metal-bearing mass
26 One of a wandering tribe of India
28 A localized vector (mathematics)
30 Snake
32 Gash
33 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
35 Prince of Afghanistan (variant)
38 A woman's name
40 Father of Fierabras
42 Gold coin of Turkey
43 Containing sodium
45 Skin
46 Makes plane the surface of
48 Field of granular snow
49 A preposition
50 Minced form of the word God
51 Pronoun
53 Group of islands in the south Pacific
55 Laymen
57 Stitch
58 Size of writing paper
61 French word for tea
63 Pealed
65 Essential oil of orange flowers
67 Dig with the snout
69 Respond
71 Ardor
72 One of the Hebrides
73 The seaweeds
74 A missive
75 Supreme deity of the Norse pantheon
76 Mix
77 Playing card

VERTICAL

1 Combining form meaning feather
2 A morbid growth
3 To range or form in a row
4 A guard in the game of curling
5 Poems of a French form of versification
6 A pulpy fruit
7 To scratch or wound
8 Moving
9 A genus of seaweeds
10 Belgian watering place
11 Document
12 Song
13 Cozy abode
21 Finale
23 A kind of pen
27 Part of a carpenter's joint
29 A genus of pinnipeds
30 A great peninsula of Asia
31 Side of a log on which it rests when being dragged (plural)
33 Puff of an engine
34 Combining form meaning within
35 Likewise
36 Clement
37 Babylonian god of war and pestilence
39 Prima donnas
41 A shade tree
44 United firmly
47 To move vigorously or briskly
52 A beetle
54 To have as an obligation or duty
55 A town in the Samoa Islands
56 Device for attaching a fishhook to a line
58 Tint
59 Winged
60 Pertaining to a coniferous tree
61 Triad.
62 Noun-forming suffix denoting state
64 A pledge to combat
66 Torn
68 Japanese measure of area
70 Container



Answer to last week's puzzle

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The Chic Shore Line

By

Bettina Bedwell

Paris.

WHATEVER the wild waves are saying this summer, they have plenty to talk about. Such beach costumes as Paris provides this season! The likes of them have never before been seen on land or sea. Deauville! Dinard! Le Touquet! The Lido! All blazing with colorful costumes from the style capital. Bizarre, quaint, cute, and so chic! Four adjectives that forcefully apply to clothes for the more or less burning sands around the coast of France this summer. I am consecrating this article to beach costumes. They aren't supposed to go too near the water, but every woman wears them. What is worn riding the waves will come later.

The jackets above are navy blue; sweaters, one blue and one white and blue; trousers, white.

The yellow coat above has sky-blue pyjamas. The lower figure, a green and white coat with green trunks.

Over a white and black jersey suit is worn a green and white linen coat.

A whole new branch of French fashions is devoted to costumes *à la plage*, and their accessories. This is what is worn, and the how and why of it:

There is, first, the costume itself. Everybody wears some sort of trousered garment. Over this is worn a coat or jacket. Whether this coat is discreetly long or a mere sleeveless cardigan depends on the wearer. Both are very smart. A vast amount of fantaisie is put into the coat or jacket. If the costume beneath is simple and in one tone, the coat blazes with big flowers, stripes, or plaid.

Many of these costumes, for all their trousers, are exquisitely modest. Some sympathetic couturiers, like Jean Patou and Mary Nowitzky, provide removable skirts that may be buttoned over the trousers at will. Mary Nowitzky makes pyjamas with trousers so wide and full, nobody but a detective could tell they aren't skirts. She also makes beach skirts of two big squares of gayly printed cotton that are tied on like an apron over a bathing suit. Very distinctive and correct are Jean Charles Worth's duck trousers, shown above. Worn with a pull-over sweater they make the smartest of beach costumes.

Above: Leghorn hat, flowered éponge coat, blouse of white with serge trunks, and white and red sandals.

NOW the accessories. They are many. Most important is a big hat. Patou makes beach hats almost as wide as parasols, one of them being shown in our photo of a beach ensemble at the upper center. These hats are always either of rough straw or of linen or cotton to match the suit itself. Hermès likes big linen hats, striped like coats and parasols.

Speaking of parasols, every lady on the beach has one, and these sunshades range from those that match the beach suit to Chantal's Japanese parasols. Absolutely essential are the beach bags. They match your beach coat and are elongated rectangles lined with rubber. This doesn't exempt you from holding the smaller bag of the same material containing make-up, handkerchief, and money, if any.

The scarf is a Worth accessory that I like very much. It is supremely decorative, and it also protects your neck from too ardent sun kisses.

Beach slippers match the beach coat. Or there are sandals. You may even wear frivolous high heels with your shore-line ensemble.

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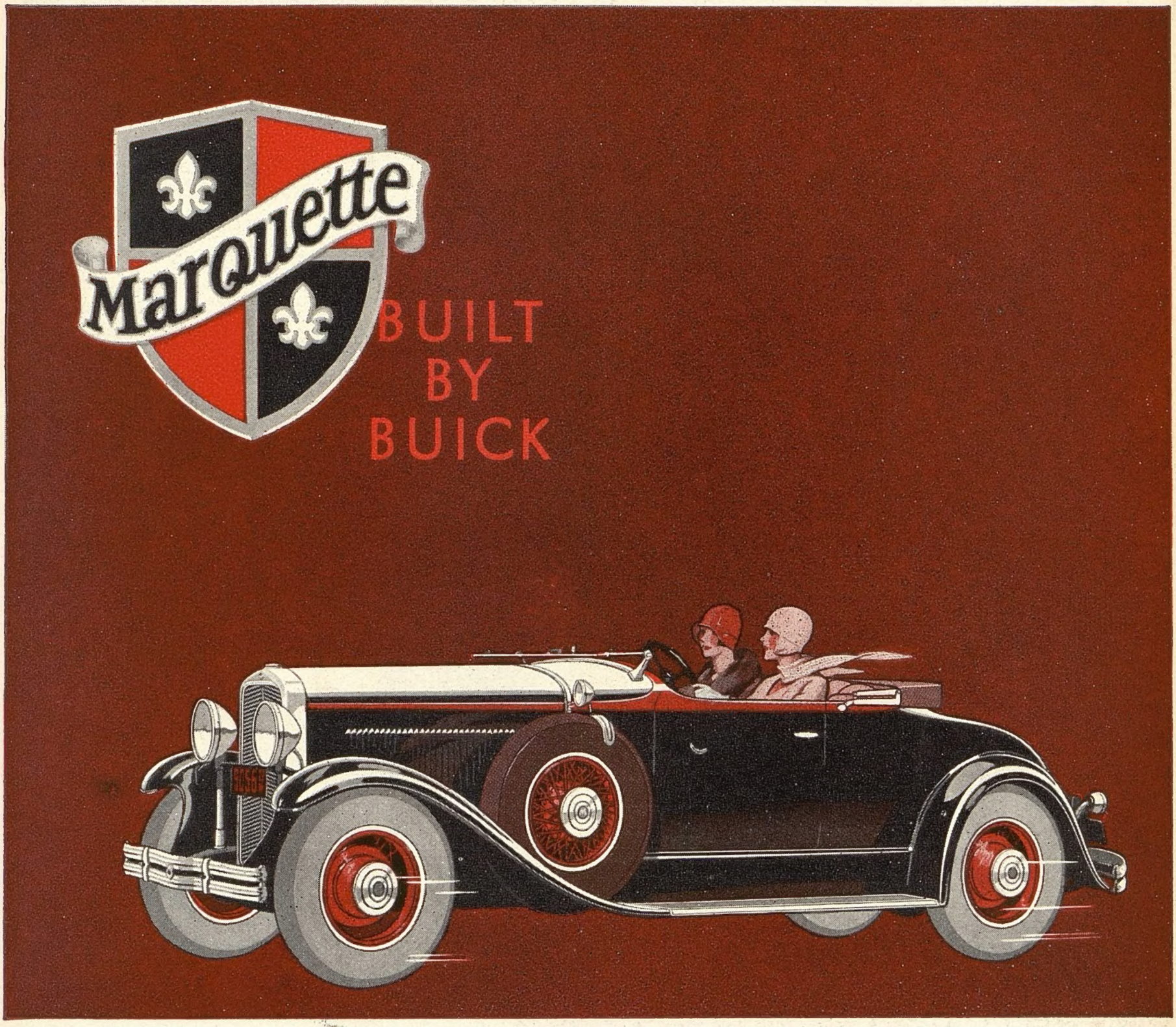

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